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Children of Hope[1]

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CHAPTER I

THE POSTMAN BLOWS HIS WHISTLE IN MAPLE LANE

NEAR the northern border-line of Ohio, on the outskirts of a manufacturing town called Zenasville, there stood in Maple Lane, midway of a garden bounded by a broken picket-fence, a small, yellowish frame-house two stories high, the shingles slipping from its roof, the slats of its shutters tilted at all angles, and alongside the front door, close to the bell-knob of white china, a sign-board, askew, dilapidated, inscribed:

Aurelius Goodchild, Esquire
Interviews by Appointment.

Every fine morning there emerged upon the door-step a tall, lean man of fifty-five, with bushy beard and mustaches in which gray hair was mingling with fiery red. He was aquiline, pallid, hollow of eye and cheek. Veins, full and blue, wandered over his temples and down the middle of his high forehead. From beneath shaggy brows he gazed forth with a mien half wistful and half sanguine.

If the day proved mild, he retained in hand his black felt hat. A breeze lifted from his neck locks poetically long and ragged. In his buttonhole was a flower.

He inhaled the morning air with gusto, tried to square his shoulders, set out for a promenade. Now and then he flourished an ebony cane that lacked a ferrule. This relic flashed in the sunshine like a sword-blade; but the dogs never left the foot-path on that account.

By neighboring gate-posts, beneath the foliage of outreaching shrubs, he was prone to stop for a chat with toddling boys and girls. To these he imparted rigmaroles which charmed them, but which they could not remember afterward. He bestowed on a sickly one the blossom from his buttonhole, with an appropriate, fantastic tale that made the gift for the moment something precious. Parting from them, with the apology that business called him, he bowed in courtly fashion to the smallest girl.

At times the front door was opened for him. Within appeared a narrow staircase, a patch of wall-paper, a commotion of skirts. In that small dwelling there was more fluttering of ruffles than of feathers in a dove-cote. Mr. Goodchild, long a widower, possessed three unmarried daughters.

Three, that number believed by the ancients to be peculiarly auspicious, the number, indeed, of Zeus's and Euronyme's daughters, so celebrated for their beauty,

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gentleness, and refinement! Of those personages Mr. Goodchild had long owned, in a mildewed steel-engraving, the likenesses so far as mortal hand could be expected to depict them. Clad in elegant drapery,—of which certain less reverent artists have deprived them,—performing in unison some celestial sort of calisthenics, they looked fixedly over their smooth shoulders at Aurelius Goodchild all the while he was dressing and undressing. For a time he failed to read that threefold gaze; but finally—his youngest was already eight months old—he understood. He renamed his daughters after the three Graces.

Aglaia, nowadays, was close to thirty. A pale blonde, she wore tresses of the faintest copperish color. Slender, dainty, serene, she showed thin lips, and eyes like emeralds that smoldered under blanched lashes often lowered. From the scanty dressmaking materials at her disposal she devised costumes for herself suggestive of the pictures in French fashion journals. Aglaia it was who met bill-collectors at the door.

Euphrosyne was twenty-five. Beneath hair that resembled her father's in its vivid red she displayed what is often called, in young women of somewhat heavy features, a strong face. Already her figure foreshadowed a matronly solidity. Attire that was soft-hued and prim confessed her tastes. Of mornings, with a wicker basket on her arm, Frossie went to market.

Thalia had just turned twenty. Her skin was of that brilliancy and fineness which accords with the richest shade of auburn curls. She had lips that were ripe and scarlet, large sky-blue eyes, and round her milk-white throat a double crease, Nature's own precious necklace. Her shape was at the same time plump and lissome. Not infrequently her dress fell open at the neck, her hair threatened to escape its pins, her bodice lacked some buttons down the back. Thallie was the one who decorated Mr. Goodchild's coat-lapel with flowers. At such moments how she reminded him of her mother!

It was now more than three decades since he had won his wife, she the pretty daughter of a village squire, he the son of an intemperate hedge-row physician. Poor, bookish, dreamy, a threadbare *Romeo* spouting poetry and metaphysics by moonlight beneath the window of a sentimental girl, he had furnished that note of mystery on which young romance thrives best. After braving her own family, taking to her bed to pine away, recovering to devise clandestine meetings, she had ended by eloping with him. Old Outwall never forgave his daughter for that misalliance.

But those two, for the most part living on kisses and ideals, undismayed to find themselves presently responsible to children, ever watching a radiant mirage that young Goodchild's talents were some day going to make real, kept love prisoner in their cottage till the end. Twenty years had passed since her death, but there were few days on which he did not think of her. At the inception of his every project for renown and wealth, Aurelius reflected, "If only she might share in its fruition!" For its fruition never seemed in doubt, so confidently did he still smile toward the mirage.

Often changing occupations, he had found himself, at each return to disillusion, equipped for the shabby-genteel practice of a new industry. A youthful belief that he was destined to revolutionize the art of the camera made it possible for him, in middle age, to fall back, at a pinch, upon photography. From another flight there remained to him the knack of rubbing up carbon-portraits, of scratching off pen-and-ink drawings suitable for advertisements, of painting the likenesses of neighbors' brats in oils. And, to pass over his inventions,—all patented, so all as safe from imitation as from use,—he had not turned his back on literature without first learning how to compose a charming letter to a creditor, or drawn off from the field of music before understanding how to tune pianofortes.

As for the sciences, he knew enough about medicine to work apparent miracles,

in one way or the other, on ailing live stock; in the province of chemistry could contrive amazing odors and explosions; concerning botany was not to be confused about the classic history of any vegetable, just as, when physics was the topic, he had two reasons, one modern and one mythological, for nearly every natural phenomenon.

In short, there seemed to be no end to the smatterings Mr. Goodchild had acquired from books no one else would think worth looking at, perused in a broken arm-chair or a raveled hammock between spasms of exertion.

Such a father was bound to be, at least in the nursery, a successful man, adept at the invention of enchanting games, weird tales, mysterious feats in sleight of hand, nonsensical ballads without end.

To educate the girls was easier than to dress and feed them. Sometimes the whole family was galvanized by affluence: there was money in the house! Without delay, new shoes creaked on small feet; white stockings appeared every afternoon in Maple Lane; Mr. Goodchild strode homeward with some brand-new books, while from the open windows was wafted, at the same time with a thin clatter of Tschaikovsky waltzes, an aroma of fried chicken. Dinner over, the father, expanding on the door-step, gazed toward the farthest tree-tops with the look of a veteran conqueror about to subjugate fresh lands. He recalled the time when his house had lain in an independent village, not in a suburb of that black leviathan the sooty exhalations of which every year filled wider skies. Some day he would wake to find his garden in the heart of town: his property would bring a pretty penny! It needed one thing only, the inevitable expansion of the town. With that understood, the ground he stood on was as good as worth a fabulous sum. One could call it the same thing as being a rich man!

Or, else, the cash on hand had all been spent. Then presently one saw again in use old costumes that had been flung aside. Then one smelled another sort of cookery. Then one perceived at night, on an illuminated window-pane, a long silhouette, an aquiline profile, which passed and repassed till dawn.

So Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia grew up in a region of fine dreams and crestfallen wakings, of feasts and famines, or, as they themselves put it, of chickens one day and feathers the next.

For in girlhood, emerging finally from the period of blind confidence and fond beliefs, they began to appreciate the actual world. And just as the old house, while they grew larger, seemed ever smaller, and turned the shabbier the daintier they became, so, when their hearts expanded with a thousand natural instincts, each found herself constricted by the ramshackle home, like a captive bird in spring, all at once made intensely aware of the limitations of its cage. Thenceforth affection for their father did not prevent the secret thought that release would come to them only through their own efforts.

Marriage was the first idea of each. From that neighborhood, however, most marriageable young men, as soon as capable of serious intentions, set out for the great cities. The girls, their childhood love-affairs all ended in lame partings, fell back upon the arts. Aglaia, recalling Patti's triumphs, dreamed of the opera. Euphrosyne, with George Eliot in mind, took up the pen. The career of Rosa Bonheur urged Thalia to the easel.

But the scores of "Faust" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" fell to pieces, the writing-table showed across its edge two patches bare of varnish, even the easel was taking on a battered look, and still their lives were bounded by the broken picket-fence.

The small rooms were pervaded by an old-fashioned, semi-rural atmosphere. This was partly due to the countless odds and ends which meanly reconstructed there a period of naïve and tawdry household furniture. Then, too, when doors and windows had been kept shut awhile, all the faded carpets, tidies, sofas, lambrequins exhaled the odors of a dead age. It was one of those little old houses, thread-

bare and unesthetic, the shortcomings of which are finally appreciated, and yet, because of poverty, not remedied.

Nevertheless, there was a different savor and appearance to a low, haphazard-looking extension, its walls nearly plumb, its windows almost rectilinear, that extended from the kitchen porch to the rear fence. This structure, the product of Mr. Goodchild's own architectural skill, was called the studio.

Immediately on passing from the kitchen porch into a narrow corridor, one smelled chemicals, oil-paints, fresh flowers. Ahead there opened out a large, bright room, the board walls plastered with sketches and mechanical diagrams. Between windows full of potted plants stood home-made book-shelves and cabinets for curiosities. To the left, a door opened into a closet, by turns the "dark room" and the "laboratory." To the right, there huddled a photographer's camera, a few backgrounds painted with elegiac landscapes, a chair with an iron head-rest, some mats of artificial grass, a flower-stand for brides to pose by. In the far wall, a north light, composed of several small window-panes, expanded above an easel, a writing-table, an old pianoforte. Here it was that Aglaia ran her scales, that Euphrosyne thumbed the dictionary, that Thalia laid out her palette, that Mr. Goodchild carried forward his innumerable projects.

The studio was the heart of the house. Through the long days of summer the three girls worked there peacefully. Soft airs, which had gathered fragrance from many blossoms, entered, to be perfumed afresh, above the window plants. The stillness of that suburb ringed the sisters round: at times some sound—a calling voice, the barking of a dog, a cracking whip—penetrated their consciousness, but very gently. The sunshine, creeping across the floor, at last turned red: the window geraniums were nearly matched in hue by the still clouds beyond them. Languor pervaded nature, foliage stood motionless, the earth's heart-beat was imperceptible. Thallie laid down her brush to dream. Aggie, putting aside her scores, sat balancing assets against liabilities. Frossie, having refilled and cleaned her fountain-pen, turned her thoughts kitchenward. The tardy shadows found them gone.

But the studio was coziest in winter. Then, to be sure, the flower-pots looked forlorn. Against the panes hung icicles. Through the north light one saw, beneath clouds of violent contour, the bare limbs of trees, their forks wedged with snow, all swaying to the blast. In such weather, though, the fat cast-iron stove wore round its middle a red-hot zone, and the early dusk, if shortening the day, extended the period which charmed that household most, the lamplight hour. Snug in their little corner, listening, though well warmed, with a shivery delight to wind and sleet, they felt their more subtle aspirations, if not benumbed by cold, at least stupefied by that hot confinement. The present, more than the future, then engrossed the sisters.

Spring, on the other hand, made the studio, and all the world, seem different. When the sky, on a day unexpectedly serene, revealed unusual tenderness, when one discovered that the mesh of twigs had here and there caught fast a scrap of green, when suddenly the first song-bird warbled, straightway prosaic thoughts were beautifully transformed, while all fantastic dreams turned reasonable once more.

Again the sisters glimpsed that future which the sum of all their tasks ought finally to earn for them. To one appeared a proscenium that framed a multitude of applauding strangers; to another, a salon maintained by intellectual celebrities; to the third, great galleries wherein the throng stood longest before her pictures. Then their father entered softly, in his shiny house-jacket and blue carpet slippers, to inform them, with a sprightly air, that he had brought home four fine pork chops for supper.

Over the supper-table hung a porcelain lamp, its milky shade and bowl embellished with hand-painted daisies. In the

center of the pink-fringed cloth a cruet-castor displayed its thick glass vessels and its old, conventional lions' heads bereft of silver-plating. Round this object clustered many dishes of jam, pickles, and spiced fruit. Before the father, on a platter of imitation delf, smoked the viands of the day. The vegetable-bowls were passed from hand to hand.

At these repasts the girls turned talkative and gay: all chattered at once, all burst together into peals of laughter. Mr. Goodchild, plying his fork excitedly, chewing hard, so as to clear his mouth for speech, was a worthy master of the symposium, in which anything was apt to be discussed, from archaic Apollos to woolen undergarments, from medieval ladies' fashions to the habits of bees. His beard, in the lamplight, was like a tangle of gold and silver threads; his eyes shone in their hollow sockets; his full, white brow, almost transparent at the temples, seemed encircled by a shadowy garland. It was a prefiguration from the hand-painted daisies on the lamp.

Sometimes, while admiring his daughters in that mellow radiance, he determined to whisk them off, on making his fortune, to scenes worthier of them. Then once more Aurelius would hurl defiance at the future. And the sisters, the gaiety fading from their faces, would listen with fixed smiles, with feelings of compassion and self-pity.

Once Aglaia, her emerald-green eyes staring into space, remarked:

"How much do you really suppose old Jabez Outwall 's worth these days?"

Aurelius repressed a look of pain. Thalia's pout expressed ennui. Euphrosyne, with a mirthless laugh, inquired:

"Chasing that will-o'-the-wisp again?"

Jabez Outwall was an uncle of their mother, a retired lumber merchant of Detroit, now eighty-odd years old. Reputed to be wealthy, he had for a long time furnished the sisters with a secret hope. But, as the years went by without a sign from him, two had concluded that the Outwalls' animosity against Aurelius still smoldered on in Jabez. Only Aglaia, reflecting that the near approach of death may change the hardest hearts, clung to the dream of a fine legacy.

Said Mr. Goodchild in low tones:

"I 'm glad that I never expected anything of Uncle Jabez. If I had, on one of those specially dark days I might have wished for a human being's death. When our Lord, in His Sermon on the Mount, described one sin that may be committed no less in thought than in act, He suggested another dictum, 'Every one who contemplates a man to wish for his death hath committed murder already in his own heart.' "

They were silent till Aurelius, rising with a gentle smile, concluded:

"So, children, we must always be careful not to love wealth enough to want it at any one's expense. As Epictetus has it, 'None who is a lover of money is likewise a lover of mankind, but only he—and she—who is a lover of virtue.' "

And Aurelius, the delf platter in one hand and the tea-pot in the other, politely stood aside while his daughters, laden with the supper-dishes, filed into the kitchen.

The dishes washed, they returned to the studio. A sewing-basket appeared, for the relief of ragged shirts, stockings full of holes, and still other garments. Frossie read aloud a chapter of Alexandre Dumas, Aggie played rag-time on the piano. Thallie imitated the German butcher blowing up his errand-boy, or Mr. Goodchild, who found it hard to remember they were full-grown now, with the sudden boisterousness of elders bent on frolic in the nursery, proposed a catch. In an instant the Goodchild family were chanting "Three Blind Mice" or "London 's Burning." But in the midst of that shindy a knocking shook the door.

"Come in!" called every one in accents to make obedience a pleasure. And some neighbors, who had circled the house for this seat of light and noise, presented smiling faces.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Inchkin rarely missed a Saturday night.

He was a little stiff-backed fellow

forty-six years old, a hardware merchant. Sharp in the shop, niggardly at home, prosaic, he had one dream—of a day when his wife would make them wealthy by a stage career.

A thin, languid woman, showing traces of a doll-like prettiness, at forty she still enjoyed complete self-satisfaction. Since girlhood the heroine of countless amateur theatricals, she had not yet abandoned *Juliet* and *Ophelia* to the next generation. Her ash-blonde hair, indeed, recommended her as the ideal ingénue. She pleased no less in velvets than in rags so long as an unhappy destiny was attached to them. Her voice, though inaudible from the town-hall gallery, was the very organ to express best—one judged from the applause—a suffering innocence. She had at home a scrap-book full of clippings from the "Zenasville Recorder" about her triumphs: the first were as yellow as saffron from old age, while all would have been in tatters if poring over them could have worn them out.

Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, with a flaring lamp, explored the cellar for refreshments. Those cobwebby jugs, that leaped into the light all unexpectedly, were full of raspberry-shrub and cider. Those crocks, left stranded on a trestle when the darkness ebbed from round them, held apple-butter and pickled walnuts. All at once, on a shelf a phalanx of jelly-glasses sprang forth glittering. And here, when one lifted away some inverted dish-pans, weighed down with flat-irons, the lamp illuminated mince-pies, brown, flaky, oozing rich syrups.

At their return to the studio, a cry of pleasure sounded. Mr. Goodchild darted forward to relieve his daughters of their burdens. Mr. Inchkin, without relinquishing the rocking-chair that he had occupied at their departure, rubbed his hands together. And Dr. Numble, if he was of the party, usually ventured, with a cackle that ended in a fit of coughing:

"I hope you girls have picked out something soft enough to suit store-teeth."

Dr. Numble, though only seventy-nine, might have sat for a picture of Methuselah. Tall, but much bent by rheumatism, he was merely skin and bone, with the slightest fringe around his bulging skull, with even his long, frayed beard and mandarin-like mustaches beginning to come out. His large, watery eyes, always dilated, gave him a wildish look, which was not abated by his smile, resembling a grimace of pain, so little, apparently, had he found cause to use his laughing muscles in the past.

At one time or another he had studied medicine and law, taught a rural school, edited a backwoods journal, preached theosophy. Now at last, after many false starts in life, he had found his true vocation. He was writing a book, "destined to thunder down the corridors of time," entitled, "A Proof of the Soul's Transmigration, by One Who Remembers His Previous Existences."

A glance at the chapter-headings informed one that Dr. Numble had been, in the thirteenth century, St. Louis of France; in the Roman Empire, Antoninus Pius; in the Homeric Age, Prince Nestor; and, in those days when Atlantis still stood above the waves, a monarch of inexpressible magnificence and wisdom, called Yama the Great. Yet it was difficult to get much rhyme or reason from Dr. Numble's maunderings about his previous existences; one might be hearing of the seventh crusade, and take no more than forty winks, and wake up at the siege of Troy!

Nevertheless, his visits pleased Mr. Goodchild. Names, fragments of fables, classic episodes, that became dry and dusty at the doctor's touch, Aurelius, by aid of his imagination, made splendidly alive again. Perhaps he was transported into that nebulous epoch when every tree contained its supernatural inmate and every stream its murmuring voice, when the sight of brazen shields first sent the goat-legged people a-scamper into hiding, when mortals were likely to meet, in the deep woods, personages of majestic stature and unearthly beauty—maybe a pale huntress with an insupportable gaze, or a tall

warrior moving like a shaft of sunlight through the green, or a proud lady brushing the moss with golden robes, or another still, slow-smiling, dewy-eyed, with a loose girdle and doves fluttering round her hair. After the pedagogue had croaked good night and shuffled homeward on his cane, Aurelius, pausing in the darkened studio, would often think: "Poor old fellow! How little of those things he really sees! How I could write of them!"

Who knew but that he would some day when he found time?

Besides photography, piano-tuning, portrait-making, and inventing, a hundred petty tasks continually put off his leisure. When pictures had to be rehung, rugs beaten, wardrobes moved, or carpets swept, Aurelius came running at his daughters' call. Moreover, he had a famous eye for driving nails, could outdo a carpenter in a slap-dash job, and no burst water-pipe could squirt so far as to dismay him. There was little household damage short of that resulting from a fire or an earthquake that the father could not repair "for the time being."

The long struggle against shabbiness had taught that family many stratagems. What solemn consultations had they not held about the disguise of an old dress! With what cunning had they not ripped apart, turned, dyed, assembled in new combinations, materials of which all their friends must have been weary! The hoary furs that had started as white fox and found their final shade as lynx! Those hats, their pliant foundations weathering all kinds of winds from clover-scented to sleet-laden! And the inherited gewgaws,—brooches, bracelets, necklaces, —cut-jet, gold-washed, inlaid with scraps of nacre, worn on gala-days for lack of better trinkets, and with the hope that some one might appreciate them "as antiques"!

Echoes from the great world of luxury and fashion thrilled the sisters to the heart. They examined in metropolitan journals the likenesses of women who bore aristocratic names, who seemed at first glance grotesque in ultra-fashionable hats and gowns, who had been photographed on the terraces of race-tracks or the lawns of country clubs, among a crowd of men fastidiously dressed. In the same way they became familiar with the estates of persons socially in prominence, with steam-yachts that bore some to far-off pleasures.

Then cities beyond the sea appeared in the zenith of their dreams, like those battlements that massed clouds form at sunset. Paris was there, all roseate, and a sombrous London; St. Petersburg showed snowy roofs and crosses, Seville warm cathedral towers rising out of orange-groves; Athens seemed an apex of pale, broken pillars, and Rome a mammoth tomb of golden brown.

These visions all faded presently in a pall of coal-smoke, and the sky-line was filled again with soot-stained factory chimneys.

At times, toward sundown, the girls, moved by the need at least of momentary change, penetrated into the country. The harsh air was scented with an indefinite new fragrance. The fields, though still bare of verdure, had a softer look than usual. Under dun-colored thickets arbutus was in bud.

All at once each felt an unaccountable expectancy of joy.

"Spring will soon be here now!"

"That 's right; spring will soon be here now!"

They spoke of the coming of the birds, the nest-building, the tiny eggs so delicately tinted and bespeckled, the little fledglings; but meanwhile their eyes grew wistful. They envied those feathered passengers who sought all skies at will, and found their mates so simply. So they fell to talking about love and lovers, for them a discussion as nearly theoretical as if concerning riches and the wealthy.

Euphrosyne, her features set, declared:

"I love children. I know I 'd make a good mother. Yet here I am with not a chance in sight at twenty-five. I don't think it 's the way the world was meant to be."

Thallie, her sky-blue eyes fixed on the horizon, quoted with a grimace:

"'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, what do you see?' 'I see a cloud of dust'—it is the grocer's wagon! The days of chivalry promised something better on a walk like this. 'As the three fair sisters wended their way across the moor, they descried in the distance a glitter of armor, a commotion of pennants. Three gentle knights, Sir Gawain, Sir Uwain, and Sir Lancelot du Lac—'"

Aglaia, lifting her pale-fringed eyelids, sent at the others a swift glance of envy as she retorted:

"Twenty and twenty-five! Do you realize that I 'm almost thirty years old? Sometimes, when I really stop to think, it seems as if I can't stand it another hour. Ibsen's *Nora* spoke the truth when she said we all have a right to live our lives. One of these days it 'll be too much for me to bear, and I 'll just up and go, as many a woman has, and found everything she wanted, because she was n't afraid to strike out for it like a man."

The others did not reply. Their troubled faces confessed that they, too, had dreamed at times of some such rebellion against fate.

They returned in silence through the twilight. Familiar landmarks loomed round them; lights twinkled ahead in well-known constellations. Maple Lane appeared, its sparse illumination diluted by the evening mist, above which the homely gables seemed to hover like simulacra of real dwellings, all ready to dissolve as do the edifices that the mind builds up in sleep. But at close approach once more they proved all too real—the same old surroundings, the symbols of captivity! At the gateway the sisters heard their father chopping wood.

Mr. Goodchild, dropping his ax upon the kitchen porch, hurried forward through the house to feast his eyes on their freshened cheeks.

"Home again! And a fine, bracing walk, I 'll warrant!"

They regained their smiles.

One evening toward the end of April, just after the street-lamp had been lighted in the lane, a postman blew his whistle at their door.

A registered letter!

The father spread out in bewilderment some sheets of paper; the daughters clustered round. All read the type-written sentences together. At first none could grasp their meaning.

Jabez Outwall was dead. Though silent for thirty years, he had finally outlived his rancor. He had willed Aurelius a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars.

Suddenly the room seemed full of light. When the girls gazed at one another, they saw the familiar faces changed by rapture. They were rich! They were free! The wide world lay before them!

CHAPTER II

A SHIP OF DREAMS SETS FORTH INTO UNKNOWN SEAS

"Good-by, old home!"

It was Aurelius, standing hat in hand one sunny afternoon in April at the studio door, while from afar, from the roadway before the house, came faintly the voices of his daughters imploring him to hurry.

"Hurry!" So it had been ever since Aglaia had thought of obtaining at the Bank of Zenasville a loan on their legacy, which the law would not deliver to them for a year. "Hurry!" Each day in Zenasville had seemed to steal from the three Graces some of the freedom, the happiness, the fame they saw at last within their reach. Amid the scramble of packing, the excited planning, the last rounds of duties suddenly grown irksome, that urgence had echoed through the house almost as if life itself depended on the family's quick exodus.

The trunks were gone; the girls were climbing into the surrey from the livery-stable. Youth, with the portals of the future thrown wide open, does not pause to look back, pensive, on the past, as did Aurelius in this last moment at the studio door.

Standing there, he remembered with

tenderness all his peaceful days of labor, all his moments of exalted hope, even all his hours of disillusion. Through many years this homely life had seemed to him merely the preparation for another, finer, and more ample; yet now he wondered if the new delights would equal those of the ramshackle studio.

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

They greeted his appearance on the door-step with excited beckonings, sure they would miss the train, and finding the thought of one more night in Zenasville unbearable. But Aurelius, knowing there was time to spare, very slowly shut into that little hallway the odors of the old sofas, lambrequins, and carpets, which embalmed for him a remembrance reaching back beyond the recollection of his children.

At last he seated himself in the surrey, beside the driver. The wheels turned, and then, indeed, the girls looked back and waved their gloved hands at the shuttered windows, but gaily, exultantly.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

And the yellowish house-front, the roof with its loosened shingles, the broken picket-fence, were lost behind the gradual alinement of the maple-trees.

They reached the suburban station, where the express-train for New York was scheduled to stop. On the platform Ira and Selina Inchkin were waiting to bid them still another farewell. The small hardware merchant, stiff-backed and solemn, presented self-consciously a box of candy from the chemist's shop, tied with a tinsel cord. His wife had brought a bunch of jonquils, which she apportioned nervously among the girls.

She wore the gray silk dress, indestructible, apparently, that she always donned for ceremonial occasions, that lent to her thin figure the peculiarity of a past decade. Her hat—a home-made confection, also frankly out of style—did not shade the fact that *Juliet* by her would never recreate suggestions of a girlish love. But Ira Inchkin, tiptoe in his baggy business suit, was whispering earnestly in Mr. Goodchild's ear:

"Don't forget, if you meet any of those big theatrical managers in New York, if you spot a proper opening for Selina—And if you need her clippings from the 'Zenasville Recorder'—"

"But in our week's stay in New York I shall hardly make many intimate friends."

"Well, then, in Europe." And with an accent of envy, "If Bernhardt and those foreign actresses can come to the United States!"

A sound of coughing made them turn their heads. Along the station platform Dr. Numble was approaching, shuffling on his cane, his brow covered with distended veins, his wild smile distorted by his exertions.

"You walked all this way to see us off!"

"Heu! heu! heu! That 's nothing. I 'd forgotten to tell you—" He pulled Aurelius forward by the coat-lapel, nodded portentously, dilated his watery eyes, and wheezed, "I wanted to say, you must particularly look in, while on your travels, at the site of Troy. Schuchardt's book will direct you. I 'd bestow it on you as a parting gift, but, it seems, I sold it recently. However, think of me when you view the Scamander still flowing, and the hot and cold springs, and the hollows by the shore where we made our camp. And where we took the soldan's standard. But, no; that was when I was St. Louis of France." And staring before him vacantly, he muttered in despondent tones, "If I, like you, could see those places in this incarnation! Perhaps my *magnum opus* would be the fuller for it. Perhaps I could remember better."

"And maybe," Selina Inchkin was murmuring, "we see you now for the last time? You 'll find so many more interesting spots off there." She made the gesture of *Cordelia* expressing a pathetic resignation. "Anyway, Frossie must send me every book she writes, and Thallie the notices of each picture she shows in the Salon, and Aglaia the clippings about all her débuts in grand opera."

"Of course we 'll write you many,

many letters!" Thallie protested, her eyes moist, filled with pity for these poor friends who had to end their lives in Zenasville.

"Of course," Euphrosyne assented quietly.

Aglaia, though smiling sympathetically, promised nothing. She reached out her slender hand to fasten three buttons on the back of Thallie's waist. One came loose in her fingers; she put it in her purse.

A stir ran along the platform; a faint quivering disturbed the air; one saw the New York express, the engine rapidly expanding beneath a ball of thick, white smoke that mushroomed like the vapors of a volcano. The train rushed past, roaring, as if it were not going to stop at all! But at last the long cars rumbled to a standstill; brakemen descended from the vestibules; ahead, the familiar, battered trunks, the heirlooms, which had not been used for thirty years, disappeared into the baggage-car.

And now the fumbling handclasps, the kisses falling amiss, the haphazard, incoherent farewell of persons bewildered by a strange activity. The four adventurers crowded the vestibule of their car, which glided faster, faster, faster. They saw their old friends dwindling, Mr. Inchkin waving his conservative farewell, Selina wildly fluttering a handkerchief, Dr. Numble leaning forward on his cane, his grimace no longer even vaguely suggestive of a smile. Some sheds whirled past, then cottages, then fields, and Zenasville was gone.

In the sleeping-car, surrounded by plush upholstery and glistening woods that seemed to prefigure the luxurious future, the Goodchild family gazed at one another with startled eyes.

"So we 're off!"

"To think we 're really off at last!"

Amid their incredulity there lurked a sort of apprehension, as if this good fortune were beyond their just deserts, and could not last.

Dinner-time came round. They went in to a meal of several courses, served, beneath flowerlike electric lamps, by a suave mulatto in a white-duck coat. They ate little; they talked in monosyllables; they were awed by this passage from one world into another. But at the end of their repast the same thought suddenly occurred to all—how amazed their neighbors would be if each of them, from force of habit, caught up some plates and started for the kitchen. So, after all, they ended their evening meal, as usual, with a good laugh.

Again in their seats, staring out through the black window-panes, the sisters wondered what fate was preparing for them far off in the darkness, beyond the untraveled leagues of land and sea. In what form, after what adventures, would renown and love appear to them? But fate allowed their souls no clearer vision than the night allowed their eyes: the future still benevolently veiled both their impending griefs and joys. That night one and all lay long awake, the tremor of the speeding train matched by the persistent agitation of their nerves.

Next morning Euphrosyne promptly raised the window-shade beside her pillow. The early sunshine revealed a city's suburbs, to her imagination almost foreign-looking.

"Girls!"

In the upper berth Aglaia stirred; beside Frossie, Thalia woke with a low gasp.

"Are we wrecked?"

"Smashed into splinters, Goosey! Look!"

Cheek by cheek, their faces flushed by sleep, their thick braids hanging down about their necks, the two sisters peered out the window at the passing streets.

"If it should be New York already!"

"Then where are the sky-scrapers?"

"There."

"Bah! Only eight stories high?"

"Oh, the dear little marble door-steps all in a row!"

"It 's Philadelphia," announced Euphrosyne.

But two hours later they were in New York. A taxicab bore them recklessly

through a prodigious clatter, amid traffic that seemed in constant danger of collision, between buildings that leaned halfway across the sky. There stole through them a feeling of defenselessness, of insignificance. Before the hotel which they had chosen—carved portico, glimpses of marble pillars and palm-trees within, servants rigged out in gaudy livery—Aurelius completely lost his courage. Waving back the porters, he called to the chauffeur to drive on; and after careering through the streets for half an hour, they found a family hotel like a dingy obelisk, sufficiently unfashionable to abate the most of their reluctance. The clerk offered to board and lodge them all for fifteen dollars a day.

"Fifteen!" Thallie's mouth fell open, Euphrosyne turned slightly pale, Mr. Goodchild's hunted look gave place to consternation; but Aglaia, her emerald-green eyes already calm again, moved forward, touched her father's arm, and murmured:

"This is New York. Let 's make the best of it."

They made the best of it.

From their high rooms they looked out at a New York beyond their expectations—a city of bright towers rising far into the limpid air. Each unique in detail, though all shaped slenderly for the same defiance of the heavens, those structures seemed to float above the humbler roofs like the vision of a more audacious civilization than to-day's. And far off to the south, where the haze of distance thickened, other edifices appeared, only vaguely showing all their upward flight, their domes sending forth soft golden glimmerings from the midst of space.

But down below, in the streets that resembled the bottoms of crevasses, humanity was rendered trivial by its own works. Those tiny creatures rippling along the pavements were not persons, but the seething system of one physical body, each atom linked to the rest by invisible ganglia which drove all to an equal agitation. And the thought came to Aurelius that here he saw humanity revealed somewhat as it might look to God—a whole made up of countless parts, all moving in many ways toward the same ends, none more important than the rest, none capable of injury without some subtle alteration of the whole.

Yet when he descended into the streets, he regained the feeling that his fellows were vastly different from one another.

But when they found Fifth Avenue, New York at last fulfilled the girls' anticipations. Here rolled the motor-cars with crested panels, full of flowers and furs. Here alighted the young girls who had stepped out of the fashion-books, impressively bizarre in their costumes of the latest hour. But the show-windows suggested even more extravagance than one saw in motion on this thoroughfare. Passing the classic restaurants, the famous hotels, the mansions like foreign palaces, the three Graces wondered if their happiness would ever equal that of women who were born to such surroundings. For the moment the prospect before them—the voyage and strange lands, the long study and slow climb to triumph in their chosen arts—seemed less inspiring than formerly.

All at once they drew Aurelius toward the shops. In spacious rooms, lined with mirrors, salesgirls advanced upon them, willowy in black satin frocks of the most recent cut, with the bearing of Oriental handmaids raised, through some pasha's caprice, to feminine authority. A suave patronage underlay their words and gestures as their glances ran over these garments that had come from Zenasville, as they exhibited the gowns of lace, of cloth of silver, of painted gauze, and glittering embroidery. Mr. Goodchild, seated in a corner, nervously smoothing his thick, tangled beard, blinked at this finery, such as he had never seen before. Euphrosyne and Thalia, afflicted by sensations of humbleness, fell mute. Aglaia, however, after calmly pricing and examining everything, at last ended her sisters' torments with the nonchalant remark, "I think before we finally decide we 'll look a little farther." But for her, their retreat would have been a flight.

Thallie, blushing in the sunshine, cried:

"What must they think of us, buying nothing after putting them to so much trouble!"

"Who cares what they think? All the same, they gave me some ideas. And now we 'll go to the department stores, and get off cheaper."

But it was not till three days later that the sisters managed to reform their dress completely.

At first they hardly knew one another in those draperies looped and puffed like costumes in a Franco-Persian comic opera, in the hats tilted at extraordinary angles, in the fur scarfs worn, as it seemed, back foremost, in the little slippers revealing the sheen of ankles through a mesh of silk. Thus arrayed, two at least found themselves abashed—till they remembered they were, after all, no more than fashionably arrayed. And even Thallie was moved to favor her new outfit with an unprecedented care, herself replacing every hook and button lost, and mending each hole at once in the heels of her silk stockings.

In that transformation each, to be sure, had made concessions to her nature. Frossie's colors were the quietest, her whole attire, as befitted her "strong" features, pince-nez, bright-red hair, the most conservative. Thallie had chosen clear hues and indecisive contours, according with her vivid, though still uncompleted, loveliness. But Aglaia's was, perhaps, the greatest triumph. Though garbed with the sophisticated daintiness of a young matron breathing the very air of style, she managed to look younger than Euphrosyne.

The swift change in them surprised the other patrons of the family hotel—the elderly ladies who prowled the parlors in Egyptian shawls, the bluff old gentlemen who "put on no frills" with Mr. Goodchild in the lobby, the wives of traveling salesmen who, every morning, eased baby-carriages down the front steps. These honest folk, humdrum even in New York, had not realized that the dingy obelisk was serving the three Graces only as a sort of chrysalis.

Aurelius, when they came to preen themselves before him, found his daughters almost too grand to kiss; he thought, with sinking heart, "I shall surely lose them very soon."

Indeed, everywhere they now went the eyes of young men brightened at the sight of them. But the sisters, when they ventured forth alone, found that masculine homage in New York was bolder than in Zenasville. For self-protection, they were forced to end their clear, frank gazing, to repress the friendly interest natural to their faces, to assume the mask discreet young girls must wear in the great cities.

"Why, these New York men are terrible!" protested Thallie, though dimpling, despite herself, beneath her frown.

"It 's clear," murmured Frossie, "that with the slightest encouragement—"

"I suppose men are men wherever one finds them," said Aglaia, with a shrug, "though I understand that in Europe they 're even more frankly so."

The three fell silent, wondering about the men of Europe, and, after all, not displeased by the idea that they might prove "more so."

New York, however, still sufficiently amazed them.

They visited the museums and the parks, inspected the monuments, peeped into Chinatown and Wall Street. From the tops of sky-scrapers they saw at last, beyond roofs and masts and shredding clouds of smoke, the sea, a-shimmer clear to the horizon. Every night they went to the theater to watch the hysterics of the problem-plays or the sensuous confusion of the musical comedies. It was Thallie who decided that the drama in New York was immoral.

"The drama, maybe," Euphrosyne assented; "but the musical shows are less immoral than amoral."

"Most of them are imported from Europe," Aglaia at last volunteered. "Even pruned a bit, they say, before we see them!"

And the sisters pictured for themselves

those lands whose amusements so shamelessly confessed their cynicism.

But at concerts they could approve of everything they heard. One afternoon they attended a song-recital by Mme. Bertha Linkow, a famous soprano whose season at the Metropolitan had just ended.

They sat far back in a sea of millinery that spread through the concert-hall clear under the wide sweep of the boxes. On the stage appeared a tall, robust woman, majestic even in an azure gown of the most fashionable eccentricity. Her voice, stealing out above the throng, was like warm, flawless gold. She sang "Nymphs and Shepherds," *"Wie mir 's Weh tut,"* Carey's *"Pastorale,"* and other numbers also. When the first group of her selections was done, the sisters sat silent, their hands half open on their laps, their hearts deeply moved by all those exquisite sounds. But at last Aglaia, with an accent maybe due to envy, murmured:

"I 'm sure she scooped three times in Grieg's *'Lauf der Welt.'*"

The recital ending, the women of the audience swarmed toward the stage; the girls dragged Aurelius forward, too. Now they saw the prima donna at close quarters. Bowing and beaming, her arms full of roses, she glowed with the wholesome blonde beauty of a magnificent peasant. She was nearer forty than thirty, yet that night they all dreamed of her.

Aurelius, when he stretched out his tired limbs between the sheets, mused for a while on all the marvels of the city. Each reminiscence ended with the thought, "If *she* could have shared that with her husband and her children!" Sadness crept round him, as tenuous and penetrating as the autumn mists of thirty years ago, when he and she, returning arm in arm through Maple Lane, had ended their evening walk, among the garden-plats, with a long kiss, and the words "Some day! Some day!" At last, on the border-land of sleep, it seemed to him that the expectations of that time were realized. With the ease of those who make pilgrimages in their dreams, he returned through the streets, the museums, the theaters, the countless show-places of New York, his wife upon his arm. She wore a full-skirted dress of poplin covered with a fringed polonaise; a tiny tip-tilted hat was set upon her chignon; long cameo ear-rings dangled against her milk-white throat, adorned with a double crease. The years had not aged her: youth was exhaled from her person like the perfume of a flower. But when they passed before a mirror, he saw, beside his gray hairs and stooping shoulders, the countenance of Thallie! In the morning, however, he had forgotten that disappointment.

But their week in New York was passing. The steamship tickets, good clear to Paris, were already in the hotel safe. The antique trunks, their curved lids plastered inside with gay-colored paper blossoms, yawned open, as if begging to be packed in time. Yet the Goodchild family continued to run hither and thither through the city, the girls ever thrilling anew, readjusting their perceptions, and only late at night, when back again in the topsyturvy bedrooms, pausing to think, "Four days, three days, and we shall be in America no longer!"

Already their young, eager brains had profited by a thousand fleeting observations; but how much more did they not feel they had to learn! Hardly an hour passed that they were not humiliated by their inexperience, that they did not flush because they had not acted like "New-Yorkers." All their real cultivation seemed insignificant to them, compared with the *savoir-faire* of the metropolis. Their acquaintance with ancient and European literature, the histories of music and of painting, the political development of nations, did not, in New York, excuse their ignorance of how to pass triumphantly the velvet cord at the threshold of smart restaurants, how to order tea, how to tip the waiter neither lavishly nor parsimoniously. At last, forgetting even the art treasures they had so long desired to study here, they succumbed completely to Fifth Avenue, to the great hotels where, if only they had known it,

they learned lessons in deportment chiefly from aliens like themselves.

"She gave him fifty cents."

"Two teas complete are eighty, and her extra tartlet makes one dollar. The Baedeker for France says only one tenth of the bill."

"But this is New York."

"That fat one does n't take her escort's arm; he holds her by the elbow."

"In Europe a gentleman never touches a lady except when dancing or kissing her hand."

"And will they kiss our hands, those foreigners?"

"One could hardly object, if it 's the custom."

"Who said anything about objecting!"

"Now the one in yellow 's smoking another cigarette."

"If a girl ever smoked like that in Zenasville!"

"But this is New York."

"Maybe she 's not quite respectable."

"Then which of them is?"

"Perhaps they wonder if we are?"

"Oh, Frossie!"

Thallie giggled outright at the idea of any one imagining that sedate Euphrosyne might not be respectable. The latter retorted:

"I don't think it 's a subject to laugh at, anyway."

"But," said Aglaia, her shadowy smile appearing, "this is New York."

When they had paid their tea-bill, glancing furtively at the waiter to see how he received the tip, the three Graces went out to the sunny avenue. They strolled past the shops, as much to gaze on their reflected images as to view the window-displays. A photographer's showcase engrossed them; they contemplated the print of a bride in her wedding-dress. And they wondered if the fashions in wedding-dresses would change before their own marriages. The sky was fading between the white marble towers when they turned back to the family hotel, where their father was beginning to worry about them.

For Aurelius, remembering that youth makes some of its happiest discoveries when undisturbed by age, sent them off nearly every afternoon to "play by themselves." If they asked him, on their return, what he had been doing, he answered with a smile:

"I 've been in much-reviled Nineveh. But the heathen, who respect the foolish, sent me back safe and sound."

On their last night in New York, after the play, the girls inveigled him into a Broadway restaurant for supper.

They entered a room embellished with marble, gilt, and mirrors, full of flowering-shrubs and white-spread tables. Between the lustrous pillars, knee-deep, as it seemed, in the rich bloom of azalea-plants, the supper-parties moved to their places. The women, against a background of white and black, assumed a regal mien, aware, no doubt, of their elaborate headgear, of the scanty corsages which they had eked out with jewels, of the artful folds that pretended to conceal their forms. When they gathered together by their chairs, there appeared for an instant a dazzlement of pale satin, powdered flesh, and diamonds. When they took their seats, it was as if a dewy garland had been flung around the table.

The sisters neglected their suppers to watch those others, so gay, so much at ease, so well surrounded by dapper cavaliers. They wondered what it must be like to live such lives, which they pictured as one round of social triumph and romance.

But this scene depressed their father for a different reason. The strange, unnecessary foods, the many bottles of champagne, the air thick with tobacco-smoke, heavy with perfumes, throbbing with erotic music, seemed to Aurelius degrading stimulants to pleasure. He thought: "Could they not find recreation in some simpler, healthier way? All these influences must finally react upon the soul. So the ancients began to feast before their downfall."

Into an open space emerged a man with an orange scarf wrapped around his evening waistcoat, and a woman in a pea-

green wig. The band struck up a Spanish tune; the pair, after bawling out some verses of a slangy song, fell into each other's arms and began to undulate languorously among the tables. Slowly the pallor of Mr. Goodchild's brow disappeared beneath a wave of red. Looking away, he met the eyes of a gentleman who sat near by alone.

This stranger was a tall, rather thickset man of forty, whose calm, smooth-shaven face revealed at the same time sophistication and a hint of gentleness. He wore a dinner-jacket; two fine black pearls adorned his shirt-front; on his left hand shone a gold ring set with a graved carnelian. The plate before him contained some remnants of a light repast, his tall glass was still half-full of well-diluted whisky, and he was just letting the waiter lay match to his cigar when he caught Mr. Goodchild's gaze. By way of response, he produced a slight grimace of sympathy, an almost imperceptible shrug, an effect of having remarked: "Everything you suggest is quite true. But then, my poor fellow-sufferer, this is New York." And after his glance had passed over the Goodchild family in one swift flash, he stared into space as before, smoking at ease, his thoughts apparently traveling far away.

Euphrosyne fancied she had seen his picture somewhere. Aglaia summoned the waiter.

"Can you tell me who—"

"Aggie! He 'll hear you!"

"Who that gentleman is over there?"

"That gentleman? That is Mr. Holland, Miss."

"Oh, Mr. Holland."

And fear of appearing still more ignorant kept them from asking who "Mr. Holland" might be.

They decided that while he could never have been handsome, he was quite distinguished-looking.

Now the head waiter himself came bowing to his table!

"Mr. Holland has found everything all right this evening?"

"Quite all right, Humbert."

"If Mr. Holland is maybe going to look in at the Villa di Tasso this summer, I shall be there to welcome him."

"I may get down to Italy later on. I sail next week."

"A good voyage to Mr. Holland!"

"Thank you, Humbert. The same to you."

"He 's going to Europe next week," reflected Thallie. "I bet we run into him there."

"You might think Europe was no bigger than Zenasville!"

"All the same, I bet we do see him again somewhere."

"Is our little Thallie smitten?"

"I? With a middle-aged man like that?"

"Do hush, girls!"

But "Mr. Holland" was tipping the waiter, not lavishly, yet receiving that tyrant's humble thanks. And he departed like a man who walks out of his own dining-room.

"If only we knew some one like that," Aglaia exclaimed, "to show us the ropes over there!"

"As if anybody like that would bother with us!"

"Who knows who will and who won't before we 're through?"

Then, realizing that the ship sailed next morning, that it was one o'clock, that nothing had been packed, they went home as fast as they could.

The next morning was all hazy from excitement. As they sped for the last time through the city's streets, wild apprehensions darted into their minds. They remembered tales of storms and fires at sea; they pictured panics round life-boats on the sloping decks; they saw themselves clinging to a raft between two mountainous waves. But as they entered the pier, and viewed, through tall doorways, black bulwarks rising clear out of sight, like the walls of an immovable building, there came to them a feeling of immense relief. That whole structure was so vast, so strong, so still, one could not imagine it even rocking in the highest storms.

When they had climbed the gangway,

for a moment they wondered if this could really be a ship. The main companion-way, with its office, its wide staircase backed by large oil-paintings, and its elevator, suggested the lobby of a fine hotel. On the deck above, a succession of drawing-rooms, music-rooms, and card-rooms completed the explorers' bewilderment. But when they descended to their own cabins, they perceived that if all above was sumptuous and ample, here was enough constriction to make up for it.

Yet they were pleased by the novelty of their close quarters. Mr. Goodchild contemplated his one-berth cubbyhole with the remark, "At any rate, if I fall out of bed, I 'll soon fetch up against something." The girls, in their own compartment, vowed the discomfort of the place was going to be a lark. But the steward abased them by complaining that there was no room, in these cabins, for such trunks as theirs. Good heavens! they had never realized what "steamer-trunks" were actually for.

They went up to cool their cheeks in the fresh air.

The promenade-deck was crowded with the seagoers and their friends. On all sides appeared elaborate hats, costly furs, large bunches of flowers. Straightway the girls felt the lack of flowers of their own, of friends or lovers who might have sent such parting tokens. Timid among these chattering and laughing favorites, distressed by the sight of so much gay attendance all for others, they retreated into a writing-room. And there they set about composing letters full of tenderness to those whom they had left behind in Zenasville, and till this moment of loneliness had neglected.

Without the slightest warning, right overhead a whistle gave a monstrous roar, and shook the Goodchild family to the marrow.

"We 're starting!"

Clutching their letters, they rushed out on deck.

The ship began to creep forth into the river. On the wharf innumerable faces were upturned to them, and the agitation of handkerchiefs was like a sudden flurry of snow. Thallie, tears rising into her eyes, waved a response.

"But you don't know any of them!"

"Leave me alone! I 'm saying good-by to my dear old America."

Then they saw that Mr. Goodchild, his face twitching, was also waving to the crowd.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

And he was moved to quote in a deep voice:

> "Each heart recalled a different name,
> But all sang Annie Laurie!"

Slowly they floated down-stream, past the tugs all tooting their salutes; past the ferry-boats, with their watching passengers; past the busy docks, the clambering signs, and, behind all the rest, rising against a turquoise sky, the towers, like great vertical shafts of sunlight. A vibration spread gradually throughout the vessel. Now they moved faster. Looking back, one saw, across scintillating waves, the sky-scrapers converging, turning misty, fading.

Aurelius removed his black felt hat. The salt breeze lifted his long locks and stirred his tangled beard of ruddy gold and silver. His lean face was illumined with a look of reverence as he repeated:

> "Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State,
> Sail on, O Union strong and great!
> Humanity, with all its fears,
> With all its hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

Their own ship, gently quivering all over, headed for the open sea.

CHAPTER III

HENCEFORTH THALIA WILL LIVE ONLY FOR HER ART

For two days the stewardess admitted there was a bit of a sea.

"A bit of a sea!" Every time their berths sank beneath them,—the curtains swaying far over from the rods, the woodwork creaking, the port-holes darkened by

"She felt sure this careless speech masked a sentimentalism intensely congenial to her own"

Drawing by F. R. Gruger

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wave-crests;—the Goodchild family believed the ship was going down. But on the third day, determined not to drown "like rats in a trap," somehow the girls got their dresses on, staggered up the companionway, plunged into the open air. At last, prostrate in their steamer-chairs, they saw, to their amazement, that the promenade-deck was alive with people apparently in the best of health and spirits.

Some, curled up among cushions and rugs, were gossiping and reading. Others, untroubled by the pitch of the ship, marched round and round. Forward, young girls and youths were merrily playing shuffle-board. The sun shone on the long, olive-colored swells, spread with intricate traceries of foam, that extended to the see-sawing sky-line.

The sisters felt their disgrace. They recalled the fact that all the sea-going heroines of fiction were "splendid sailors." For that matter, could one imagine Cleopatra suffering qualms at Actium, or Helen's fair cheek turning yellow on the voyage to Troy? Yet when a steward presented under Thallie's nose a tray set with cups of fat bouillon, the poor child could not repress a moan of loathing. As she averted her face, the woman in the next chair replaced a full cup on the tray, and brusquely commanded, with a German accent:

"Take it away, all this stuff, from these young ladies!"

Where had Thalia seen her neighbor before? Could it be Mme. Bertha Linkow, the prima donna?

Yes, it was really she, her abundant blonde tresses pressed down by a modish turban, her wind-whipped cheeks more vivid than on the stage, her physical wholesomeness going out from her like a beneficent aura. And this wonderful personage was talking to Thallie as kindly as if the young girl, too, were a celebrity!

"I know. I also have prayed the ship to sink. One night when a number-ten storm was brewing, three of us, Mme. Morelli, Mme. Lodbrok, and I, had gone up to the captain's cabin for coffee after dinner. All at once, *platsch!* and that number-ten storm was present! And we three? Ha, there was little talk of escaping then to our proper rooms! We lay where we found ourselves, and rolled and rolled, and now and then groaned, 'Art thou still alive, Luisa?' 'Art thou still alive, Regne?' The captain, of course, was on the bridge, defying the storm. But you may believe he did not get back his cabin till that business was over. So now I always try to engage the captain's room for myself. It is more considerate, *nicht wahr?*"

"But that," ventured Thallie, timidly, "was a bigger storm than this one."

Mme. Linkow's eyes started to twinkle, but she saved her solemnity.

"Well, perhaps a little bigger, my dear."

Now Aglaia and Frossie were staring, their misery half forgotten. The prima donna embraced the three, so to speak, with a maternal smile.

"See how you are, from this fine air, already better becoming! And the—the storm is calming down every minute. So! Presently I shall prescribe a walk on the deck."

That afternoon, indeed, the sisters did manage to walk the deck with Mme. Linkow.

They could hardly convince themselves that this rare distinction was theirs. They could not help looking askance at those they passed, to see if others appreciated the company they were in. And every moment they were amazed afresh to find that the great Mme. Linkow was not unlike other mortals. Presently she declared:

"As for me, I like what I like. You, as it happened, I liked no sooner I saw you the day we sailed. 'Those three beautiful shades of red hair,' I said to myself, 'and those three young faces, all alike, yet all so different!' Therefore I had the chairs of an awful family removed from alongside of mine, and your chairs put in their places." She uttered a clear peal of laughter in recalling that trick. "You see, anything that interests

me I must do, no matter what happens. But where is your papa, with his face of a saint in some well-known painting or other?"

Mr. Goodchild was still below, flat on his back.

"*Ach,* this will never do! Here, steward! Go down to Mr.—yes, Mr. Goodchild—and tell him his daughters are quite well again, and expect him to be the same."

So Aurelius, with an agonizing effort, tumbled into his clothes and tottered up on deck. He found the girls seated in a row beside a strange lady, and all three sipping champagne.

The prima donna met his look of dismay with the words:

"Please note that these young ones are not wine-drinking for pleasure, but only to cure their collywobbles. One glass for each, that 's all; and here is another for you."

Aurelius, despite swimming head and weak limbs, achieved a courteous bow.

"Ma'am," he quavered, "I beg you to accept my thanks and excuses. I am not used any more than my daughters—"

"Oh, I knew you would not take any before I said it. Thank God! your children have already swallowed theirs down, and now it will do them good. But you must not think, for all this, that I want to give them bad habits."

"On that point, ma'am," Aurelius stammered, while mopping his pallid brow, "I am doubly at ease."

"Very well. For the rest, I am Mme. Linkow, and a great chum of your daughters. I like them, and I like you, and I tell you, as friend to friend, it is useless to stand on all this ceremony with me. There is your chair. Lie down. You, Frossie, wrap him up in this rug. To-night I am going to have some light foods sent up to you here. To-morrow you shall eat small, but well: I shall see what that ought to be. Also, if your stewardess is as clumsy as mine, you had better borrow my maid—"

So it was that Mme. Linkow took the Goodchild family under her wing.

The sea grew calmer, or else seemed calmer to them. The keen air revived their bodies; the mirror showed their color restored, their eyes brightened, their charms regained. They began to enjoy the strangeness of sounds and odors, the moods of the ocean, the sight of a distant steamship or porpoises or a whale. Now fellow-passengers smiled and bowed to them, and a dozen times a day the prima donna, holding court in her chair, included them in the talk.

The girls had confessed their ambitions to Mme. Linkow.

"So! A painter of pictures, this little Thallie! And Frossie a writer of books? How nice that will be! And Aglaia?"

"A singer."

The prima donna's glance, running rapidly over Aglaia's face and form, lost a shade of its brightness.

"What sort of singer, my dear? The opera, I suppose? Of course; that is what we all desire. You shall sing for me one of these days. See, there comes a sailing-vessel! *Wunderschön!* How her sails are gold in the sun! Like a ship of dreams, *nicht wahr?*"

Meanwhile Mr. Goodchild had made friends in the smoking-room. There he endured the fumes of tobacco and liquor for hours at a time to listen to tales of voyages weathered and lands skimmed through. The man who had crossed most often drowned out the rest: he spoke the jargon of sailors and tourist-agents, became an oracle from whom might be learned everything about foreign travel. But soon, prompted by envy, some parvenu of a dozen trips would shout:

"Steward! A fresh pack of cards, and take the orders!"

One day there entered the smoking-room two young men whom Aurelius had not seen on deck.

He thought there was something foreign about the cut of their clothes, which produced an effect of elegant negligence. Smoking cigarettes, they lounged into an alcove as far as possible away from the rest. Obsequiously a steward ran forward. Every one stared. Aurelius

learned they were Mr. Hector Ghillamoor and Mr. Reginald Dux, who, with Mr. Ghillamoor's wife and child, occupied the "royal suite."

"And may one ask," he mildly inquired, "what are these young gentlemen's vocations?"

The card-players looked at him in amazement till one exploded:

"Ha, ha! That 's a good one! A neat little knock, eh, boys?"

Hector Ghillamoor was a herculean, swarthy young man with the low, sloping forehead, short nose, and heavy jaw of a gladiator. His small eyes, sunken behind his high cheek-bones, habitually looked forth with a calm disdain. When he smiled there was something contemptuous about his large mouth. But he had, all the same, a name for the utmost good-nature in his own circle, where he lived a life of strenuous pleasure-seeking and sport. He was said to be very well off —even wealthier than Reginald Dux.

The latter, younger than Hector Ghillamoor, was about twenty-five years old. Not so tall, more nearly slight, he showed a fair skin. In his agreeable face the hauteur due to his aquiline nose and drooping eyelids was counteracted by the easy-going curve of his lips. Now, when he noticed the interest he had excited, those lips of his began to twitch with an irrepressible smile, not so much of amusement as from the stirring of vanity.

The truth is, his father had not become a millionaire till the boy was in his teens, so to-day the latter could hardly help being flattered when he imagined any one saying, "That is the socially prominent, the rich, young Reginald Dux." These sensations, however, were not entirely owing to snobbishness. At heart he was still so sensitive to public opinion that any approbative attention sent through him a warm glow. In fact, since childhood had tried to leave him, also, a legacy of emotionalism, he might, with another father, have been an actor.

Mr. Goodchild wondered if he had not seen those two come aboard at New York with a willowy young woman, a pretty child, and three or four servants. But where had they kept themselves all this time?

"Ah," drawled one of the poker-players, viciously dealing the cards, "you forget, sir, that if those kinds of folks were to mingle with us, we might give 'em the pip or something."

"I pass," said another. "As for them, I guess there is n't a soul on board that they 've spoken to outside the stewards."

"Kindly try to dole me three queens this time. Nor what 's more, that they will speak to while this here galumping caravel sails the sea."

But the following night—the last night out of sight of land—it came about that Reginald Dux spoke to Thallie.

Alone she had climbed to the boat-deck to say good night to the ocean. She found a secluded spot well forward, beside a life-boat. Leaning over the rail, she looked out at the horizon, where sky was distinguished from sea by the clear blue twinkle of stars. On the morrow the mystery of that level union of air and water would be dispelled: the strange shores would loom forth; the long-sought future, with all its promises, would begin to merge into the present. Perhaps, at the same time, all the anticipations of girlhood would change to experience.

She was startled by a creaking sound that issued from the life-boat above her. A young man in a dinner-jacket, legs swinging over the gunwale, face vague in the starlight, stared down at her in surprise.

"I beg your pardon!"

His voice was rather high and throaty; he clipped short his words even while pronouncing them precisely; his utterance was easy, amiable, and somehow unusual.

"I must have fallen asleep," he confessed. "These boat-covers make such jolly hammocks."

Had he dropped from the sky? With a nervous laugh, she risked the pleasantry:

"Are you a stowaway?"

"Give you my word, I should n't have been if I 'd known about you."

Sliding down to the deck, leaning

gracefully against a davit, he smiled at her, half cavalier, half mischievous boy.

"Why did n't you wander up here the first part of the trip?"

"The first part of the trip," Thallie stammered, "I was ill." And at once she felt herself blushing.

"Ouch! So was I. And that 's one more overrated pastime, is n't it? But when a fellow tries to murder his constitution the last night ashore, he can't complain if he has to pay toll to Mr. Wave." Lighting a cigarette, he stared at her across the flaming match. "By George, what bully hair! Am I still asleep? Mind pinching me?"

"Good night," gasped Thallie, and turned to flee.

"Oh, I say, if you go down now, you 'll break up the whole party! Let 's stay awake another hour and ruin our health. Let 's pace the quarter-deck with knitted brows. 'Damn the torpedoes!' and all that sort of thing, what? Cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

"Tango?"

"N-no."

"Why so cruel? We might have a quiet cavort up here and take turns at whistling the tune. I do need the exercise."

"I never met any one like you in my life!"

" 'Affability, that 's wot it is. No 'arm, just affability.' Come on; let 's romp about while we 're still young."

With a reluctance at least half-genuine, with a vague trepidation, a feeling almost like guilt, she began to stroll with him round the boat-deck.

He soon made her laugh again. He patronized the stars, pretended to find constellations with ridiculous names, asked her if she would like him to fit the ship's propellers to a pontoon and take her aëroplaning round Venus. Demanding where she was going to stay in Paris, he threatened to bring the band from Maxime's to play every night under her window. He, for his part, was going to remain in Europe till he got bored.

His jests, his informality, through which now and then flirtatiousness threatened to show, his good looks, and attire, and debonair carriage that neatly escaped a swagger, all ended by fascinating Thallie. She was even pleased when he began to reveal a certain good-natured condescension of manner. A companion so winning, in such romantic surroundings! Half closing her eyes, she found it quite natural to picture a honeymoon voyage illumined by stars like these, with a lover as fine as this young man by her side, whose name she did not know.

Leaning against the rail, they stared out over the waves.

"Good old Nature!" he said. "She sets the stage rather well to-night, what?"

She felt sure this careless speech masked a sentimentalism intensely congenial to her own.

"The sea is so wonderful!" she sighed.

"Right!"

"When I think of all the marvelous things that are waiting for us off there!"

"Paris, eh? Rue de la Paix, and all that?"

"Think of the Louvre!"

"Oh, so you 're keen on art?"

"I 'm going to be a painter myself."

"Really? Paint my portrait?"

"Some day, perhaps."

"Don't forget."

"I won't." A silence. "And now I must go."

"We 'll have the moon in a minute."

He put his hand over hers, which lay on the rail, and suddenly his face grew serious, nearly solemn. His teasing, trifling impulses shredded away. The worldly difference between them, which he had long since divined, which even Thallie was beginning to realize, ceased all at once to exist, as the furniture of a splendid room disappears with the modest hat on the table when the light is blown out. For that instant they were simply maiden and youth contemplating each other in the starlit solitude with the delicate, swift, half-shy avidity of spring.

"Good night," she said breathlessly, and ran down the ladder. But on the promenade-deck, repenting of that quick

flight, she wondered if she had offended him.

In the sisters' small cabin Thallie went silently to bed. A long while she lay awake in her narrow upper berth, unsoothed by the gentle lift of the ship or the soft, steady breathing of Aglaia and Frossie. Her wide-open eyes again visualized his face; his careless, warm-toned speech sounded still in her ears. Every trivial remark she recalled and considered; and in his countenance, his voice, his words, she could find not the slightest flaw. Who was he? Why had she met him only to-night? Would she see him to-morrow, in Paris, elsewhere, too? She believed she would see him again many times. She fell asleep at last with a smile on her lips.

Next morning sea-gulls were thick astern; the sky-line was threaded with tiny sails; above the horizon dark smoke formed diagonal, intersecting lines. The ship's isolation was ended.

At last they drew in to Plymouth—white cliffs, budding green, a climbing town of quaint aspect; then off again, up the channel, toward France.

Cherbourg! The tender, piled high with trunks, lay alongside the ship. From across the waves breakwaters reached out, as if to embrace and draw in the voyagers toward the low-lying city between them. The Goodchild family, staring and pointing, inhaled with delight the air of this new land, that seemed to them like the air of another world. But amid the bustling passengers Thallie had not discerned the young man of the boat-deck.

Mme. Linkow appeared, more majestic than ever in her shore-going costume, a-rustle with silk, a-jingle with golden trinkets, her maid and a queue of heavily-laden stewards trailing behind. When she saw Aurelius and the three Graces her eyes grew soft, as who should think: "Poor innocents! It is I who must see them safe in some nest at Paris to-night!" She approached them with her dazzling, maternal smile.

"So, you were waiting for me? How nice of you!"

They descended the ladder together.

The tender bore them off toward the shore. They gazed back with a vague affection at the great ship that had brought them safe over the sea, that they saw now for the first time in perspective. They drew in to the quay, and just as the hawsers curled through the air, Thalia perceived, at the other end of the tender, her boat-deck friend.

He was with a big, sulky-looking young man, a pretty little girl, and a smart-looking lady. The sunshine seemed less bright as Thallie observed that slender woman of twenty-eight, on whose face petulance was gradually eclipsed by a smile. It was he who was making her laugh! Worse still, he was so intent on keeping her laughing that never once did he turn his head!

In the scramble off the boat, through the custom-house, into the train, she lost him again. And even in the station at Paris he failed to pass by with the crowd.

"But he knows where we 're going to stay."

They were going to stay at an old hotel near the Gare St. Lazare. Mme. Linkow, before setting out to visit friends in Versailles, herself arranged their accommodations.

"And so, if we need each other no more for a little, *auf wiedersehen!*" She gave each of the girls a resounding kiss on the cheek, clasped Mr. Goodchild's hand, sailed out to her taxicab, and was gone.

"How good she is! What would we have done without her!"

"Well, anyway, here we are."

"Here we are in Paris!"

They went down to dinner a-flutter, still feeling at every step the motion of the ship.

That hotel maintained rather mustily the atmosphere of the Third Empire. In its public parlors, still furnished with black walnut and plush, even the chandeliers recalled a period of tasteless flamboyance. And the courtesy of grave, elderly servants completed the suggestion of an old palace, once given up to crinoline balls, now going to seed.

The table d'hôte room was occupied by commercial travelers from Belgium and Germany, bourgeois families, provincial bridal couples. Nearly all wore napkins under their chins, and chased the rich sauces round their plates with a crust. Rising, at last, with congested, cheerful faces, they marched out, picking their teeth.

Finally, replete themselves, the Goodchilds donned hats and wraps, to brave the strange thoroughfares.

Through the shadows of Rue Auber loomed the opera-house: Aglaia dreamed of success. As the Louvre raised its long rows of window-panes beside the Seine, Thallie thought of the masterpieces hidden there, which she was to emulate. And when, from a bridge, they peered across misty water at the dim bulk of Notre Dame, Euphrosyne saw herself writing romances in which the heroics of *Esmeralda* were far surpassed.

Aurelius, on the other hand, kept wondering if he was awake. "It 's a fact: this is Paris! That shadow is the Isle of the City, where Lutetia was born! Behind me is the very Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine cut off the head of Louis XVI!" And, after a while, inevitably, "But why must all this come too late for *her* to share it?" And then, "But who knows that she does not share it—that she is not here to-night close by our side?" A breath of air stirred his locks, and the mist, exhaled from the Seine, seemed to curl along the parapet like the flowing robes of an immaterial presence.

Back in their rooms, attired for bed, yet sure that sleep was not to be won for hours, the three Graces looked down from their windows upon the street. Before the café across the way the terrace was alive with people. The taxicabs continued to bear jolly parties here and there to unknown pleasures.

"Where is he to-night?" wondered Thallie.

But gradually the vibrations from a myriad minds, the concerted supreme impulses of that city, the influence of Paris, stole in through the windows with the May breeze, penetrated the sisters' hearts, and filled all three with an indefinable exuberance.

To-morrow! To-morrow!

A week went by, in which they blundered all over Paris. But the young man of the boat-deck failed to appear.

Why had he never called? Perhaps he was off on some excursion, or ill? Before long they might take up their own travels again without having seen him at all!

One morning when they had been in Paris a fortnight their breakfast talk developed that very topic.

Their repast—they were not inured to coffee and rolls alone—had reached the marmalade-stage. The French phrase-book lay open beside the beefsteak platter; Frossie was starting the daily round of sentences:

"Good-day, Monsieur. Is it that one can buy here of gloves, of silk, of lingerie, of shoes American?"

"If madame will give herself the pain to step by there."

"Mademoiselle, this madame desires of gloves, of silk, of lingerie, of shoes American—"

"And what good," Aglaia demanded suddenly, "will all this do us in Italy?"

A look of uneasiness crossed Mr. Goodchild's face. New habits to fathom, new tongues to struggle with, new railroads, custom-houses, hotel tariffs, and touts! Thallie faltered:

"But we have n't finished here."

"Do you expect," Aglaia asked, "to check off every cobblestone?"

"I don't care; I 've always had a kind of foreboding about the Italians. Folks say they 're so dangerous."

"Plenty of others go to Italy and live through it. Besides, everybody seems to agree the best music-teachers are there."

"Oh, of course, if your music 's the only thing in this family!"

"Children, children!"

"What do you say, Frossie?" Aglaia inquired.

"I 'd just as soon. I 've got enough atmosphere out of Paris to do my novel about King Henry of Navarre."

Thallie's lower lip quivered.

"It makes no difference to either of you that Paris is the center of painting for the whole world!"

"Then why do so many artists go to Florence, for instance?"

"Florence! I know I shall hate it."

"You 'll be much better able to judge about that at first-hand," Aglaia replied, her emerald eyes unnaturally serene.

Thallie hid her face against Mr. Goodchild's shiny house-jacket. Quickly his arm went round her shoulder, his heart turned over: for in that instant it seemed to him that another, long since lost, had laid her well-remembered cheek on his breast.

"Aggie, if the poor child enjoys Paris so—"

From Thallie, in muffled tones:

"I don't enjoy it. I have n't enjoyed one minute of it yet. Nothing happens the way I want it to! And just because I 'm the youngest—"

"My dears," said Mr. Goodchild, "I think we may very easily stay here a little while longer."

Thallie gave him a hug of gratitude. There fell a silence pervaded by surprise. It had not occurred to the sisters that the last word might lie with their father.

So they stayed on in Paris.

Thallie made a pretense, at first, of going every day to the Louvre. Drifting into that cool, white, echoing place, she passed the marbles and bronzes, climbed the grand staircase, at last reached the picture-gallery. She let her eyes rest on Perugino's "Madonna," on Leonardo's "Belle Ferronnière," on Titian's "Entombment." She tried to analyze the elements of those hues while making with her hand little gestures in imitation of brush-strokes. But all the rest of the paintings seemed to crowd nearer, to press their details on her sight with an insupportable weight. She went off, listless, to learn how Velasquez had spread his thin pigments. But, walking close to the windows, she saw young men in spring suits sauntering through the gardens.

In the evening they went to the Théâtre Français. Mounet-Sully played in "Œdipus," but not, according to Mr. Goodchild, in the true classic manner. Greek drama, the father maintained, was conceived in a spirit of lofty impersonality. The cothurni and the mask effaced the actor, and what Athenian audience would have stood the spectacle of an *Œdipus* with bleeding eye-sockets! Then Aurelius dived head-foremost into Greek literature. He spoke of metres,—elegiac, lyric, iambic,—the Dorian and the Æolian schools, the religious origins of Hellenic verse. But his daughters, formerly quick to respond to such words, were no longer listening. Their attention was riveted on the boxes, where ladies of title, in full toilet and wearing perukes of ultra-marine and mauve, lowered their eyes at the compliments of dashing young attachés of the embassies.

Still Thallie's gaze, preoccupied, troubled, went roaming for a young man whose name she did not know. Sometimes she felt a swift, hot thrill beneath her heart; her eyes flashed through the crowds with the terrified, blissful conviction, "At last!" Then, seeing more clearly, she realized it was only another who by some trick of gesture or dress had suggested him. All her fancies of how they would meet again, what he would say, what she would say in reply, were scattered like thistle-down before a chill blast. She followed her sisters with a lassitude that presently extended to them.

They recalled Ohio, where lilac was flowering now. They remembered the studio, the theatricals of Saturday night. They stepped into a shop, and sent off some picture post-cards to the Inchkins and Dr. Numble.

And still Mme. Linkow, whom they had been so proud to call their friend, ignored them.

"After all," said Aglaia, with a bitter smile, "why should that surprise us? She has the artistic temperament. We amused her till we ceased to be a novelty. But, anyway, she might have heard me sing and given me some advice."

Yet in the bottom of her heart Aglaia felt an inexplicable relief that Mme. Linkow had not heard her sing.

She, too, had grown distrait. Every day she was more impatient to get on to Italy. An old English lady in their hotel, who claimed to know all the prima donnas except Mme. Linkow, had told her that there lived in Florence a singing-teacher named Valentino Mughetto who was "the last master of the true *bel canto.*" One night when the Goodchilds were sitting in a gay music-hall Aglaia's exasperation reached its climax.

It was their first experience with the Parisian *revue*. On the stage, set to represent a statue-scattered grove, the chorus kept reappearing in ever scantier costumes. Throughout the first act the principals expressed by pantomime enough of their purpose to make Mr. Goodchild doubt his sight. But when the curtain fell, the last tableau illustrating "A Frolic in the Parc-aux-Cerfs," Aurelius rose, his head high, his eyes a-flash.

"Come, children!"

Frossie, her cheeks suffused, gained her feet, but hardly before Aglaia. The latter, for Thallie's benefit, exclaimed:

"Fine reasons for hanging on in Paris, to see such shows as this!"

As they marched up the aisle, Thallie felt that all the shame of this adventure had been unloaded upon her shoulders. She wondered if she could pass the last rows of chairs before bursting into tears.

But behind the orchestra-rail, the foyer, too, was crowded. Here, on all sides, the *demi-mondaines* were engaged in their evening promenade.

Aurelius and his daughters stared at this flaunting femininity of many types, so insidiously bedizened, so similar to the frank flagrance of the stage. All the brilliants, all the aigrettes arranged like Apache war-bonnets, all the painted eyes, swam together into a mist of sensuality, in which these simple souls from Zenasville found themselves swallowed up. Suddenly, in the core of that glitter, Thallie caught sight of him.

He was with his big, sulky-looking friend whom she had noticed on the tender at Cherbourg. In evening dress, their glossy hats well back on their heads, gardenias in their buttonholes, cigars between their white-gloved fingers, they teasing a yellow-haired girl who leaned back against a pillar with a peculiar smile. And Thallie perceived that he was treating this creature to the same patronizing, flirtatious airs with which, on the starlit boat-deck, he had paid court to her!

Late that night, when all was still, she threw back her coverlet and turned on the bedside lamp.

Frossie did not awake. From her face, framed by ruddy braids, half-buried in the pillow, slumber and shadows smoothed away whatever had been too "strong." Her half-open mouth showed an eager, nearly infantile curve. One would have said that her soul was contemplating distant regions which some day might afford, in her waking hours, an equal beauty.

Thallie approached the window. The café across the way was dark; the street was almost deserted. A taxicab passed, bearing home two belated revelers: a woman who resembled those of the music-hall supported against her shoulder the profile of a slumbering man. Thallie watched that couple until they disappeared. Her thoughts pursued them still further—indefinite thoughts, here and there illumined by intuition with crimson flashes. Then all her conjectures recoiled across the secret roofs of Paris. With a shiver, she turned from the window and entered Aglaia's room.

On nearing the bed, she saw her eldest sister's eyes fixed steadily on hers. Aglaia, as if she had been all the while awake, demanded:

"Well, what is it now?"

Lying motionless, the bedclothes clinging about her form, she appeared in the faint light like a fragile image chiseled out of pale gold. Around her hung a faint odor of roses from the cold cream with which of late she covered her face at night.

"What is it?" Aglaia repeated none too warmly. "Perhaps you 've thought of

some other nice little thing that you 'd like to see in Paris!"

Sinking down on the edge of the bed, Thallie lowered her face.

"O Aggie, don't be mean to me now! I 'm ready to go to-morrow,—to-day, that is,—if you want."

Aglaia studied her sister without any sign of satisfaction.

"Why did you work it to stay on here, anyhow? You have n't been near your precious Louvre in three days."

Thallie's head sank lower.

"All the while that you 've been so pettish and needed so much babying, what were you up to?"

Thallie began to weep.

"I wish I 'd never left Zenasville! I wish I 'd never set foot on that old ship!"

Little by little, half incoherently, between loud sobs, she confessed the tête-à-tête on the boat-deck, the long, long waiting, her glimpse of him to-night in the music-hall.

Aglaia's surprise gave place to a half-contemptuous pity. While patting Thallie's hand, she reflected: "Love at twenty! A moment of talk in the starlight, and all these tears!" Aloud, with unusual gentleness:

"Come, Babykins, don't spoil your bright eyes any more. Whatever your young man may be, he 's not worth that."

"I know he is n't. He 's not worth a good girl's second thought."

But Thallie wept all the harder.

"Hush, now, or dad 'll wake up and come in. We 'll go right away from here. Before you know it you 'll have forgotten him."

"Yes," Thallie uttered in a strangled wail, "I 'll wipe him right out of my mind." But she felt that a lifetime would not suffice to heal the wound in her heart. "Oh! oh! oh!"

"Here, you climb into bed with me."

Gratefully Thallie crept into that warm nest, snuggled close, and shed her tears, in a soft, rose-scented luxury, on Aglaia's breast. Between gulps and hiccoughs she moaned:

"It 's not what you think. It 's just my pride that 's hurt."

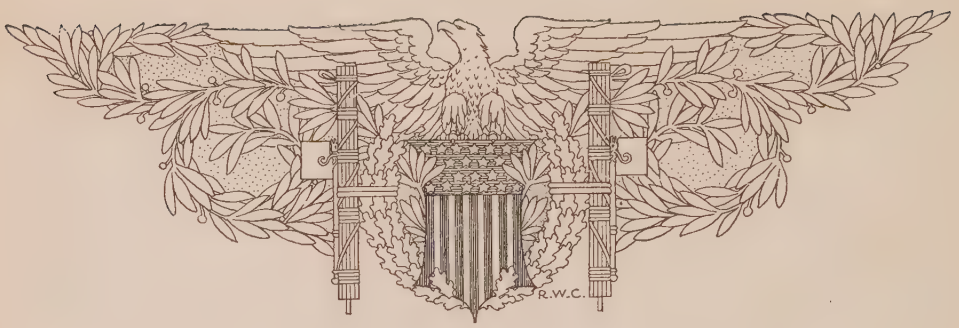
"So sensitive, Babykins! What 's life going to do to you, if you go on so—" Aglaia ended without the words—"over such trifles!"

"Not any more! Not ever, ever again! They 'll see after this, men shall! I 'll show them! Oh, how I hate them all! And right before every one, with that brazen French thing, and nothing at all on her skinny back, and her big, ugly feet like gunboats! O Aggie, I 've got your ruffles all sopping! Forgive me for all those spats! I 've learned my lesson now. From this night I 'll live for nothing but my art. And some day when I 'm world-famous, if only I should ever meet him then—"

The future reappeared before her like one of the bizarre hallucinations of childhood. A wonderful staircase, the summit of which was lost in a silvery glory, seemed thronged with all the great artists of ancient and modern times. Among them she recognized Michelangelo, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Correggio, Degas, Raphael, Manet, Reynolds, even Apelles. They smiled at her tenderly; they held out their hands to her, and the tableau of her reception into those ranks recalled to her Titian's "Presentation in the Temple." Then, as she turned, to look down triumphantly on the past, she saw far below, gaping up at her in despair, the young man of the boat-deck, the blonde girl cringing beside him.

Her head in the hollow of Aglaia's arm, Thallie fell asleep. But Aglaia, though even her shoulder grew numb, did not stir. To forget her discomfort, she planned their next movements—through Switzerland as fast as possible, down into Italy. Italy, the birthplace of modern melody and of opera! Florence, where dwelt the Maestro Valentino Mughetto, last teacher of the true *bel canto!*

(To be continued)



The Writing on the Wall

The Truth about Preparedness

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

ERIC FISHER WOOD was an attaché at the American embassy in Paris shortly after the outbreak of the war, where his executive and linguistic abilities became of extraordinary value in the critical days when most of the embassies had fled from the capital of France and their affairs had been turned over to the capable hands of our American representatives. Because of Mr. Wood's unusual opportunities for observation, his intimate connection with military and diplomatic affairs, his present views on military preparedness should have special weight with our readers. A peace-man in the truest sense, he yet believes that we shall have to fight for peace. His recently published volume, "The Note-book of an Attaché," which has been characterized by Professor Phelps of Yale as the best book on the war yet published, develops clearly and dramatically the mental processes by which he has arrived at the unavoidable conclusions set forth in the following pages.—THE EDITOR.

NO Americans are alive to-day who saw Washington burned and sacked in 1814, and few still live who dwelt in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864. This generation of Americans have passed their lives in quiet pastures and beside the still waters. It is difficult for them to picture what war and invasion really involve. They do not clearly distinguish between the war of history and romance and that other war which is hell. They fail, for instance, to comprehend that it is *not* the soldier-boy who suffers most in war-time, but the women of an unprepared country who in the day of reckoning have no trained and organized bodies of men to defend them from the poverty and degradation which invariably exist in a conquered land. The real agony of war is endured by the civil population of the defeated and invaded nation; beside that the suffering of the boy who dies in battle is as nothing. The suffering of the civil population stretches out beyond its own generation to future generations, robbed of their very birthright; it stretches out for twenty-five, fifty, even a hundred years, and is the penalty which a nation pays for being over-confident and unwilling to face facts.

With the exception of a few persons like myself whom chance has thrust amidst scenes of war in foreign countries, no Americans have beheld the horrible reality with their own eyes; few have seen, and therefore few have understood. We who have worked in the ruined countries know what invasion means. We have seen the proud cities of yesterday to-day smoldering in ashes. We have seen nations of happy artisans and farmers reduced in a twinkling to a starving mob of dumb creatures whom Fate has robbed of

all the fruits of a life of faithful toil. We have seen dear old white-haired men and women wandering cold, hungry, and penniless across a desolated land. We have seen refined women, the élite of a nation, insane with fear, pain, and sorrow. We have seen the counterpart of every American woman we know, alone, unprotected, and hopeless, with the look of a hunted animal in her eyes. Verily the supreme agony of war is not to be found on the march, in camp, or upon the field of battle.

We who have beheld the present gigantic struggle with our own eyes feel and understand how far-reaching it is, and how much more far-reaching it may well become. When we return from Europe and find our countrymen apparently asleep to all this, we are utterly amazed at their apathy. We become possessed by an almost irrepressible impulse to shake them until they are thoroughly awake; we long to open their sleepy eyes to the full significance of the fact that the casualties of the first year of this war are probably greater than the casualties of all the other wars in the last thousand years. We wish to impress upon them the fact that in 1815, at the close of the last world war, the combined total of all the armies of the allies and of Napoleon numbered only 250,000 men, while the armies now embattled number more than one hundred times that many. That last world conflict eventually reached across the broad Atlantic to bring America the War of 1812 and the Louisiana Purchase. How soon will the present struggle spread across the now narrowed ocean, and what fate will *it* bring to America? At present her citizens do not consider that there is any possibility that it may ever touch them except slightly to increase or decrease their business.

We who have beheld the very letters of the writing on the wall and have copied them down to bring to our fellow-countrymen are met with reserve. We are called jingoes, the one thing which men who have looked upon the actual face of war can never be. Having now seen the suddenness with which glowering war may burst in upon a tranquil nation, we are surprised to find Americans lacking in any stronger sentiments than a conventional disapproval of the violation of Belgium and an equally conventional pity for the sufferings of the soldier on the fighting-line. We know full well that modern wars are such complicated affairs that even latent power is valueless if it has not been organized in advance. We know that it is equally useless if it has been wrongly or inefficiently developed. The volunteer system by which armies are organized only after the beginning of hostilities is doomed to certain failure. It is curious to find that America's great men have ever opposed it even since the very birth of the nation. Washington inveighed against it; so did Hamilton and Monroe. In 1790, Washington said, "In time of peace prepare for war." Later, in the first year of his Presidency, when addressing a joint session of Congress, he cried, "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Four years later, in his annual address, he said:

> The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every other nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld if not absolutely lost by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.

In 1787, Alexander Hamilton stated that "The rights of neutrality will only be respected when they are defended by an adequate power."

In 1822, James Monroe said, "The history of the late wars in Europe furnishes a complete demonstration that no system of conduct, however correct in principle, can protect neutral powers from injury

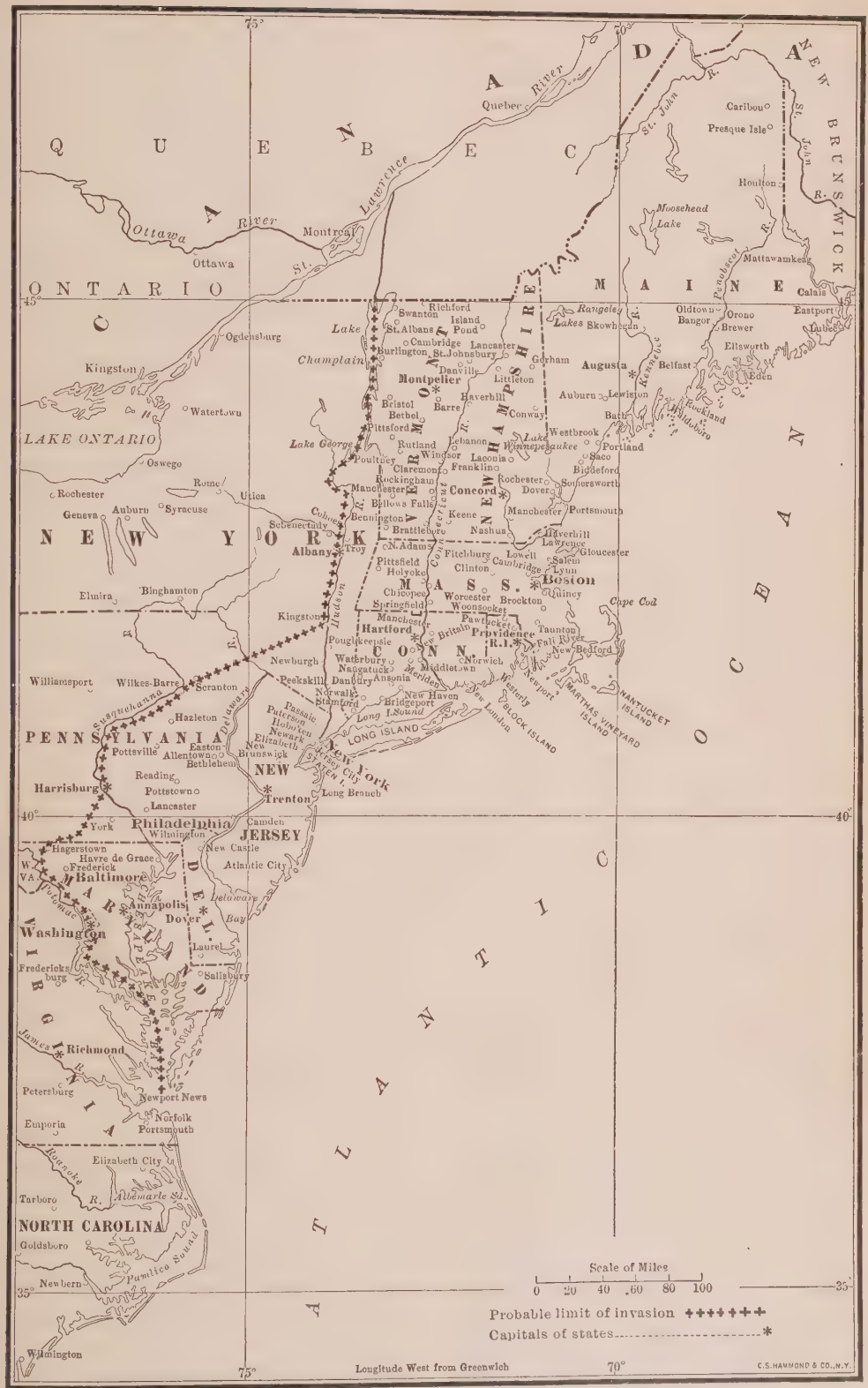
from any party; that a defenseless position and distinguished love of peace are the surest invitations to war; and that there is no way to avoid it, otherwise than by being always prepared and willing, for just cause, to meet it."

Reasonable military preparedness does not necessarily imply the possession of an increased standing army, but only of an efficient military system for defense. It does not even entail for America a larger expenditure than is now devoted to the maintenance of our army. It does, however, require that what is spent shall be efficiently spent; it implies that our military budget must be laid out by the nation's competent military experts, and not by party politicians. The citizens of other great countries do not permit their politicians to juggle and traffic with the national safety. Among the nations of the earth we are almost the only one which still allows laymen almost entirely to manage the expenditures of the budget for national defense. In consequence, our ineffective standing army now costs us $100,000,000 a year, but can put into the field to protect our land fewer than 50,000 men. The efficient Swiss system of military preparedness, which is run by trained military experts, costs only $8,000,000 a year in peace-time, and yet can promptly put into the field a compact army of nearly 400,000 trained soldiers. This comparison shows that it costs the United States one hundred times more per year for each man available to repel invasion than it does Switzerland.

There are very strong arguments against our possessing a large standing army, but there is no valid argument against reasonable military preparedness. In this country those who do not demand better preparation for national defense have either not had sufficient opportunity to study the matter, or they suffer from a mental blind spot—a blind spot like that which renders the habitual criminal incapable of seeing that crime does not pay.

My various observations and experiences in the war-zone have led me to a conclusion that is concurred in by each and every American who has had opportunity to study the appalling conditions now prevailing in Europe, which is that the only rational insurance against unprovoked attack is reasonable military preparedness. Among the most ardent of its advocates whom I have interviewed since the war's beginning are Americans who had journeyed to Switzerland as delegates to an international peace conference, and were there caught by the sudden outbreak of hostilities. They could not fail to perceive that reasonable military preparedness, and that alone, had saved Switzerland from war. They still demand peace, but they now demand it at the price of preparedness.

The nations of the earth have entered upon a political era of cold-blooded aggression wherein burglary and violation are ordinary proceedings and wherein the individual nations are acting with brutal selfishness. Each works solely for its own interest, and without the least consideration for the interests of the others. Germany's violation of Belgium is, alas! only typical of this era. It has become notorious in the eyes of America because Germany happens to be the nation which gave the first and most spectacular demonstration of the modern political immorality. In the more recent months of the war neither Great Britain nor Russia has shown any respect for Persian neutrality. They violated it just as Germany violated that of Belgium. In the operations against Constantinople Great Britain has violated Greek neutrality by seizing an island for a naval base. It has thus been shown that any great nation will unhesitatingly violate the neutrality of a country which is unprepared vigorously to defend herself. Even the United States did not arbitrate with Colombia over Panama; nor did our forefathers arbitrate with the American Indians, driven step by step from the land they loved and in which they had lived for a thousand years; nor did the Southern States arbitrate with the unprepared Union. No world power of to-day would arbitrate any vital matter



The vulnerable heart of the United States

with America if she thought she could take from us by force anything she needed, a thing which she could do as easily as an efficient thug lifts a watch and wallet from a fat millionaire, unworthy heir of virile grandsires. Never will Great Britain, Russia, Germany, or Japan arbitrate a vital dispute with America if they have power to dispense with arbitration and to smash us to our knees with a sudden blow. Arbitration without preparedness for self-defense is ridiculous; it is indeed a contradiction in terms. A sacred agreement resulting from solemn arbitration is certainly of far greater value than any mere prospect of such arbitration, for it is in fact the realization of the most sanguine hopes of the arbitrators. Yet within this very year the futility of depending solely upon such agreements has been proved upon the naked bodies of unprepared Belgium, Persia, and China. Last year, when the war broke out, brave and thrifty Switzerland was fully prepared to defend her freedom and her honor, despite the fact that both were already supposed to be protected by the most solemn international treaties that can be produced by successful and fair-minded arbitrators. Belgium, preoccupied with business affairs and with the making of money, trusted almost entirely [1] to sacred treaties, also the product of calm arbitration. For America the fate of Belgium is as a writing on the wall which plainly proclaims that the only valid insurance against unprovoked attack is reasonable military preparedness. Had Belgium been reasonably prepared to resist military aggression, then, and then only, would Germany have respected arbitration and its sacred treaties, and have invaded France across the Franco-German border. For treaties between nations are like contracts between persons: an unscrupulous person will refrain from breaking a contract only when the penalty attached thereto is greater than the gain. This is so generally recognized that men invariably attach penalty clauses to contracts which they make with one another. The only penalty attached to Belgium's contract was the insufficient one of British intervention. From Germany's point of view this intervention did not offset the manifold advantages to be gained by a surprise attack upon France, which would result in confining the horrors of war to the enemy's territory. Had Belgium been prepared to defend her borders, this fact, *added* to the probability of British intervention, would have constituted a prohibitive penalty; for it should be remembered that even a small country may successfully defend herself from invasion, as has been amply demonstrated by Serbia. This is due to the deadliness of modern weapons which makes it possible to defend a frontier with fewer than 2000 men per mile, if these men have been properly trained and organized. It is a well-known fact, for instance, that Germany has for more than eight months held the western battle-line of nearly six hundred miles with fewer than 900,000 men, although opposed by the entire armies of France and Great Britain; and a German staff officer boasted to me that on the defensive they could hold it against the world. A small country may defend herself against a big assailant, because her frontiers are short in proportion to her correspondingly small number of men of military age.

Belgium's case and its applicability to the United States may be aptly illustrated by the following example: burglars are unscrupulous persons who consider that the prospective gain incidental to robbing a house is greater than the penalty attached to the breaking of their implied contract with society, the penalty being the danger of arrest and prosecution by the police. My own family residence is situated in a New York City block which has of late years been a favorite raiding-ground for summer burglars, who have made a practice of breaking into and pil-

[1] Despite sentimental exaggerations in the Allied press, the Belgian army was so small and ill prepared that it succeeded in retarding the main German advance into France only about four days. Theoretically, the Belgian first line of fewer than 80,000 men could be reinforced by as many more reserves, just as our line is theoretically backed by many thousand militia. Actually, Belgium's reserves were so inefficiently organized that few of them ever got into action, and those that did were nearly useless.

laging houses left unoccupied during the hot months. My father, concluding from this circumstance that the New York police did not provide a sufficient penalty, prudently decided to be prepared, and so every summer has had the house wired by a protective association. The association's sign in the front window furnished a threat which, taken *in conjunction with* the danger of arrest by the regular police force, protected the house from attack for several summers, during which many neighboring unprepared houses were looted. In the summer of 1915 the electricians who wired the house neglected to place their warning sign in the window, thus removing the visibility of the threat. A few nights later, a burglar mounted the front stoop, "jimmied" the outer door, and, entering the vestibule, began the destruction of the lock of the inner door. The instant, however, that he had attacked the outer door, an alarm had been rung at the central office of the protective association, and two private detectives had departed on the run. On their rapid way to the house they found time to summon the corner policeman. The three together outnumbered the thug, whom they overpowered on the very threshold and frontier of the house, which he had not yet succeeded in crossing. As he was led away to prison he protested vehemently that it was unfair to wire a house without posting it with warning notices.

To apply this illustration to Belgium, the British army may be represented by the corner policeman and the two detectives may represent the reasonable military preparedness for lack of which her house was broken into. It is inconceivable that Germany could ever have been ignorant of the exact state of Belgium's preparedness; but could such have been the case, Germany, repelled from the Belgian frontier, would doubtless have been as indignant as the burglar who was being led to prison.

It is probable that within the next thousand years there will be evolved some system of international police capable of furnishing a sufficient penalty to insure the observance of treaties. I no more think of gainsaying this than of denying that within the same time the New York police may perhaps constitute a penalty clause capable of deterring robbers. In the meantime both our country and our houses are in need of reasonable military preparedness. Yet America still persistently refuses to read the writing on the wall, which plainly proclaims that the only valid insurance against unwarranted aggression is reasonable military preparedness. To the countries engaged in the great European struggle, America seems wilfully to have closed her eyes to the extent and dangers of the present crisis.

To-day the United States is the single peaceful-minded great nation of the earth, but she stands unprotected amid a gang of calculating international robbers. Although no such thing as a police force of nations exists, she nevertheless refuses to arm herself, because, as she naïvely declares, she has no desire to attack any of the burglars. She lives, as it were, in a time of pestilence, when all her neighbors have already been smitten with disease, and yet she fatuously claims that it will be time enough to begin to train physicians when the black death grips her own vitals. She stands in the midst of the greatest conflagration of history, which surrounds and already scorches her, and instead of organizing fire departments, she idiotically sings, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier."

Her people know little and care less about the complications of international diplomacy, and remain serenely confident that the question of war or no war will ever rest in their own hands. Within the last two decades every important nation in the world has been involved at least once in a war "to the finish," and Russia, Turkey, Japan, and Great Britain have participated not merely in one such war, but in two. Despite this, America's leading politicians still stick their pudgy hands into the breasts of their frock-coats and loudly orate that for America war is obsolete. The Government has allowed

more than a year of world war to pass without taking any essential step toward better military preparedness.

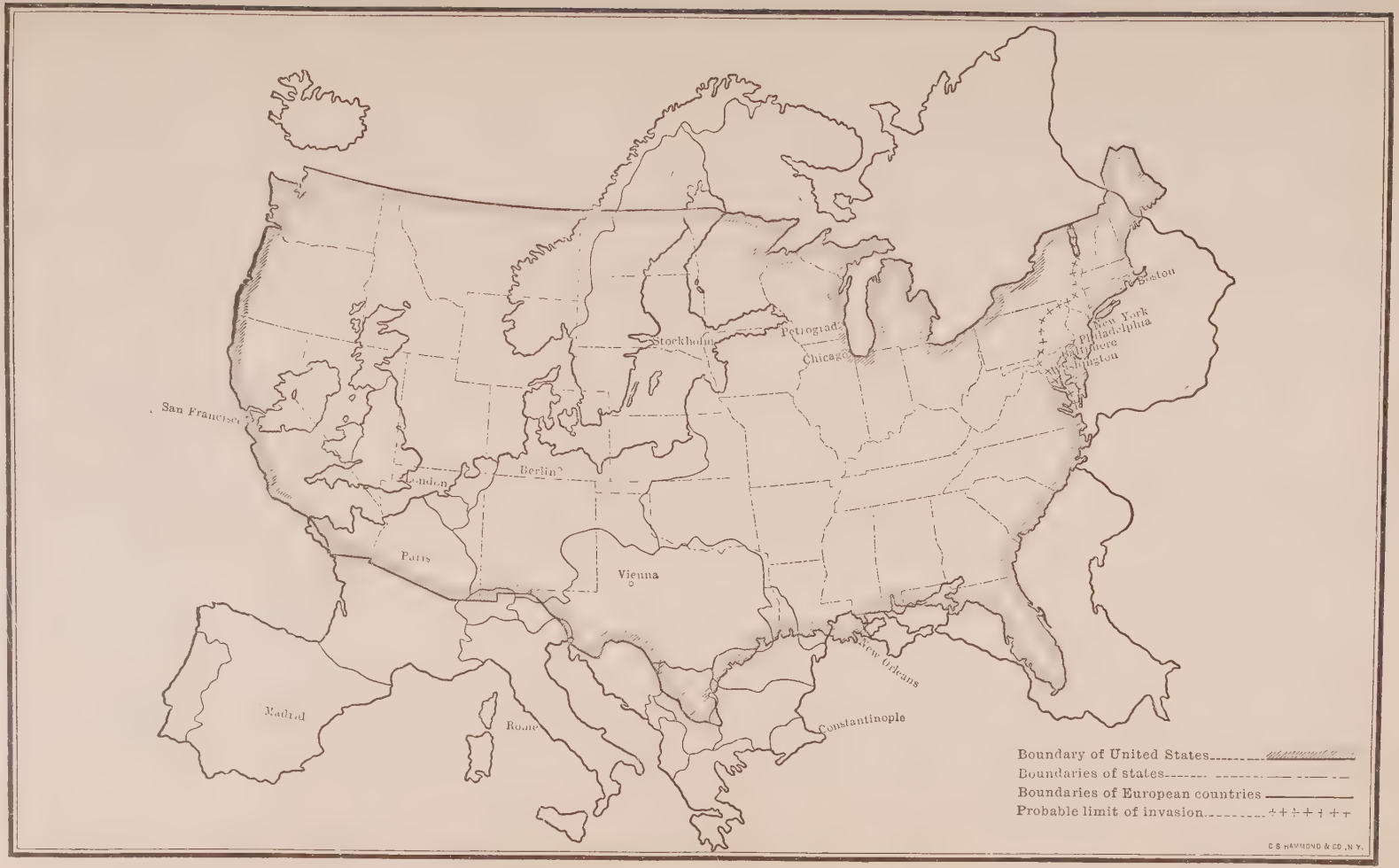
There *is* no valid argument against reasonable military preparedness. The anti-preparationists try hopelessly to defend their theories, but though eternally routed from position after position, they ever refuse to surrender to reason. As a rule they begin their argument by maintaining that arbitration is the never-failing panacea. When driven from that untenable ground, they retreat, crying that our "mighty" navy could easily prevent any hostile army from landing on our shores. When a score of facts are pointed out to them, such as that we are constructing torpedoes at a rate that would allow each tube in our navy to fire only one torpedo every six months, and that Great Britain can reproduce the duplicate of our entire fleet once every year, they promptly retreat to their next position: they maintain that our country is too big to be conquered, neglecting the patent fact that our very immensity makes us the more vulnerable to attacks and raids. It is probable that few of us realize how large our country really is. How many know that California is more than three times as big as England, or that Wyoming and Colorado are together as large as the German Empire? How many realize that the United States is nearly as large as the entire continent of Europe, as the accompanying map will show? Consider what Germany might have accomplished with her unexpected offensive of 1914, if instead of the narrow boundaries of France, Belgium, and Switzerland to choose from, she had had the entire contour of Europe or of America from which to select a point of attack.

Let us, however, meet the anti-preparationists upon their own ground. They point with pride to the immensity of the United States, and remark cheerfully that mere size would prevent its subjection. I used to argue in that way myself until February, 1915. I then tried it in discussion with a responsible staff officer of one of the great European powers. After a moment's hesitation, he said in his slow, accented English:

"It is true that your country is very large; but its heart is very small and very vulnerable, and you must remember, my friend, that in nations, as in individuals, the body falls if the heart is struck. Let us get a map; I will show you," he then added.

An atlas was brought, and he pointed out to me the vulnerable breast of my country. He, a foreigner, who had never seen America, instructed me in the political geography of my own native land. He drew a line from the north of Chesapeake Bay up the Potomac to its upper reaches and from there along the foot of the Alleghanies, through Gettysburg, to Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna, and along that river to a point near Scranton. From there he skirted the foot of the Catskills through Sullivan County to Kingston, and thence passed rapidly along that river and Lake George and Lake Champlain to Canada.

This marks out the first great continuous natural line of defense which exists in the eastern part of our country. It is six hundred miles in length, being about as long as the battle-line now drawn across France from the North Sea to the Alps. But the present battle-front in western Europe lies entirely across featureless country except for the short stretch along the "river" Aisne, a stream which any self-respecting American farmer would call a "crick." It has been necessary to construct trenches that amount almost to siege fortifications along every foot of its length. By contrast the dead-line across the Northeastern States comprises only 215 miles of land, while the remaining 385 miles follow such effective natural barriers as the Potomac, Susquehanna, and Hudson rivers, and Lake George and Lake Champlain, none of which can well be classified as creeks. Such a line, once occupied, could easily be held by 400,000 German, British, or French troops against any army in the world. If an enemy landed at various points along the coast, he could defeat the



Comparative map of Europe and the United States

feeble forces which America could immediately oppose to him, and, having defeated them, immediately advance to this dead-line. Once established there, can it be doubted that he could hold it against that mythical one million men who Mr. Bryan declares would spring to arms between sunrise and sunset? The best result that unprepared America could hope to achieve would be a guerilla warfare in the fastnesses of the Alleghanies, the Catskills, and the Adirondacks, which might bring disaster to the enemy's daring cavalry raids against Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and intermediate points.

The territory of the United States lying to the east of the dead-line is about one half of the area which Germany now holds in Russia. It comprises only about 100,000 square miles, or less than half the total area of France. It is only three per cent. of the whole United States. It is not nearly as large as the single State of Montana. With the enemy holding the dead-line, the country east of it would become a second Belgium, wherein the slightest resistance or insubordination on the part of individual men would result in the visitation of dire reprisals upon entire communities.

Although this eastern region is in area only three per cent. of the United States, it is verily the heart of our country, for it contains nearly all the factories which might be converted into munition-producers, the principal navy-yards, and the war colleges; the headquarters of our general staffs; the capitals of the States of Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania; the executive centers of all our great industries; New York City, the richest in the world; Washington, the capital of our country, containing all the machinery of national government; half the wealth of the country; and twenty-five million people.

If this heart of America should be seized by an invader, the plight of the nation as a whole would be desperate. The paralyzation of its industries and its government would be beyond the wildest imaginings of the most sensational alarmist. Within a week the country would revert to the conditions of its pioneer days, when every man was fully and completely occupied in the struggle to provide life-sustaining food for his family and himself. The fugitive President would be the only remaining vestige of government; from his refuge in St. Louis or thereabouts he would be forced to make peace on any terms and at any price, just as the Government of France, when in 1871 it replaced the deposed and dishonored Napoleon III, was compelled to buy peace on the enemy's own terms in order to free Paris and northern France from the German armies that had caught her off-guard and unprepared. Our country could be forced to pay an indemnity large enough to refill the greatest war-chest or to finance two or three European wars. In addition, it would be plundered of Alaska's lumber and gold, of Mexico's minerals, and of Panama, Hawaii, and Cuba, the political and commercial keys of the Western Hemisphere. Verily the grinning thug would have made a rich and rapid haul from the fat, defenseless heir of virile fighting grandparents. His victim would have had no time for argument. A speedy peace would be necessary not merely to redeem a hundred cities and twenty-two billion dollars' worth of property, but in order to liberate 25,000,000 hostages, cut off by the invading army from their accustomed food-supply. The inhabitants of the second Belgium would have had no time to escape in the terrible disorder and congestion which always accompany invasion, a confusion which would be increased through the destruction of crucial bridges and tunnels by the enemy's spies and raiders. When in the autumn of 1914 the Teutons approached Paris, all the common carriers running out of the city became so disorganized that although France as a country was splendidly prepared for war, the only means of escape left to the masses was to travel on foot.

Driven from their contention that America is too big to be conquered, the

anti-preparationists, disregarding the fact that preparedness is not a temporary issue, maintain that when the present war is over, the nations of Europe will be exhausted and therefore of necessity harmless. But this is *not* true. The precedents of history prove the exact reverse to be true. Nations are never so strong morally and politically, and their armies are never so effective, as immediately following a long conflict. "Practice makes perfect." Greece was never stronger than after Platæa and Salamis, nor Rome than after the Second Carthaginian War. The Netherlands were politically most powerful at the termination of forty years of combat with Spain, during which they were on the receiving end of nearly every blow. In 1862, France dared to disregard the Monroe Doctrine and invade Mexico to protect her citizens from persecution by the irresponsible savages who inhabit that territory. In 1865 she meekly agreed to abandon Mexico and Maximilian, for even Napoleon III had no wish to try conclusions with the veteran army that marched down Pennsylvania Avenue in May, 1865. A nation may begin a war with five million men, and a year later may have lost one million of them, but any two million of the survivors could probably defeat the entire unseasoned five millions of the year previous. At the end of a long war a nation's credit is poor, but this is not vital. It means only what it says. It means that big prices must be paid for loans. It does not necessarily mean that no loans whatever can be obtained.

Driven from this last position, the few remaining anti-preparationists announce that they would not defend even their ideals and their conception of right by force of arms. They advocate immediate and complete surrender in case of attack, a well-intentioned perversion of the turn-the-other-cheek principle. This willingness to be a part of a nation's martyrdom, while it may suggest a kind of passive courage, is largely born of a lack of imagination, an utter inability to picture the fruits of such a policy, and is woefully inconsistent with the laws of our domestic life and of the workings of our National Government. It is a position which is swept by cross-fires from nearly every side. The Germans hesitated to shoot down the Russians they had surrounded in the quagmires of the Mazurian Lakes. Even so one hesitates to train one's mental artillery upon people whose illusions have already rendered them helpless.

(In the December number of THE CENTURY, Mr. Wood will explain the requirements of the United States in the matter of preparedness exactly as these have been stated to him by America's qualified military experts.)

To a Goldfish

By OLIVER HERFORD

THROUGH the glass darkly, with lack-luster gaze
And mute, mysterious mouthings, goblin-wise,
You stare at me with cold, cadaverous eyes
And mystic wavings in the crystal haze.
What means this mask of goggle-eyed amaze?
Think you my fearful soul to mesmerize?
Or is it the dissembler's fond disguise,
To cloak the consciousness of evil ways?
Know then, O goldfish, the futility
Of all this mummery and make-believe,
Your lying scales have no false weight with me.
Your tinsel tail would not a child deceive.
Come, own your gilt! Confess the wealth untold
Of golden silence is your only gold!

His Evening Out[1]

By JEROME K. JEROME

Author of "Three Men in a Boat," "Passing of the Third Floor Back," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

THE evidence of the park-keeper, David Bristow of Gilder Street, Camden Town, is as follows:

I was on duty in St. James's Park on Thursday evening, my sphere extending from the Mall to the northern shore of the ornamental water east of the suspension-bridge. At five and twenty to seven I took up a position between the peninsula and the bridge to await my colleague. He ought to have relieved me at half-past six, but did not arrive until a few minutes before seven, owing, so he explained, to the breaking down of his motor-bus; which may have been true or may not, as the saying is.

I had just come to a halt when my attention was arrested by a lady. I am unable to explain why the presence of a lady in St. James's Park should have seemed in any way worthy of notice except that for certain reasons she reminded me of my first wife. I observed that she hesitated between one of the public seats and two vacant chairs standing by themselves a little farther to the east. Eventually she selected one of the chairs and, having cleaned it with an evening paper, the birds in this portion of the park being extremely prolific, sat down upon it. There was plenty of room upon the public seat close to it, except for some children who were playing touch; and in consequence of this I judged her to be a person of means. I walked to a point from where I could command the southern approaches to the bridge, my colleague arriving sometimes by way of Birdcage Walk and sometimes by way of the Horse Guards' Parade.

Not seeing any signs of him in the direction of the bridge, I turned back. A little way past the chair where the lady was sitting I met Mr. Parable. I know Mr. Parable well by sight. He was wearing the usual dark suit and soft felt hat with which the pictures in the newspapers have made us all familiar. I judged that Mr. Parable had come from the Houses of Parliament, and the next morning my suspicions were confirmed by reading that he had been present at a tea-party given on the terrace by Mr. Keir Hardie. Mr. Parable conveyed to me the suggestion of a man absorbed in thought, and not quite aware of what he was doing; but in this, of course, I may have been mistaken. He paused for a moment to look over the railings at the pelican. Mr. Parable said something to the pelican which I was not near enough to overhear; and then, still apparently in a state of abstraction, crossed the path and seated himself on the chair next to that occupied by the young lady. From the tree against which I was standing I was able to watch the subsequent proceedings unobserved. The lady looked at Mr. Parable, and then turned away and smiled to herself. It was a peculiar smile, and again in some way I am unable to explain reminded me of my first wife. It was not till the pelican put down his other leg and walked away that Mr. Parable, turning his gaze westward, became aware of the lady's presence.

From information that has subsequently come to my knowledge I am prepared to believe that Mr. Parable, from the beginning, really thought the lady was a friend of his. What the lady

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thought is a matter for conjecture; I can only speak to the facts. Mr. Parable looked at the lady once or twice. Indeed, one might say with truth that he kept on doing it. The lady, it must be admitted, behaved for a while with extreme propriety; but after a time, as I felt must happen, their eyes met, and then it was I heard her say:

"Good evening, Mr. Parable."

She accompanied the words with the same peculiar smile to which I have already referred. The exact words of Mr. Parable's reply I cannot remember, though it was to the effect that he had thought from the first that he had known her, but had not been quite sure.

It was at this point that, thinking I saw my colleague approaching, I went to meet him. I found I was mistaken, and slowly retraced my steps. I passed Mr. Parable and the lady. They were talking together with what I should describe as animation. I went as far as the southern extremity of the suspension-bridge, and must have waited there quite ten minutes before returning eastward. It was while I was passing behind them on the grass, partly screened by the rhododendrons, that I heard Mr. Parable say to the lady:

"Why should n't we have it together?"

To which the lady replied:

"But what about Miss Clebb?"

I could not overhear what followed, owing to their sinking their voices. It seemed to be an argument. It ended with the young lady laughing and then rising. Mr. Parable also rose, and they walked off together. As they passed me I heard the lady say:

"I wonder if there 's any place in London where you 're not likely to be recognized."

Mr. Parable, who gave me the idea of being in a state of growing excitement, replied loudly:

"Oh, let 'em!"

I was following behind them when the lady suddenly stopped.

"I know!" she said. "The Popular Café."

The park-keeper said he was convinced he would know the lady again, having taken particular notice of her. She had brown eyes, and was wearing a black hat supplemented with poppies.

Arthur Horton, waiter at the Popular Café, states as follows:

I know Mr. John Parable by sight. Have often heard him speak at public meetings. Am a bit of a socialist myself. Remember his dining at the Popular Café on the evening of Thursday. Did n't recognize him immediately on his entrance for two reasons: one was his hat, and the other was his girl. I took it from him and hung it up. I mean, of course, the hat. It was a brand-new bowler, a trifle ikey about the brim. Have always associated him with a soft gray felt, but never with girls. Females, yes, to any extent; but this was the real article. You know what I mean—the sort of girl that you turn round to look after. It was she who selected the table in the corner behind the door. Been there before, I should say.

In the ordinary course of business I should have addressed Mr. Parable by name, such being our instructions in the case of customers known to us. But putting the hat and the girl together, I decided not to. Mr. Parable was all for our three and sixpenny table d'hôte, he evidently not wanting to think; but the lady would n't hear of it.

"Remember Miss Clebb," she said.

Of course, at the time, I did not know what was meant. She ordered thin soup, a grilled sole, and cutlets au gratin. It certainly could n't have been the dinner. With regard to the champagne, he would have his own way. I picked him out a dry '94 that you might have weaned a baby on. I suppose it was the whole thing combined.

It was after the sole that I heard Mr. Parable laugh. I could hardly credit my ears, but half-way through the cutlets he did it again.

There are two kinds of women: there is the woman who, the more she eats and drinks, the stodgier she gets; and the woman who lights up after it. I suggested a peach melba between them, and when I

"I could not overhear what followed, owing to their sinking their voices"

returned with it, Mr. Parable was sitting with his elbows on the table, gazing across at her with an expression that I can only describe as quite human. It was when I brought the coffee that he turned to me and asked me what was doing.

"Nothing stuffy," he added. "Is there an exhibition anywhere—something in the open air?"

"You are forgetting Miss Clebb," the lady reminded him.

"For two pins," said Mr. Parable, "I would get up at the meeting and tell Miss Clebb what I really think about her."

I suggested the Earl's Court Exhibition, little thinking at the time what it was going to lead to; but the lady at first would n't hear of it; and the party at the next table calling for their bill (they had asked for it once or twice before, when I came to think of it), I had to go to them.

When I got back, the argument had just concluded, and the lady was holding up her finger.

"On condition that we leave at half-past nine, and that you go straight to Caxton Hall," she said.

"We 'll see about it," said Mr. Parable, and offered me half a crown.

Tips being against the rules, I could n't take it. Besides, one of the jumpers had his eye on me. I explained to him, jocosely, that I was doing it for a bet. He was surprised when I handed him his hat, but, the lady whispering to him, he remembered himself in time.

As they went out together, I heard Mr. Parable say to the lady:

"It 's funny what a shocking memory I have for names."

To which the lady replied:

"You 'll think it funnier still to-morrow." And then she laughed.

Mr. Horton thought he would know the lady again. He puts down her age as about twenty-six, describing her, to use his own piquant expression, as "a bit of all right." She had brown eyes and a taking way with her.

Miss Ida Jenks, in charge of the Eastern Cigarette Kiosk at the Earl's Court Exhibition, gives the following particulars:

From where I generally stand I can easily command a view of the interior of the Victoria Hall; that is, of course, to say, when the doors are open, as on a warm night is usually the case.

On the evening of Thursday, the twenty-seventh, it was fairly well occupied, but not to any great extent. One couple attracted my attention by reason of the gentleman's erratic steering. Had he been my partner, I should have suggested a polka, the tango not being the sort of dance that can be picked up in an evening. What I mean to say is that he struck me as being more willing than experienced. Some of the bumps she got would have made me cross; but we all have our fancies, and so far as I could judge, they both appeared to be enjoying themselves. It was after the "Hitchy-coo" that they came outside.

The seat to the left of the door is popular by reason of its being partly screened by bushes, but by leaning forward a little, it is quite possible for me to see what goes on there. They were the first couple out, having had a bad collision near the bandstand, so easily secured it. The gentleman was laughing.

There was something about him from the first that made me think I knew him, and when he took off his hat to wipe his head it came to me all of a sudden, he being the exact image of his effigy at Madame Tussaud's, which by a curious coincidence I happened to have visited with a friend that very afternoon. The lady was what some people would call good-looking, and others might n't.

I was watching them, naturally a little interested. Mr. Parable, in helping the lady to adjust her cloak, drew her—it may have been by accident—toward him; and then it was that a florid gentleman, with a short pipe in his mouth, stepped forward and addressed the lady. He raised his hat, and, remarking "Good evening," added that he hoped she was "having a pleasant time." His tone I should explain was sarcastic.

The young woman, whatever else may be said of her, struck me as behaving quite correctly. Replying to his salutation with a cold and distant bow, she rose, and, turning to Mr. Parable, observed that she thought it was perhaps time for them to be going.

The gentleman, who had taken his pipe from his mouth, said, again in a sarcastic tone, that he thought so, too, and offered the lady his arm.

"I don't think we need trouble you," said Mr. Parable, and stepped between them.

To describe what followed, I, being a lady, am hampered for words. I remember seeing Mr. Parable's hat go up into the air; and then the next moment the florid gentleman's head was lying on my counter smothered in cigarettes. I naturally screamed for the police, but the crowd was dead against me; and it was only after what I believed in technical language would be termed "the fourth round" that they appeared upon the scene.

The last I saw of Mr. Parable he was shaking a young constable, who had lost his helmet, while three other policemen had hold of him from behind. The florid gentleman's hat I found on the floor of my kiosk, and returned to him; but after a useless attempt to get it on his head, he disappeared with it in his hand. The lady was nowhere to be seen.

Miss Jenks thinks she would know her again. She was wearing a hat trimmed with black chiffon and a spray of poppies, and was slightly freckled.

Superintendent S. Wade, in answer to questions put to him by our representative, vouchsafed the following replies:

Yes, I was in charge at the Vine Street Police Court on the night of Thursday, the twenty-seventh.

No, I have no recollection of a charge of any description being preferred against any gentleman of the name of Parable.

Yes, a gentleman was brought in about ten o'clock, charged with brawling at the Earl's Court Exhibition and assaulting a constable in the discharge of his duty.

The gentleman gave the name of Mr. Archibald Quincey, Harcourt Buildings, Temple.

No, the gentleman made no application respecting bail, electing to pass the night in the cells. A certain amount of discretion is permitted to us, and we made him as comfortable as possible.

Yes, a lady.

No, about a gentleman who had got himself into trouble at the Earl's Court Exhibition. She mentioned no name.

I showed her the charge-sheet. She thanked me, and went away.

That I cannot say. I can only tell you that at nine fifteen on Friday morning bail was tendered, and, after inquiries, accepted in the person of Julius Addison Tupp, of the Sunnybrook Steam Laundry, Twickenham.

That is no business of ours.

The accused, who, I had seen to it, had had a cup of tea and a little toast at seven thirty, left in company with Mr. Tupp soon after ten.

Superintendent Wade admitted he had known cases where accused parties, to avoid unpleasantness, had stated their names to be other than their own, but declined to discuss the matter further.

Superintendent Wade, while expressing his regret that he had no further time to bestow upon our representative, thought it highly probable that he would know the lady again if he saw her.

Without professing to be a judge of such matters, Superintendent Wade thinks she might be described as a highly intelligent young woman and of exceptionally prepossessing appearance.

From Mr. Julius Tupp, of the Sunnybrook Steam Laundry, Twickenham, upon whom our representative next called, we have been unable to obtain much assistance, Mr. Tupp replying to all questions put to him by the one formula, "Not talking."

Fortunately, our representative on his way out through the drying-ground was able to obtain a brief interview with Mrs. Tupp.

Mrs. Tupp remembers admitting a young lady to the house on the morning of Friday, the twenty-eighth, when she opened the door to take in the milk. The lady, Mrs. Tupp remembers, spoke in a husky voice, the result, as the young lady explained with a pleasant laugh, of having passed the night wandering about Ham Common, she having been misdirected the previous evening by a fool of a railway porter, and not wishing to disturb the neighborhood by waking people up at two o'clock in the morning, which, in Mrs. Tupp's opinion, was sensible of her. Mrs. Tupp describes the young lady as of agreeable manners, but looking, naturally, a bit washed out. The lady asked for Mr. Tupp, explaining that a friend of his was in trouble, which did not in the least surprise Mrs. Tupp, she herself not holding with socialists and such like. Mr. Tupp, on being informed, dressed hastily and went down-stairs, and he and the young lady left the house together. Mr. Tupp, on being questioned as to the name of his friend, had called up that it was no one Mrs. Tupp would know—a Mr. Quince. It may have been Quincey.

Mrs. Tupp is aware that Mr. Parable is also a socialist, and is acquainted with the saying about thieves hanging together, but has worked for Mr. Parable for years and has always found him a most satisfactory client. Mr. Tupp appearing at this point, our representative thanked Mrs. Tupp for her information, and took his departure.

Mr. Horatius Condor, Jr., who consented to partake of luncheon in company with our representative at the Holborn Restaurant, was at first disinclined to be of much assistance, but eventually supplied our representative with the following information:

My relationship to Mr. Archibald Quincey, Harcourt Buildings, Temple, is perhaps a little difficult to define.

How he himself regards me I am never quite sure. There will be days together when we will be quite friendly like, and at other times he will be that off-handed and peremptory you might think I was his blooming office boy.

On Friday morning, the twenty-eighth, I did n't get to Harcourt Buildings at the usual time, knowing that Mr. Quincey would not be there himself, he having arranged to interview Mr. Parable for a morning paper at ten o'clock. I allowed him half an hour, to be quite safe, and he came in at quarter-past eleven.

He took no notice of me. For about ten minutes—it may have been less—he walked up and down the room cursing and swearing, and kicking the furniture about. He landed an occasional walnut table in the middle of my shins, upon which I took the opportunity of wishing him "good morning," and he sort of woke up, as you might say.

"How did the interview go off?" I says. "Got anything interesting?"

"Yes," he says, "quite interesting. Oh, yes, decidedly interesting."

He was holding himself in, if you understand, speaking with horrible slowness and deliberation.

"D' you know where he was last night?" he asks me.

"Yes," I says; "Caxton Hall, was n't it—meeting to demand the release of Miss Clebb?"

He leans across the table till his face was within a few inches of mine.

"Guess again," he says.

I was n't doing any guessing. He had hurt me with the walnut table, and I was feeling a bit short-tempered.

"Oh, don't make a game of it," I says. "It 's too early in the morning."

"At the Earl's Court Exhibition," he says, "dancing the tango with a lady that he picked up in St. James's Park."

"Well," I says, "why not? He don't often get much fun." I thought it best to treat it lightly.

He takes no notice of my observation.

"A rival comes upon the scene," he continues, "a fat-headed ass, according to my information, and they have a stand-up fight. He gets run in, and spends the night in a Vine Street police cell."

"It was she who selected the table in the corner behind the door"

I suppose I was grinning without knowing it.

"Funny, ain't it?" he says.

"Well," I says, "it has its humorous side, has n't it? What 'll he get?"

"I am not worrying about what *he* is going to get," he answers back; "I am worrying about what *I* am going to get."

I thought he had gone dotty.

"What 's it got to do with you?" I says.

"If old Wotherspoon is in a good humor," he continues, "and the constable's head has gone down a bit between now and Wednesday, I may get off with forty shillings and a public reprimand.

"On the other hand," he goes on,—he was working himself into a sort of fit,—"if the constable's head goes on swelling, and old Wotherspoon's liver gets worse, I 've got to be prepared for a month without the option. That is, if I am fool enough—"

He had left both the doors open, which in the daytime we generally do, our chambers being at the top. Miss Dorton—that 's Mr. Parable's secretary—barges into the room. She did n't seem to notice me. She staggers to a chair, and bursts into tears.

"He 's gone," she says; "he 's taken cook with him and gone."

"Gone?" says the guv'nor. "Where 's he gone?"

"To Fingest," she says through her sobs; "to the cottage. Miss Bulstrode came

in just after you had left," she says. "He wants to get away from every one and have a few days' quiet. And then he is coming back, and he is going to do it himself."

"Do what?" says the guv'nor, irritable like.

"Fourteen days," she wails. "It 'll kill him."

"But the case does n't come on till Wednesday," says the guv'nor. "How do you know it 's going to be fourteen days?"

"Miss Bulstrode," she says, "she 's seen the magistrate. He says he always gives fourteen days in cases of unprovoked assault."

"But it was n't unprovoked," says the guv'nor. "The other man began it by knocking off his hat. It was self-defense."

"She put that to him," she says, "and he agreed that that would alter his view of the case. But, you see," she continues, "we can't find the other man. He is n't likely to come forward of his own accord."

"The girl must know," says the guv'nor—"this girl he picks up in St. James's Park and goes dancing with. The man must have been some friend of hers."

"But we can't find her, either," she says. "He does n't even know her name; he can't remember it. You will do it, won't you?" she says.

"Do what?" says the guv'nor again.

"The fourteen days," she says.

"But I thought you said he was going to do it himself," he says.

"But he must n't," she says. "Miss Bulstrode is coming round to see you. Think of it! Think of the head-lines in the papers!" she says. "Think of the Fabian Society! Think of the suffrage cause! We must n't let him."

"What about me?" says the guv'nor. "Does n't anybody care for me?"

"You don't matter," she says. "Besides," she says, "with your influence, you 'll be able to keep it out of the papers. If it comes out that it was Mr. Parable, nothing on earth will be able to."

The guv'nor was almost as much excited by this time as she was.

"I 'll see the Fabian Society, and the women's vote, and the Home for Lost Cats at Battersea, and all the rest of the blessed bag of tricks—"

I 'd been thinking to myself, and had just worked it out.

"What 's he want to take his cook down with him for?" I says.

"To cook for him," says the guv'nor. "What d' you generally want a cook for?"

"Rats!" I says. "Does he usually take his cook with him?"

"No," answered Miss Dorton. "Now I come to think of it, he has always hitherto put up with Mrs. Meadows."

"You will find the lady down at Fingest," I says, "sitting opposite to him and enjoying a recherché dinner for two."

The guv'nor slaps me on the back, and lifts Miss Dorton out of her chair.

"You get on back," he says, "and telephone to Miss Bulstrode. I 'll be round at half-past twelve."

Miss Dorton went out in a dazed sort of condition, and the guv'nor gives me a sovereign, and tells me I can have the rest of the day to myself.

Mr. Condor, Jr., considers that what happened subsequently goes to prove that he was right more than it proves that he was wrong.

Mr. Condor, Jr., also promised to send us a photograph of himself for reproduction, but, unfortunately, up to the time of going to press it had not arrived.

From Mrs. Meadows, widow of the late Corporal John Meadows, V.C., Turberville, Bucks, the following further particulars were obtained by our local representative:

I have done for Mr. Parable now for some years past, my cottage being only a mile off, which makes it easy for me to look after him.

Mr. Parable likes the place to be always ready so that he can drop in when he chooses, he sometimes giving me warning and sometimes not. It was about the end of last month—on a Friday, if I remember—that he suddenly turned up.

As a rule he walks from Henley Station, but on this occasion he arrived in a fly, he having a young woman with him, and she having a bag—his cook, as he explained to me. As a rule, I do everything for Mr. Parable, sleeping in the cottage when he is there; but to tell the truth, I was glad to see her. I never was much of a cook myself, as my poor dead husband has remarked on more than one occasion, and I don't pretend to be. Mr. Parable added, apologetic like, that he had been suffering lately from indigestion.

"I am only too pleased to see her," I says. "There are the two beds in my room, and we sha'n't quarrel." She was quite a sensible young woman, as I had judged from the first look at her, though suffering at the time from a cold. She hires a bicycle from Emma Tidd, who uses it only on a Sunday, and, taking a market-basket, off she starts for Henley, Mr. Parable saying he would go with her to show her the way.

They were gone a goodish time, which, seeing it 's eight miles, did n't so much surprise me; and when they got back we all three had dinner together, Mr. Parable arguing that it made for what he called "labor-saving." Afterward I cleared away, leaving them talking together; and later on they had a walk round the garden, it being a moonlight night, but a bit too cold for my fancy.

In the morning I had a chat with her before he was down. She seemed a bit worried.

"I hope people won't get talking," she says. "He would insist on my coming."

"Well," I says, "surely a gent can bring his cook along with him to cook for him. And as for people talking, what I always say is, one may just as well give them something to talk about and save them the trouble of making it up."

"If only I was a plain middle-aged woman," she says, "it would be all right."

"Perhaps you will be all in good time," I says, but of course I could see what she was driving at. A nice clean, pleasant-faced young woman she was, and not of the ordinary class. "Meanwhile," I says, "if you don't mind taking a bit of motherly advice, you might remember that your place is the kitchen, and his the parlor. He 's a dear good man, I know, but human nature is human nature, and it 's no good pretending it is n't."

She and I had our breakfast together before he was up, so that when he came down, he had to have his alone, but afterward she comes into the kitchen and closes the door.

"He wants to show me the way to High Wycombe," she says. "He will have it there are better shops at Wycombe. What ought I to do?"

My experience is that advising folks to do what they don't want to do is n't the way to do it.

"What d' you think yourself?" I asked her.

"I feel like going with him," she says, "and making the most of every mile." And then she began to cry. "What 's the harm?" she says. "I have heard him from a dozen platforms ridiculing class distinctions. Besides," she says, "my people have been farmers for generations. What was Miss Bulstrode's father but a grocer? He ran a hundred shops instead of one. What difference does that make?"

"When did it all begin?" I says. "When did he first take notice of you?"

"The day before yesterday," she answers. "He had never seen me before," she says. "I was just cook—something in a cap and apron that he passed occasionally on the stairs. On Thursday he saw me in my best clothes, and fell in love with me. He does n't know it himself, poor dear, not yet; but that 's what he 's done."

Well, I could n't contradict her, not after the way I had seen him looking at her across the table.

"What are your feelings toward him," I says, "to be quite honest? He 's rather a good catch for a young person in your position."

"That 's my trouble," she says; "I can't help thinking of that. And then to be 'Mrs. John Parable'! That 's enough to turn a woman's head."

"He 'd be a bit difficult to live with," I says.

"Geniuses always are," she says; "it 's easy enough if you just think of them as children. He 'd be a bit fractious at times, that 's all. Underneath, he 's just the kindest, dearest—"

"Oh, you take your basket and go to High Wycombe," I says. "He might do worse."

I was n't expecting them back soon, and they did n't come back soon. In the afternoon a motor stops at the gate, and out of it steps Miss Bulstrode, Miss Dorton,—that 's the young lady that writes for him,—and Mr. Quincey. I told them I could n't say when he 'd be back, and they said it did n't matter; they just happening to be passing.

"Did anybody call on him yesterday?" asks Miss Bulstrode, careless like—"a lady?"

"No," I says, "you are the first as yet."

"He 's brought his cook down with him, has n't he?" says Mr. Quincey.

"Yes," I says, "and a very good cook, too," which was the truth.

"I 'd like just to speak a few words with her," says Miss Bulstrode.

"Sorry, ma'am," I says, "but she 's out at present. She 's gone to Wycombe."

"Gone to Wycombe!" they all says together.

"To market," I says. "It 's a little farther, but, of course, it stands to reason the shops there are better."

They looked at one another.

"That settles it," says Mr. Quincey. "Delicacies worthy to be set before her not available nearer than Wycombe, but must be had. There 's going to be a pleasant little dinner here to-night."

"The hussy!" says Miss Bulstrode under her breath.

They whispered together for a moment, then they turns to me.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Meadows," says Mr. Quincey. "You need n't say we called. He wanted to be alone, and it might vex him."

I said I would n't, and I did n't. They climbed back into the motor and went off.

Before dinner I had call to go into the woodshed. I heard a scuttling as I opened the door. If I am not mistaken, Miss Dorton was hiding in the corner where we keep the coke. I did n't see any good in making a fuss, so I left her there. When I got back to the kitchen, cook asked me if we 'd got any parsley.

"You 'll find a bit in the front," I says, "to the left of the gate," and she went out. She came back looking scared.

"Anybody keep goats round here?" she asked me.

"Not that I know of—nearer than Ibstone Common," I says.

"I could have sworn I saw a goat's face looking at me out of the gooseberry-bushes while I was picking the parsley," she says. "It had a beard."

"It 's the half-light," I says. "One can imagine anything."

"I do hope I 'm not getting nervy," she says.

I thought I 'd have another look round, and made the excuse that I wanted a pail of water. I was stooping over the well, which is just under the mulberry-tree, when something fell close to me and lodged upon the bricks. It was a hair-pin. I fixed the cover carefully upon the well in case of accident, and when I got in, I went round myself, and was careful to see that all the curtains were drawn.

Just before we three sat down to dinner again, I took cook aside.

"I should n't go for any stroll in the garden to-night," I says. "People from the village may be about, and we don't want them gossiping." And she thanked me.

Next night they were there again. I thought I would n't spoil the dinner, but mention it afterward. I saw to it again that the curtains were drawn, and slipped the catch of both the doors; and just as well that I did.

I had always heard that Mr. Parable was an amusing speaker, but on previous visits had not myself noticed it. But this time he seemed ten years younger than I had ever known him before; and during dinner, while we were talking and laugh-

"To describe what followed, I, being a lady, am hampered for words"

ing quite merry like, I had the feeling more than once that people were meandering about outside. I had just finished clearing away, and cook was making the coffee, when there came a knock at the door.

"Who 's that?" says Mr. Parable, "I am not at home to any one."

"I 'll see," I says. And on my way I slipped into the kitchen.

"Coffee for one, cook," I says, and she understood. Her cap and apron were hanging behind the door. I flung them across to her, and she caught them; and then I opened the front door.

They pushed past me without speaking, and went straight into the parlor. And they did n't waste many words on him, either.

"Where is she?" asked Miss Bulstrode.

"Where 's who?" says Mr. Parable.

"Don't lie about it," said Miss Bulstrode, making no effort to control herself. "The hussy you 've been dining with?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Meadows?" says Mr. Parable.

I thought she was going to shake him. "Where have you hidden her?" she says.

It was at that moment cook entered with the coffee.

If they had taken the trouble to look at her they might have had an idea. The tray was trembling in her hands, and in her haste and excitement she had put on her cap the wrong way round. But she kept control of her voice, and asked if she should bring some more coffee.

"Ah, yes, you 'd all like some coffee, would n't you?" says Mr. Parable. Miss Bulstrode did not reply, but Mr. Quincey said he was cold and would like it. It was a nasty night, with a thin rain.

"Thank you, sir," says cook, and we went out together.

Cottages are only cottages, and if people in the parlor persist in talking loudly, people in the kitchen can't very well help overhearing.

There was a good deal of talk about "fourteen days," which Mr. Parable said he was going to do himself, and which Miss Dorton said he must n't because, if he did, it would be a victory for the enemies of humanity. Mr. Parable said something about "humanity" which I did n't rightly hear; but, whatever it was, it started Miss Dorton crying, and Miss Bulstrode called Mr. Parable a "blind Samson" who had had his hair cut by a designing minx who had been hired to do it.

It was all French to me, but cook was drinking in every word, and when she returned from taking them in their coffee, she made no bones about it, but took up her place at the door, with her ear to the keyhole.

It was Mr. Quincey that got them all quiet, and then he began to explain things. It seemed that if they could only find a certain gentleman and persuade him to come forward and acknowledge that he began a row, that then all would be well. Mr. Quincey would be fined forty shillings, and Mr. Parable's name would never appear. Failing that, Mr. Parable, according to Mr. Quincey, could do his fourteen days himself.

"I 've told you once," says Mr. Parable, "and I tell you again, that I don't know the man's name and can't give it you."

"We are not asking you to," says Mr. Quincey. "You give us the name of your tango partner, and we 'll do the rest."

I could see cook's face; I had got a bit interested myself, and we were both close to the door. She hardly seemed to be breathing.

"I am sorry," says Mr. Parable, speaking very deliberate-like, "but I am not going to have her name dragged into this business."

"It would n't be," says Mr. Quincey. "All we want to get out of her is the name and address of the gentleman who was so anxious to see her home."

"Who was he?" says Miss Bulstrode. "Her husband?"

"No," says Mr. Parable, "he was n't."

"Then who was he?" says Miss Bulstrode. "He must have been something to her. Fiancé?"

"I am going to do the fourteen days myself," says Mr. Parable. "I shall come out all the fresher after a fortnight's complete rest and change."

Cook leaves the door with a smile on her face that made her look quite beautiful, and, taking some paper from the dresser drawer, began to write a letter.

They went on talking in the other room for another ten minutes, and then Mr. Parable lets them out himself, and goes a little way with them. When he came back, we could hear him walking up and down the other room.

She had written and stamped the envelop; it was lying on the table.

" 'Joseph Onions, Esq.?' " I says, reading the address. " 'Auctioneer and House Agent, Broadway, Hammersmith.' Is that the young man?"

"That is the young man," she says, folding her letter, and putting it in the envelop.

"And was he your fiancé?" I asked.

"No," she says. "But he will be, if he does what I 'm telling him to do."

"And what about Mr. Parable?"

"A little joke that will amuse him later on," she says, slipping a cloak on her shoulders. "How once he nearly married his cook."

"I sha'n't be a minute," she says; and with her letter in her hand, she slips out.

Mrs. Meadows, we understand, has expressed indignation at our publication of this interview, she being under the impression that she was simply having a friendly gossip with a neighbor. Our representative, however, is sure he explained to Mrs. Meadows that his visit was official; and in any case our duty to the public must be held to exonerate us from all blame in the matter.

Mr. Joseph Onions, Broadway, Hammersmith, auctioneer and house agent, expressed himself to our representative as most surprised at the turn that events had subsequently taken. The letter that Mr. Onions received from Miss Comfort Price was explicit and definite. It was to the effect that if he would call upon a certain Mr. Quincey of Harcourt Buildings, Temple, and acknowledge that it was he who began the row at the Earl's Court Exhibition on the evening of the twenty-seventh, that then the engagement between himself and Miss Price, hitherto unacknowledged by the lady, might be regarded as a fact.

Mr. Onions, who describes himself as essentially a business man, decided before complying with Miss Price's request to take a few preliminary steps. As the result of judiciously conducted inquiries, first at the Vine Street Police Court and secondly at Twickenham, Mr. Onions arrived later in the day at Mr. Quincey's chambers with, to use his own expression, all the cards in his hand. It was Mr. Quincey who, professing himself unable to comply with Mr. Onions' suggestion, arranged the interview with Miss Bulstrode. And it was Miss Bulstrode herself who, on condition that Mr. Onions added to the undertaking the further condition that he would marry Miss Price before the end of the month, offered to make it two hundred. It was in their joint interest—Mr. Onions regarding himself and Miss Price as now one—that Mr. Onions suggested her making it three; using such arguments as, in the circumstances, naturally occurred to him; as, for example, the damage caused to the lady's reputation by the whole proceedings, culminating in a night spent by the lady, according to her own account, on Ham Common. That the price demanded was reasonable Mr. Onions considers as proved by Miss Bulstrode's eventual acceptance of his terms. That, having got out of him all that he wanted, Mr. Quincey should have "considered it his duty" to communicate the entire details of the transaction to Miss Price, through the medium of Mr. Andrews, thinking it "as well she should know the character of the man she proposed to marry," Mr. Onions considers a gross breach of etiquette as between gentlemen; and having regard to Miss Price's after behavior Mr. Onions can only say that she is not the girl he took her for.

Mr. Aaron Andrews, on whom our representative called, was desirous at first of not being drawn into the matter; but on our representative explaining to him that our only desire was to contradict false rumors likely to be harmful to Mr. Parable's reputation, Mr. Andrews saw the necessity of putting our representative in possession of the truth.

She came back on Tuesday afternoon, explained Mr. Andrews, and he had a talk with her.

"It is all right, Mr. Andrews," she told me, "they 've been in communication with my young man, and Miss Bulstrode has seen the magistrate privately. The case will be dismissed with a fine of forty shillings, and Mr. Quincey has arranged to keep it out of the papers."

"Well, all 's well that ends well," I answered, "but it might have been better, my girl, if you had mentioned that young man of yours a bit earlier."

"I did not know it was of any importance," she explained. "Mr. Parable told me nothing. If it had n't been for chance, I should never have known what was happening."

I had always liked the young woman. Mr. Quincey had suggested my waiting till after Wednesday. But there seemed to me no particular object in delay.

"Are you fond of him?" I asked her.

"Yes," she answered, "I am fonder than—" and then she stopped herself suddenly, and flared scarlet. "Who are you talking about?" she demanded.

"This young man of yours," I said,—"Mr.—what 's his name—Onions."

"Oh, that!" she answered. "Oh, yes, he 's all right."

"And if he was n't?" I said, and she looked at me hard.

"I told him," she said, "that if he would do what I asked him to do, I 'd marry him. And he seems to have done it."

"There are ways of doing everything," I said; and seeing it was n't going to break her heart, I told her just the plain facts. She listened without a word, and when I had finished, she put her arms round my neck and kissed me. I am old enough to be her grandfather, but twenty years ago it might have upset me.

"I think I shall be able to save Miss Bulstrode that three hundred pounds," she laughed; and ran up-stairs and changed her things. When later I looked into the kitchen she was humming.

Mr. John came up by the car, and I could see he was in one of his moods.

"Pack me some things for a walking-tour," he said. "Don't forget the knapsack. I am going to Scotland by the eight thirty."

"Will you be away long?" I asked him.

"It depends upon how long it takes me," he answered. "When I come back I am going to be married."

"Who is the lady?" I asked, though of course I knew.

"Miss Bulstrode," he said.

"Well," I said, "she—"

"That will do," he said, "I have had all that from the three of them for the last two days. She is a socialist and a suffragist, and all the rest of it, and my ideal helpmate. She is well off, and that will enable me to devote all my time to putting the world to rights without bothering about anything else. Our home will be the nursery of advanced ideas. We shall share together the joys and delights of the public platform. What more can any man want?"

"You will want your dinner early," I said, "if you are going by the eight thirty. I had better tell cook—"

He interrupted me again. "You can tell cook to go to the devil," he said.

I naturally stared at him.

"She is going to marry a beastly little rotter of a rent-collector that she does n't care a damn for," he went on.

I could not understand why he seemed so mad about it. "I don't see in any case what it 's got to do with you," I said; "but as a matter of fact, she is n't."

"Is n't what?" he said, stopping short and turning on me.

"Is n't going to marry him," I answered.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Better ask her," I suggested.

I did n't know at the time that it was a silly thing to say, and I am not sure that I should not have said it, if I had. When he is in one of his moods, I always seem to get into one of mine. I have looked after Mr. John ever since he was a baby, so that we do not either of us treat the other quite as perhaps we ought to.

"Tell cook I want her," he said.

"She is just in the middle—" I began.

"I don't care where she is," he said. He seemed determined never to let me finish a sentence. "Send her up here."

She was in the kitchen by herself. "He wants to see you at once," I said.

"Who does?" she asked.

"Mr. John," I said.

"What 's he want to see me for?" she asked.

"How do I know?" I answered.

"But you do," she said. She always had an obstinate twist in her, and feeling it would save time, I told her what had happened.

"Well," I said, "are n't you going?"

She was standing stock-still, staring at the pastry she was making. She turned to me, and there was a curious smile about her lips.

"Do you know what you ought to be wearing?" she said. "Wings, and a little bow and arrow."

She did n't even think to wipe her hands, but went straight up-stairs. It was about half an hour later when the bell rang. Mr. John was standing by the window.

"Is that bag ready?" he said.

"It will be," I said. I went out into the hall and returned with the clothes-brush.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"Perhaps you don't know it," I said, "but you are all over flour."

"Cook 's going with me to Scotland," he said.

I have looked after Mr. John ever since he was a boy. He was forty-two last birthday, but when I shook hands with him through the cab window, I could have sworn he was twenty-five again.

In the Deep Midnight

By CALE YOUNG RICE

CLANGING, ever clanging!
Clanging in the deep midnight, train-bells clanging!
Over the city sleeping;
Over the silent huddle of roofs and shadows;
Over the hearts of thousands, lying enchambered, breathing evenly,
Or breathing and tossing to and fro on torn seas of insomnia;
Clanging over the streets, restless clanging
Over hushed streets, with blue electric lights lonesomely burning;
Over the steepled churches,
The shrines dark and empty save for the voiceless souls of Bibles;
Over the wan hospital, the wards where the sick lie waking a little,
And where they moan a little, not knowing why;
Over the jail, where the guilty, too, wake and stir in their ward,
And where they start, with waging blood, and moan and beat at their bars,
Because for them there is neither home nor highway;
Over that other prison, where the dead lie,
But wake not at all, nor struggle, nor beat at their bars
Ever, ever clanging!

II

O voiceful restlessness!
Vibrant soul of the world's coming and going,
Resonant want of it, restive vent of it, and of desire,—desire,
Desire to wander back to the peace of the known,
Or out and away to the anywhere of deliverance,—
How many, a-dream, are caught in the net of your ringing!
How many turn in their sleep and are caught away to the sea's roaring—
Are caught away over corn tossing and woods waving and rivers,
Past the red-lit or the green-lit stations, clanging,
Away to the dark of the east or the dark of the west!
How many remember, far from mother or wife,
And wonder if there is waking, if there is waiting,
If there are tears falling, for them in the darkness!
How many, under your quaver, under your clamor and evocation,
See sudden again the far-aways of childhood,
Brought forth from the shadowy bourns of years and grief and blind forgetting,
To merge again in the mists of sleep's immuning!
How many, under your riot, under your plangence, under your passion,
Ride again over cattle wilds, again over buttes and mesas,
Unlassoed still by life, lords of its spaces, of its pastures!
How many, mated with sin, disease, and stagnance,
In dens, moonless and loveless, where the free, sweet winds would sicken,
Feel, as they hear, the nails of their souls' coffin,
Driven, driven, driven, driven, in!

It passes, as all passes; there is silence.
The huddled roofs dream again in the shadows,
With the blue electric lights lonesomely burning, the streets unbroken;
Night's immemorial opiate rules all.
And the stars come closer, beaten off no more by the sound's urgence,
Intimate now and ready with revelations, with reachings;
For the sky has become the confessional of God,
And, Priest of the Universe, He hears its need, and shrives it,
Till all the crying that was now is comfort,
All want that was is peace, all clanging rest.

A company of mitrailleurs reconnoitering, with their gun-carriages drawn up under cover in the rear

The Swiss Military System

By F. FEYLER

COLONEL F. FEYLER, author of "La Suisse sous les armes," is generally accepted as the leading authority on Swiss military affairs.—THE EDITOR.

I DO not know whether the militia law of the Swiss Republic could be advantageously utilized elsewhere, but it is certain that it is perfectly adapted to the social, political, and geographical condition of this little country, compact in population, united in patriotism, speaking three languages, and belonging to two different religions. Its value lies in the compact and regulated orderliness, where everything contributes to assure the maximum defensive force of the state not only in point of number, but above all in the diverse aptitudes of the men and the material resources of the people.

The fundamental principle of the law is that every one under the jurisdiction of the state owes it military service. But this principle is not exclusively political and judicial; it has not its sole reason in a law of the state that imposes a duty upon every man. It is as much a moral principle and a recognition of individual sovereignty: every citizen has the right to serve his country, and the duty that is here imposed upon him is not only the corollary, but the recognition of this right. He claims the duty on the ground that it is the manifestation of his quality as a free man in a republic that he desires to keep free. The obligation to which he yields himself does not, in effect, nullify this liberty. He has established it in his own eyes by making the law an act of his own will. He has voted for it not only indirectly through the intermediary of his representatives in the legislative chambers, but personally, by depositing his ballot in the ballot-box. "Do you accept the law that makes you a soldier, which subjects you to the rigors of discipline, and which punishes you if you do not submit?" On the ballot which puts these questions to him he has written, "Yes."

Thus military service is his right, the expression of his sovereignty. From that time only the physically incapable, and those whom penal servitude or bankruptcy

have deprived of the right to be soldiers, can be excluded from the army. Upon such, moreover, except in the case of hopeless poverty, a special military tax is imposed.

Thus the law is founded on custom and ruling convictions. That explains the rarity of cases of refusal to serve, and, above all, the fact that citizens voluntarily accept the military burden not on a basis of legal right, but on that of the possibility of their social position placing upon them more or less important sacrifices from time to time. For if the obligations of the common soldier are not very considerable, and certainly less than those of standing armies, they increase rapidly through the grades.

These explanations are necessary in order to understand a law that in effect transforms the country into a kind of virtual barracks, and makes no separation between the citizen and the soldier. One may say that the history and tradition of Switzerland have made of the militiaman a soldier in citizen's dress in ordinary times and a citizen in uniform during the periods when he has been called to the colors. In short, the Swiss people is an armed nation in every acceptance of the word.

RECRUITING THE ARMY

THE law that actually regulates the recruiting of the army became an act in 1907. It fixed the period of military service from the age of twenty to forty-eight, but to fifty-two for officers. During this period of twenty-eight years the militiaman passes successively through three classes. The *élite* retains the militiamen from the age of twenty to thirty-two. This class is properly the army in the field, and can be utilized for all the duties that war might entail. Its enlistment forms six divisions.

At the age of thirty-three a man passes into the *landwehr,* where he remains until he is forty. Although composed of men who no longer have the entire activity of youth, this class of soldiers, nevertheless, can be added to the army in the field for duties that demand tenacity and resisting power rather than activity and dash, such as defensive operations, the occupation of trenches, as seen in the present war, and the garrisoning of strongholds. In a general way, the men of the *landwehr* are reserved for all duties that will permit the saving of the youngest soldiers for the most active movements of the army. The superior unit of the *landwehr* is the brigade of infantry, with its company of cyclists, a park of artillery, sappers, and ambulance corps.

From the age of forty-one to forty-eight a man serves in the *landsturm.* The *landsturm* makes up the territorial army, and is charged with the task of guarding the lines of communication, policing the interior of the country, and, if such should be necessary, undertaking the many lesser operations of local or partizan warfare. As a part of the *landsturm,* with the title of volunteers, may be added all citizens over forty-eight, or those of any age who have not been accepted as recruits, on condition that they prove their skill in marksmanship.

Having organized the army in this manner, it is kept intact with the least possible loss. Only those who have become useless will be excused from serving. Those whose usefulness has only been lessened, but still permits a reduced use, are turned over to a special body called the *bataillons des étages,* whose duty it is to provide for the revictualing of the stations at the front. Thus the weakening of the strongest factors in a fighting army is escaped. Into these battalions are also recruited the young men who do not possess the necessary physical strength for active service, but sufficient for these lesser tasks. They receive the same instruction that other recruits of the infantry receive.

On this basis, the recruiting calls to the flags from sixty-eight to seventy per cent. of the young men of the nation, which brings out a drilling army of from 250,000 to 260,000 troops of the first line, and from 80,000 to 90,000 territorials. If one considers that the population of Switzerland is in the neighborhood of

A division of guides in the field

3,500,000, the proportion is about ten per cent. of the whole, without taking into account those under twenty.

Even those not recruited are not completely ignored. They are enrolled in the *services complémentaires,* or by professions or trades are formed into special companies that in time of war furnish aids for the execution of certain tasks, like digging trenches, serving as couriers, drivers of wagons, and stable-boys, as well as clerks in offices, etc.

INSTRUCTION IN THE ARMY

Of all the problems raised in the organization of the Swiss militia, that of instruction is the most delicate. It would not be wise to give to a militia like that of the Swiss Republic, which at a moment might have to contend with the best troops in Europe, the benefit of half-instruction—instruction of the national guard given on a Sunday morning before going to church. On the field of battle an adversary would have no particular solicitude for the militiaman because his technical education was incomplete; he would be only too happy if he would step more quickly out of his way. It is necessary that the militiaman be not inferior to the soldier of the standing army. The solution has been sought in the union of the following means:

First, to seek through the school and through rivalry in our national sports to prepare the boy for a military education of such a nature that when he shall arrive at the school for recruits he shall possess the rudiments of military instruction and the foundations of its discipline; secondly, to compensate for the shortness of the time spent in barracks by an intensity in the methods of instruction. To this end, to seek the greatest simplicity possible in the program, and to demand that it be given on a specially prepared card of instruction; thirdly, in the years that follow the school of recruits, to divide the periods of exercise and manœuvers in such a fashion that the company shall not only maintain the knowledge already acquired, but that it shall be extended and perfected; and fourthly, to encourage and at the same time impose upon the militiaman the prac-

A field battery in position

A bridge erected by the corps of sappers

tice of certain technical exercises throughout the whole period of his military obligations.

PREPARATORY INSTRUCTION

THE point of departure is the obligatory instruction in gymnastics in all primary and secondary schools. The uniformity of the principles of this instruction—what one might call its doctrine—is obtained through a "Manual of Gymnastics for Preparatory Military Instruction" and through its application in central courses designed for teachers of schools and instructors in gymnastics. Naturally, the military board is not alone at the head of this instruction, but also the higher committee of the Federation of Gymnastic Societies. Thus is obtained a uniform method that is used in the schools, in the civil gymnastic societies (the members of which are all military), and in the army.

Together with the instruction in gymnastics, certain secondary schools have a corps of cadets, to whom certain rudiments of military knowledge are taught, among the rest, practice with the rifle. This instruction is not obligatory, and is by no means general, only thirteen of the twenty-two cantons of the republic teaching it.

More general, but yet optional, is the instruction given in the division of military preparation. This instruction is given to youths between seventeen and nineteen, and is in charge of certain officers and instructors in gymnastics.

There is special need for familiarity with the rifle, its preparation for firing and the firing itself. The army furnishes the equipment, the arms, and the ammunition. In the school for recruits the young men who have taken part in these earlier exercises are carefully superintended; they are encouraged in their efforts, and in consequence a notable part of the body of non-commissioned officers come from their ranks. In the absence of instruction in this branch of military preparation, at home the future recruits may take up certain courses in gymnastics or sharp-shooting under qualified direction and in conformity with certain military prescriptions.

THE SCHOOL FOR RECRUITS

WHEN at twenty years of age the young recruit is called to the colors, small is the number that the gymnasium has not partly prepared for duty, and a relatively large number is familiar with the rifle and target-practice. More recent prescriptions have still further stimulated the young men to acquire this elementary knowledge of the soldier. An examination in gymnastics has been introduced at the time of

enrollment, and for a long time the recruits have been subjected to an examination in primary instruction. This examination bears on the subjects of reading, composition-writing, arithmetic, an acquaintance with civil government, the geography of Switzerland, national history, and the political constitution, of which a young citizen ought not to be ignorant. For each of these branches the recruit receives a record, which is officially inscribed on his certificate of service; that is to say, on the note-book on which is recorded an account of his service during the whole time of his military duties. If good, these notes facilitate him in his civil career, for by them his employer is able to ascertain his degree of instruction.

In effect, thanks in part to this institution, there are in Switzerland no illiterates except those imbeciles from whom all intelligence is absent.

Inasmuch as this examination deals with the domain of intellectual knowledge, an examination in gymnastics is required in order to obtain physical development. It permits a triple trial: a trial of speed over a course eighty meters in length, a jump for distance without a spring-board, and the lifting of dumb-bells seventeen kilogrammes in weight. These results are also recorded on the certificate of service, and are a useful guide for the military instructors on the arrival of the recruits in barracks.

Above all, they are useful as a stimulant to encourage the cantons of the republic to perfect the instruction in gymnastics, each one of them desiring that its young men hold a good rank in the general statistics. This course has been in use only a few years, but already good results have been shown.

The duration of service varies according to the branch of the army. It is for sixty-seven days in the infantry and for the engineers; ninety-two days in the cavalry; seventy-seven days in the artillery and in garrisons of fortresses, and sixty-two days in the sanitary corps, the quartermaster's department, and the department of transportation.

The aim of the schools for recruits is essentially the making of soldiers. There is made an effort to draw out the individuality of a man, isolated in the ranks, by

Infantry on the march

Artillery on the march

instructing him in the necessity of discipline, submission to order, propriety, and punctuality. In the infantry the effort is made to teach the young recruit to be a marksman, to be ready to be quick to extricate himself from any difficulty in which combat, the march, or a fixed post may place him; a clever digger of works of defense; and finally a soldier always ready to obey without hesitation the orders of his superiors and to second with heartiness the efforts of his comrades.

In other branches of the army, as the cavalry, the artillery, etc., the instruction is carried out on the same principle, keeping in mind the peculiarities of the branch of the service in question, as the duties of a horseman, the serving of cannon, care of horses and arms, and at the same time always insisting on the education and disciplinary action of the military service.

The school for recruits has a second aim, that of forming non-commissioned officers and subalterns as well as captains, and at the same time developing the commanders in their rôles as instructors of soldiers and units of bodies of troops. It is for the latter the first course in practical instruction before receiving the command that they may have to exercise at the head of the units of united forces.

For this purpose, there is naturally a need of guides and instructors who can counsel and direct them in their capacity as instructors and educators. These guides and instructors have already taught them in the theoretical schools through which they have had to pass to acquire their rank. These now meet them again for their first practical application of their theories with troops—the companies of recruits.

Their instructors, properly so called, constitute, with the commanders of divisions and corps of the army, the only permanent officers in the republic. This body is not a large one. In all, it does not number two hundred officers. But they receive a highly developed theoretical education, and above all are placed in a position for acquiring a very complete experience in their profession and a training in

instruction which develops them as representative authorities in the better methods of intensive instructors of recruits.

THE REPEATED COURSES

At the close of the school for recruits, the young militiaman is turned over to his branch of the army,—regiment, squadron, or battery,—and the instruction of the class that he has already received in the temporary units of the school he will now complete in his definite branch of the service. The instruction that he there receives is called the repeated courses; that is to say, the periods of exercises and manœuvers. These periods are designed for the purpose of keeping the soldiers in form and of preparing the army and its commanders for the exigencies of service in the field.

The course of repetition takes place every year and continues for two weeks. The soldiers and corporals are called to it up to the age of twenty-seven in the *élite,* and once again in the *landwehr;* non-commissioned officers and subalterns are called every year up to the age of thirty-two in the *élite,* and in the *landwehr* every four years up to the age of forty-five. The superior officers in the *élite* are called every year until the expiration of their time of service.

In the succession of annual meetings the instruction for subaltern units is made to alternate with that of the great body of mixed troops. After a year in which the exercises have taken place in regiments, squadrons of cavalry and artillery companies, or in which the different branches of the army have worked alone, there will be manœuvers of brigades or divisions for instruction in the movement of armies. One year is given to detail, another to the movement of large bodies of troops. Every one is short of breath and periodically finds occasion for perfecting his practice and his knowledge. In this manner, with the exception of some of the older soldiers, all the troops of the Swiss army are every year mobilized and held under the colors for two weeks.

Naturally, during these manœuvers the troops work over different ground, quartering at home. Only the instruction of

A company of mitrailleurs crossing a stream

Relieving the guard and saluting the colors

recruits is given in barracks and on the parade-grounds. The units of the armies are sent, except on rare occasions, near home, in all the conditions of service in the field, and are exercised not only in the tactics of combating forces, but in the service of sustenance, under conditions that approach as nearly as possible to those of actual war.

THE INSTRUCTION OF OFFICERS

JUST so far as the officers are worthy, so far will the troops be worthy, it is said. It goes without saying that the shorter the periods of instruction, so much the more ought officers to be prepared for their duties. We have spoken of the practical instruction given in the schools for recruits by permanent officers. This alone would be insufficient. One must pay for his officer's stripes, says a Swiss adage. That signifies that every promotion is preceded by a term of probation in which no promotion is accorded without good work. The first selection is made as early as the school for recruits. There those soldiers who appear to possess the qualifications for non-commissioned officers and superior officers are noted; their social position is inquired into, in order that no sacrifice out of proportion to their resources may be imposed upon them, for no one has the right to refuse an advance in grade. In like manner their conduct in civil life is inquired into, and if the information thus obtained confirms the good opinion that the authorities have formed of them in barracks, they are called to a school for non-commissioned officers, from which they depart with the grade of corporal.

This rank leads to a second selection. The corporals selected for the staff of non-commissioned officers in the army become instructors in the school for recruits, and those considered fitted for the grade of officers are sent to a school for officers, where for nearly three months they are prepared for the grade of lieutenant. In practice, the future lieutenant, before being selected for instruction in a school for officers, has usually acted as a non-commissioned officer in the school for recruits. The young men who desire the grade of lieutenant are so numerous that there is never any difficulty in obtaining men who hesitate to give up the two or three months necessary for this additional training. If they successfully pass the examination in this school, it is necessary for them to attend the repeated course as chiefs of divisions, though now with the

rank of lieutenant. Only then can they feel that they have paid for their officers' stripes.

If now we account for the number of days of service that young men between the ages of twenty and twenty-one give to the army, following which they remain simple soldiers or become non-commissioned officers or lieutenants, we find in the infantry, the most numerous body, the following differences:

THE SIMPLE SOLDIER:

School of recruits	67 days
First repeated course	13 days
Total	80 days

CORPORAL:

School of non-commissioned officers	22 days
School of recruits	67 days
Total	169 days

LIEUTENANT:

School of officers	82 days
School of recruits	67 days
Total	318 days

The principle is the same for all subsequent promotions. If a lieutenant desires to gain the grade of captain, he must pass through at least eight repeated courses, a school for firing, the central school,—that is to say, a school which brings together the future captains in all branches of the army,—and must act as chief of a company, of a squadron, or a battery in a school for recruits. The total of his days of service will reach 541, and if he has been considered qualified for the rank, he will still be called to take part in two courses in tactics, and must continue the annual courses of repetition until he has reached the age of thirty-five rather than thirty-two.

If one takes into account the fact that the pay of a lieutenant is six francs for every day of actual service, that of a captain ten francs, and that of a major eighteen francs, and remembers that for every man who in civil life is bound down by an exacting profession these frequent calls to the colors constitute a serious interruption in his professional gains, one may well understand that the military system rests on traditions of patriotism and self-denial.

Company IV of the 19th Battalion displaying their numerals in a moment of relaxation

INSTRUCTION OUTSIDE THE SERVICE

All these periods of exercise and instruction succeed one another with periodical regularity. The danger is that between two periods a soldier may lose his intellectual and technical training. The law has therefore provided a program of courses of studies, carried on by numerous associations, which offer to their members supplementary military training. The society of officers and non-commissioned officers is charged, with others, with preparatory military instruction. The society of artillerymen, of bridge-makers, of hospital nurses, even of drummers, of gymnasts, and of sharp-shooting, have similar courses.

A study of this program would carry one too far, but it is not possible to pass over in silence the societies of sharp-shooting, which are semi-official in character, the direction of which is under the joint charge of the Société Fédérale des Carabiniers and the military bureaus. The groundwork of the plan is a legal obligation imposed on every soldier who carries a gun to fire every year a certain number of bullets at a target. This holds good through the entire period of his military life. The program for the practice is arranged by the republic, and the work is supervised by certain delegated officers. If you travel by rail through Switzerland, along the way you will constantly see target-butts, more or less large, arranged in different ways; and if you walk through the country on a Sunday in spring, you will hear on all sides the reports of rifles of sharp-shooters at practice.

For every rifleman who fulfils the conditions of the program,—that is to say, who fires the required number of bullets and obtains the required result in precision,—the republic returns to the society a subsidy slightly exceeding the price of the cartridges. The militiaman who has not met the requirements of the target-practice is called, at his own expense, to the parade-ground, for a special course at target-practice, which lasts for three days.

A post of observation

Thus in Switzerland thirty million cartridges are shot every year, which represents an average of little less than a hundred cartridges for every inhabitant. This total shows not only the extent of the regular exercises for militiamen, but is also an indication of the numerous opportunities for every one to exercise himself in the really national sport of rifle-shooting. Target-firing is a certain feature of every popular feast in even the smallest villages, and not unfrequently militiamen who have passed the age of military duties still fire two or three hundred service cartridges a year.

MOBILIZATION OF THE ARMY

So far I have sketched the organization and instruction of the militia. It remains to show how the army passes from a peace to a war footing. In reality it is never on a peace footing. Every one of the periods of exercise and manœuver consti-

tutes a veritable mobilization of all the units called out—a mobilization equal to that of war.

Every militiaman keeps in his own home, and at his own responsibility, not only his uniform, but his arms and equipment. Every year, on a certain day, he is called out for an inspection of his clothing and his whole equipment; certain special inspectors, aides of subaltern officers, make note of their condition. Whatever has not been well cared for must be replaced by the militiaman at his own expense.

As a consequence, at the first call the militiaman can present himself with arms and baggage at the place of assembly of his company, where he has only to receive certain effects kept in the magazines of the regiment, like sappers' tools, etc. The cavalryman comes with his own horse, which he always cares for at home.

The troops are thus assembled and equipped in a minimum of time. The more so, indeed, because they find equally ready in the magazine of their regiments the greater part of the material that constitutes the equipment of the corps—ammunition-cartridges, kitchens on wheels, baggage-wagons, etc. Artillery companies find ready their cannon; the companies of sappers, their tool-wagons. The only carriages requisitioned are those used for the transportation of the men themselves; then come the teams for such carriages.

These requisitions are regulated in times of peace. Every community knows that on the first day of mobilization it will be necessary to send to the place of assembly so many horses and so many carriages. Here the owners of these horses and carriages find assembled the commissioners charged with the task of fixing the prices for conveyances. These commissioners do their work while the regiment completes its organization, and in forty-eight hours the regiment is ready to proceed to the region of concentration of its division.

Everything, therefore, is done expeditiously, and the experience of 1914 has established the fact that in general the measures that have been adopted have all been well taken. The whole army—*élite, landwehr,* and *landsturm*—was mobilized simultaneously, and the completed task was done within the limits of the time planned.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to confess that in one essential matter there was failure. If the operations were rapid, there was still slowness in getting into line on the part of certain troops that did not wait for their reservists and marched with only the effective forces in times of peace.

The measures taken by Switzerland are full, provided her neighbors observe the rights of the people. But suppose that Germany had dealt to Switzerland the blow she dealt to Belgium? She would have found, in forty-eight hours, at the frontier only some companies of the *landwehr,* a force wholly insufficient to oppose the advance of a single corps of cavalry charged with the task of destroying the railroads.

There is therefore one reform to be studied closely. It would not be necessary if Switzerland were in the condition of a great country like the United States, for example, where the absence of neighbors on one side, and the extent of the country on the other, present barriers to a surprise.

But for the most part the system has commended itself, and appears to demand only a certain number of improvements in detail that in nowise alter the principle.

Dear Enemy[1]

By JEAN WEBSTER

Author of "Daddy-Long-Legs," etc., etc.

With sketches by the author and an illustration by Herman Pfeifer

Part IV

John Grier Home, November 15.

Dear Judy:

Betsy and I are just back from a *giro* in our new motor-car. It undoubtedly does add to the pleasure of institution life. The car of its own accord turned up Long Ridge Road, and stopped before the gates of Shadywell. The chains were up, and the shutters battened down, and the place looked closed and gloomy and rain-soaked. It wore a sort of Fall of the House of Usher air, and did n't in the least resemble the cheerful house that used to greet me hospitably in the summer afternoons.

I hate to have our nice summer ended. It seems as though a section of my life was shut away behind me, and the unknown future was pressing awfully close. Positively, I 'd like to postpone that wedding another six months, but I 'm afraid poor Gordon would make too dreadful a fuss. Don't think I 'm getting wobbly, for I 'm not. It 's just that somehow I need more time to think about it, and March is getting nearer every day. I know absolutely that I 'm doing the most sensible thing. Everybody, man or woman, is the better for being nicely and appropriately and cheerfully married; but oh dear! oh dear! I do hate upheavals, and this is going to be such a world-without-end upheaval! Sometimes when the day's work is over, and I 'm tired, I have n't the spirit to rise and meet it.

And now especially since you 've bought Shadywell, and are going to be here every summer, I resent having to leave. Next year, when I 'm far away, I 'll be consumed with homesickness, thinking of all the busy, happy times at the John Grier, with you and Betsy and Percy and our grumbly Scotchman working away cheerfully without me. How can anything ever make up to a mother for the loss of 107 children?

I trust that Judy, Junior, stood the journey into town without upsetting her usual poise. I am sending her a bit giftie, made partly by myself and chiefly by Jane. But two rows, I must inform you, were done by the doctor. One only gradually plumbs the depths of Sandy's nature. After a ten-months' acquaintance with the man, I discover that he knows how to knit, an accomplishment he picked up in his boyhood from an old shepherd on the Scotch moors.

He dropped in three days ago and stayed for tea, really in almost his old friendly mood. But he has since stiffened up again to the same man of granite we knew all summer. I 've given up trying to make him out. I suppose, however, that any one might be expected to be a bit down with a wife in an insane asylum.

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I wish he 'd talk about it once. It 's awful having such a shadow hovering in the background of your thoughts and never coming out into plain sight.

I know that this letter does n't contain a word of the kind of news that you like to hear. But it 's that beastly twilight hour of a damp November day, and I 'm in a beastly uncheerful mood. I 'm awfully afraid that I am developing into a temperamental person, and Heaven knows Gordon can supply all the temperament that one family needs! I don't know where we 'll land if I don't preserve my sensibly stolid, cheerful nature.

Have you really decided to go South with Jervis? I appreciate your feeling (to a slight extent) about not wanting to be separated from a husband; but it does seem sort of hazardous to me to move so young a daughter to the tropics.

The children are playing blindman's-buff in the lower corridor. I think I 'll have a romp with them, and try to be in a more affable mood before resuming my pen.

A bientôt!

SALLIE.

P.S. These November nights are pretty cold, and we are getting ready to move the camps indoors. Our Indians are very pampered young savages at present, with a double supply of blankets and hot-water bottles. I shall hate to see the camps go; they have done a lot for us. Our lads will be as tough as Canadian trappers when they come in.

November 20.

Dear Judy:

Your motherly solicitude is sweet, but I did n't mean what I said. Of course it 's perfectly safe to convey Judy, Junior, to the temperately tropical lands that are washed by the Caribbean. She 'll thrive as long as you don't set her absolutely on top of the equator. And your bungalow, shaded by palms and fanned by sea-breezes, with an ice-machine in the back yard and an English doctor across the bay, sounds made for the rearing of babies.

My objections were all due to the selfish fact that I and the John Grier are going to be lonely without you this winter. I really think it 's entrancing to have a husband who engages in such picturesque pursuits as financing tropical railroads and developing asphalt lakes and rubber groves and mahogany forests. I wish that Gordon would take to life in those picturesque countries; I 'd be more thrilled by the romantic possibilities of the future. Washington seems awfully commonplace compared with Honduras and Nicaragua and the islands of the Caribbean.

I 'll be down to wave good-by.

Addio!

SALLIE.

November 24.

Dear Gordon:

Judy has gone back to town, and is sailing next week for Jamaica, where she is to make her headquarters while Jervis cruises about adjacent waters on these entertaining new ventures of his. Could n't you engage in traffic in the South Seas? I think I 'd feel pleasanter about leaving my asylum if you had something romantic and adventurous to offer instead. And think how beautiful you 'd be in those white linen clothes! I really believe I might be able to stay in love with a man quite permanently if he always dressed in white.

You can't imagine how I miss Judy. Her absence leaves a dreadful hole in my afternoons. Can't you run up for a week-end soon? I think the sight of you would be very cheering, and I 'm feeling awfully down of late. You know, my dear Gordon, I like you much better when you 're right here before my eyes than when I merely think about you from a distance. I believe you must have a sort of hypnotic influence. Occasionally, after you 've been away a long time, your spell wears a little thin; but when I see you, it all comes back. You 've been away now a long, long time; so, please come fast and bewitch me over again!

S.

December 2.

Dear Judy:

Do you remember in college, when you and I used to plan our favorite futures, how we were forever turning our faces southward? And now to think it has really come true, and you are there, coasting around those tropical isles! Did you ever have such a thrill in the whole of your life, barring one or two connected with Jervis, as when you came up on deck in the early dawn and found yourself riding at anchor in the harbor of Kingston, with the water so blue and the palms so green and the beach so white?

I remember when I first woke in that harbor; I felt like a heroine of grand opera surrounded by untruly beautiful painted scenery. Nothing in my four trips to Europe ever thrilled me like the queer sights and tastes and smells of those three warm weeks seven years ago. And ever since, I 've panted to get back. When I stop to think about it, I can hardly bring myself to swallow our unexciting meals; I wish to be dining on curries and tamales and mangos. Is n't it funny? You 'd think I must have a dash of creole or Spanish or some warm blood in me somewhere, but I 'm nothing on earth but a chilly mixture of English and Irish and Scotch. Perhaps that is why I hear the South calling. "The palm dreams of the pine, and the pine of the palm."

After seeing you off, I turned back to New York with an awful wander-thirst gnawing at my vitals. I, too, wanted to be starting off on my travels in a new blue hat and a new blue suit with a big bunch of violets in my hand. For five minutes I would cheerfully have said good-by forever to poor dear Gordon in return for the wide world to wander in. I suppose you are thinking they are not entirely incompatible—Gordon and the wide world; but I don't seem able to get your point of view about husbands. I see marriage as a man must, a good, sensible workaday institution, but awfully curbing to one's liberty. Somehow, after you 're married forever, life has lost its feeling of adventure. There are n't any romantic possibilities waiting to surprise you around each corner.

The disgraceful truth is that one man does n't seem quite enough for me. I like the variety of sensation that you get only from a variety of men. I 'm afraid I 've spent too flirtatious a youth, and it is n't easy for me to settle.

I seem to have a very wandering pen. To return: I saw you off, and took the ferry back to New York with a horribly empty feeling. After our intimate, gossipy three months together, it seems a terrible task to tell you my troubles in tones that will reach to the bottom of the continent. My ferry slid right under the nose of your steamer, and I could see you and Jervis plainly leaning on the rail. I waved frantically, but you never blinked an eyelash. Your gaze was fixed in homesick contemplation upon the top of the Woolworth Building.

Back in New York, I took myself to a department store to accomplish a few trifles in the way of shopping. As I was entering through their revolving-doors, who should be revolving in the other direction but Helen Brooks! We had a terrible time meeting, as I tried to go back out, and she tried to come back in; I thought we should revolve eternally. But we finally got together and shook hands, and she obligingly helped me choose fifteen dozen pairs of stockings and fifty caps and sweaters and two hundred union suits, and then we gossiped all the way up to Fifty-second Street, where we had luncheon at the Women's University Club.

I always liked Helen. She 's not spectacular, but steady and dependable. Will you ever forget the way she took hold of that senior pageant committee and whipped it into shape after Mildred had made such a mess of it? How would she do here as a successor to me? I am filled with jealousy at the thought of a successor, but I suppose I must face it.

"When did you last see Judy Abbott?" was Helen's first question.

"Fifteen minutes ago," said I. "She

has just set sail for the Spanish main with a husband and daughter and nurse and maid and valet and dog."

"Has she a nice husband?"

"None better."

"And does she still like him?"

"Never saw a happier marriage."

It struck me that Helen looked a trifle bleak, and I suddenly remembered all that gossip that Marty Keene told us last summer; so I hastily changed the conversation to a perfectly safe subject like orphans.

But later she told me the whole story herself in as detached and impersonal a way as though she were discussing the characters in a book. She has been living alone in the city, hardly seeing any one, and she seemed low in spirits and glad to talk. Poor Helen appears to have made an awful mess of her life. I don't know any one who has covered so much ground in such a short space of time. Since her graduation she has been married, has had a baby and lost him, divorced her husband, quarreled with her family, and come to the city to earn her own living. She is reading manuscript for a publishing house.

There seems to have been no reason for her divorce from the ordinary point of view; the marriage just simply did n't work. They were n't friends. If he had been a woman, she would n't have wasted half an hour talking with him. If she had been a man, he would have said: "Glad to see you. How are you?" and gone on. And yet they *married*. Is n't it dreadful how blind this sex business can make people?

She was brought up on the theory that a woman's only legitimate profession is home-making. When she finished college, she was naturally eager to start on her career, and Henry presented himself. Her family scanned him closely, and found him perfect in every respect—good family, good morals, good financial position, good-looking. Helen was in love with him. She had a big wedding and lots of new clothes and dozens of embroidered towels. Everything looked propitious.

But as they began to get acquainted, they did n't like the same books or jokes or people or amusements. He was expansive and social and hilarious, and she was n't. First they bored, and then they irritated, each other. Her orderliness made him impatient, and his disorderliness drove her wild. She would spend a day getting closets and bureau drawers in order, and in five minutes he would stir them into chaos. He would leave his clothes about for her to pick up, and his towels in a messy heap on the bath-room floor, and he never scrubbed out the tub. And she, on her side, was awfully unresponsive and irritating,—she realized it fully,—she got to the point where she would n't laugh at his jokes.

I suppose most old-fashioned, orthodox people would think it awful to break up a marriage on such innocent grounds. It seemed so to me at first; but as she went on piling up detail on detail, each trivial in itself, but making a mountainous total, I agreed with Helen that it was awful to keep it going. It was n't really a marriage; it was a mistake.

So one morning at breakfast, when the subject of what they should do for the summer came up, she said quite casually that she thought she would go West and get a residence in some State where you could get a divorce for a respectable cause; and for the first time in months he agreed with her.

You can imagine the outraged feelings of her Victorian family. In all the seven generations of their sojourn in America they have never had anything like this to record in the family Bible. It all comes from sending her to college and letting her read such dreadful modern people as Ellen Key and Bernard Shaw.

"If he had only got drunk and dragged me about by the hair," Helen wailed, "it would have been legitimate; but because we did n't actually throw things at each other, no one could see any reason for a divorce."

The pathetic part of the whole business is that both she and Henry were admirably fitted to make some one else happy.

They just simply did n't match each other; and when two people don't match, all the ceremonies in the world can't marry them.

Saturday morning.

I meant to get this letter off two days ago; and here I am with volumes written, but nothing mailed.

We 've just had one of those miserable deceiving nights—cold and frosty when you go to bed, and warm and lifeless when you wake in the dark, smothered under a mountain of blankets. By the time I had removed my own extra covers and plumped up my pillow and settled comfortably, I thought of those fourteen bundled-up babies in the fresh-air nursery. Their so-called night nurse sleeps like a top the whole night through. (Her name is next on the list to be expunged.) So I roused myself again, and made a little blanket-removing tour, and by the time I had finished I was forever awake. It is not often that I pass a *nuit blanche;* but when I do, I settle world problems. Is n't it funny how much keener your mind is when you are lying awake in the dark?

I began thinking about Helen Brooks, and I planned her whole life over again. I don't know why her miserable story has taken such a hold over me; it 's a disheartening subject for an engaged girl to contemplate. I keep saying to myself, What if Gordon and I, when we really get acquainted, should change our minds about liking each other? The fear grips my heart and wrings it dry. But I am marrying him for no reason in the world except affection. I 'm not particularly ambitious. Neither his position nor his money ever tempted me in the least; and certainly I am not doing it to find my life-work, for in order to marry, I am having to give up the work that I love. I really do love this work; I go about planning and planning their baby futures, feeling that I 'm constructing the nation. Whatever becomes of me in after life, I am sure I 'll be the more capable for having had this tremendous experience. And it *is* a tremendous experience, the nearness to humanity that an asylum brings. I am learning so many new things every day that when each Saturday night comes I look back on the Sallie of last Saturday night, amazed at her ignorance.

You know I am developing a funny old characteristic; I am getting to hate change. I don't like the prospect of having my life disrupted. I used to love the excitement of volcanoes, but now a high level plateau is my choice in landscape. I am very comfortable where I am; my desk and closet and bureau drawers are organized to suit me: and, oh, I dread unspeakably the thought of the upheaval that is going to happen to me next year! Please don't imagine that I don't care for Gordon quite as much as any man has a right to be cared for. It is n't that I like him any the less, but I am getting to like orphans the more.

I just met our medical adviser a few minutes ago as he was emerging from the nursery—Allegra is the only person in the institution who is favored by his austere social attentions. He paused in passing to make a polite comment upon the sudden change in the weather, and to express the hope that I would remember him to Mrs. Pendleton when I wrote.

This is a miserable letter to send off on its travels, with scarcely a word of the kind of news that you like to hear. But our bare little orphan-asylum up in the hills must seem awfully far away from the palms and orange-groves and lizards and tarantulas that you are enjoying.

Have a good time, and don't forget the John Grier Home

and

SALLIE.

December 11.

Dear Judy:

Your Jamaica letter is here, and I 'm glad to learn that Judy, Junior, enjoys traveling. Write me every detail about your house, and send some photographs, so I can see you in it. What fun it must be to have a boat of your own that chugs about those entertaining seas! Have you worn all of your eighteen white dresses

yet? And are n't you glad now that I made you wait about buying a Panama hat till you reached Kingston?

We are running along here very much as usual without anything exciting to chronicle. You remember little Maybelle Fuller, don't you—the chorus girl's daughter whom our doctor does n't like? We have placed her out. I tried to make the woman take Hattie Heaphy instead, —the quiet little one who stole the communion-cup,—but no, indeed! Maybelle's eyelashes won the day. After all, as poor Marie says, the chief thing is to be pretty. All else in life depends on that.

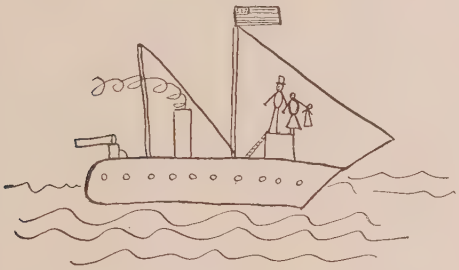
When I got home last week, after my dash to New York, I made a brief speech to the children. I told them that I had just been seeing Aunt Judy off on a big ship, and I am embarrassed to have to report that the interest—at least on the part of the boys—immediately abandoned Aunt Judy and centered upon the ship. How many tons of coal did she burn a day? Was she long enough to reach from the carriage-house to the Indian camp? Were there any guns aboard, and if a privateer should attack her, could she hold her own? In case of a mutiny, could the captain shoot down anybody he chose, and would n't he be hanged when he got to shore? I had ignominiously to call upon Sandy to finish my speech. I realize that the best-equipped feminine mind in the world can't cope with the peculiar class of questions that originate in a thirteen-year boy's brain.

As a result of their seafaring interest, the doctor conceived the idea of inviting seven of the oldest and most alert lads to spend the day with him in New York and see with their own eyes an ocean-liner. They rose at five yesterday morning, caught the 7:30 train, and had the most wonderful adventure that has happened in all their seven lives. They visited one of the big liners (Sandy knows the Scotch engineer), and were conducted from the bottom of the hold to the top of the crow's-nest, and then had luncheon on board. And after luncheon they visited the aquarium and the top of the Singer Building, and took the subway up-town to spend an hour with the birds of America in their habitats. Sandy with great difficulty pried them away from the Natural History Museum in time to catch the 6:15 train. Dinner in the dining-car. They inquired with great particularity how much it was costing, and when they heard that it was the same, no matter how much you ate, they drew deep breaths and settled quietly and steadily to the task of not allowing their host to be cheated. The railroad made nothing on that party, and all the tables around stopped eating to stare. One traveler asked the doctor if it was a boarding-school he had in charge; so you can see how the manners and bearing of our lads have picked up. I don't wish to boast, but no one would ever have asked such a question concerning seven of Mrs. Lippett's youngsters. "Are they bound for a reformatory?" would have been the natural question after observing the table manners of her offspring.

My little band tumbled in toward ten o'clock, excitedly babbling a mess of statistics about reciprocating compound engines and water-tight bulkheads, devil-fish and sky-scrapers and birds of paradise. I thought I should never get them to bed. And, oh, but they had had a glorious day! I do wish I could manage breaks in the routine oftener. It gives them a new outlook on life and makes them more like normal children. Was n't it really nice of Sandy? But you should have seen that man's behavior when I tried to thank him. He waved me aside in the middle of a sentence, and growlingly asked Miss Snaith if she could n't economize a little on carbolic acid. The house smelt like a hospital.

I must tell you that Punch is back with us again, entirely renovated as to manners. I am looking for a family to adopt him. I had hoped those two intelligent spinsters would see their way to keeping him forever, but they want to travel, and they feel he 's too consuming of their liberty. I inclose a sketch in colored chalk of your steamer, which he has just completed. There is some doubt as to the

direction in which it is going; it looks as though it might progress backward and end in Brooklyn. Owing to the loss of my blue pencil, our flag has had to adopt the Italian colors.



The three figures on the bridge are you and Jervis and the baby. I am pained to note that you carry your daughter by the back of her neck, as if she were a kitten. That is not the way we handle babies in the J. G. H. nursery. Please also note that the artist has given Jervis his full due in the matter of legs. When I asked Punch what had become of the captain, he said that the captain was inside, putting coal on the fire. Punch was terribly impressed, as well he might be, when he heard that your steamer burned three hundred wagon-loads a day, and he naturally supposed that all hands had been piped to the stoke-hole.

BOW! WOW!

That 's a bark from Sing. I told him I was writing to you, and he responded instantly.

We both send love.

Yours,

SALLIE.

John Grier Home, Saturday.

Dear Enemy:

You were so terribly gruff last night when I tried to thank you for giving my boys such a wonderful day that I did n't have a chance to express half of the appreciation I felt.

What on earth is the matter with you, Sandy? You used to be a tolerably nice man—in spots, but these last three or four months you have only been nice to other people, never to me.

We have had from the first a long series of misunderstandings and foolish contretemps, but after each one we seemed to reach a solider basis of understanding, until I had thought our friendship was on a pretty firm foundation, capable of withstanding any reasonable shock.

And then came that unfortunate evening last June when you overheard some foolish impolitenesses, which I did not in the slightest degree mean; and from then on you faded into the distance. Really, I have felt terribly bad about it, and have wanted to apologize, but your manner has not been inviting of confidence. It is n't that I have any excuse or explanation to offer; I have n't. You know how foolish and silly I am on occasions, but you will just have to realize that though I 'm flippant and foolish and trivial on top, I am pretty solid inside; and you 've got to forgive the silly part. The Pendletons knew that long ago, or they would n't have sent me up here. I have tried hard to pull off an honest job, partly because I wanted to justify their judgment, partly because I was really interested in giving the poor little kiddies their share of happiness, but mostly, I actually believe, because I wanted to show you that your first derogatory opinion of me was ill founded. Won't you please expunge that unfortunate fifteen minutes at the porte-cochère last June, and remember instead the fifteen hours I spent reading the Kallikak Family?

I would like to feel that we 're friends again.

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

John Grier Home, Sunday.

Dear Dr. MacRae:

I am in receipt of your calling-cards, with an eleven-word answer to my letter on the back. I did n't mean to annoy you by my attentions. What you think and how you behave are really matters of extreme indifference to me. Be just as impolite as you choose.

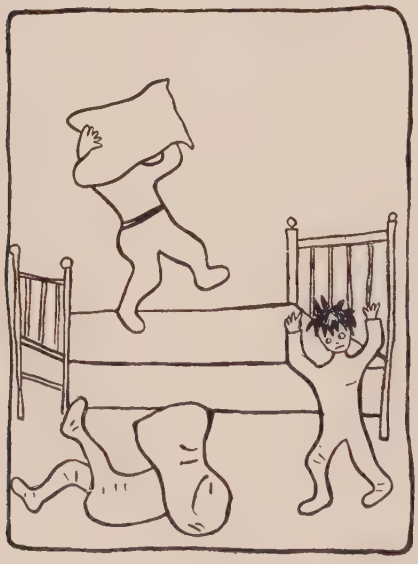
S. MCB.

December 14.

Dear Judy:

Please pepper your letters with stamps, inside and out. I have thirty collectors in the family. Since you have taken to travel, every day about post-time an eager group gathers at the gate, waiting to snatch any letters of foreign design, and by the time the letters reach me they are almost in shreds through the tenacity of rival snatchers. Tell Jervis to send us some more of those purple pine-trees from Honduras; likewise some green parrots from Guatemala. I could use a pint of them!

Is n't it wonderful to have got these apathetic little things so enthusiastic? My children are getting to be almost like real children. B dormitory started a pillow-fight last night of its own accord; and though it was very wearing to our scant supply of linen, I stood by and beamed, and even tossed a pillow myself.



Last Saturday those two desirable friends of Percy's spent the whole afternoon playing with my boys. They brought up three rifles, and each man took the lead of a camp of Indians, and passed the afternoon in a bottle-shooting contest, with a prize for the winning camp. They brought the prize with them—an atrocious head of an Indian painted on leather. Dreadful taste; but the men thought it lovely, so I admired it with all the ardor I could assume.

When they had finished, I warmed them up with cookies and hot chocolate, and I really think the men enjoyed it as much as the boys; they undoubtedly enjoyed it more than I did. I could n't help being in a feminine twitter all the time the firing was going on for fear somebody would shoot somebody else. But I know that I can't keep twenty-four Indians tied to my apron-strings, and I never could find in the whole wide world three nicer men to take an interest in them.

Just think of all that healthy, exuberant volunteer service going to waste under the asylum's nose! I suppose the neighborhood is full of plenty more of it, and I am going to make it my business to dig it out.

What I want most are about eight nice, pretty, sensible young women to come up here one night a week, and sit before the fire and tell stories while the chicks pop corn. I do so want to contrive a little individual petting for my babies. You see, Judy, I am remembering your own childhood, and am trying hard to fill in the gaps.

The trustees' meeting last week went beautifully. The new women are most helpful, and only the nice men came. I am happy to announce that the Hon. Cy Wykoff is visiting his married daughter in Scranton. I wish she would invite father to live with her permanently.

Wednesday.

I am in the most childish temper with the doctor, and for no very definite reason. He keeps along his even, unemotional way without paying the slightest attention to anything or anybody. I have swallowed more slights during these last few months than in the whole of my life before, and I 'm developing the most shockingly revengeful nature. I spend all my spare time planning situations in which he will be terribly hurt and in need of my help, and in which I, with the utmost callousness, will shrug my shoulders and

turn away. I am growing into a person entirely foreign to the sweet, sunny young thing you used to know.

Evening.

Do you realize that I am an authority on the care of dependent children? Tomorrow I and other authorities visit officially the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society's Orphan Asylum at Pleasantville. (All that 's its name!) It 's a terribly difficult and roundabout journey from this point, involving a daybreak start and two trains and an automobile; but if I 'm to be an authority, I must live up to the title. I 'm keen about looking over other institutions and gleaning as many ideas as possible against our own alterations next year. And this Pleasantville asylum is an architectural model.

I acknowledge now, upon sober reflection, that we were wise to postpone extensive building operations until next summer. Of course I was disappointed, because it meant that I won't be the center of the ripping-up, and I do so love to be the center of ripping-ups! But, anyway, you 'll take my advice, even though I 'm no longer an official head? The two building details we did accomplish are very promising. Our new laundry grows better and better; it has removed from us that steamy smell so dear to asylums. The farmer's cottage will finally be ready for occupancy next week. All it now lacks is a coat of paint and some door-knobs.

But, oh dear! oh dear! another bubble has burst! Mrs. Turnfelt, for all her comfortable figure and sunny smile, hates to have children messing about. They make her nervous. And as for Turnfelt himself, though industrious and methodical and an excellent gardener, still, his mental processes are not quite what I had hoped for. When he first came, I made him free of the library. He began at the case nearest the door, which contains thirty-seven volumes of Pansy's works. Finally, after he had spent four months on Pansy, I suggested a change, and sent him home with "Huckleberry Finn." But he brought it back in a few days, and shook his head. He says that after reading Pansy, anything else seems tame. I am afraid I shall have to look about for some one a little more up-and-coming. But at least, compared with Sterry, Turnfelt is a scholard!

And speaking of Sterry, he paid us a social call a few days ago, in quite a chastened frame of mind. It seems that the "rich city feller" whose estate he has been managing no longer needs his services; and Sterry has graciously consented to return to us and let the children have gardens if they wish. I kindly, but convincingly, declined his offer.

Friday.

I came back from Pleasantville last night with a heart full of envy. Please, Mr. President, I want some gray stucco cottages, with Luca della Robbia figures baked into the front. They have nearly 700 children there, and all sizable youngsters. Of course that makes a very different problem from my hundred and seven, ranging from babyhood up. But I borrowed from their superintendent several very fancy ideas. I 'm dividing my chicks into big and little sisters and brothers, each big one to have a little one to love and help and fight for. Big sister Sadie Kate has to see that little sister Gladiola always has her hair neatly combed and her stockings pulled up and knows her lessons and gets a touch of petting and her share of candy—very pleasant for Gladiola, but especially developing for Sadie Kate.

Also I am going to start among our older children a limited form of self-government such as we had in college. That will help fit them to go out into the world and govern themselves when they get there. This shoving children into the world at the age of sixteen seems terribly merciless. Five of my children are ready to be shoved, but I can't bring myself to do it. I keep remembering my own irresponsible silly young self, and wondering what would have happened to me had I been turned out to work at the age of sixteen!

I must leave you now to write an interesting letter to my politician in Washington, and it 's hard work. What have I to say that will interest a politician? I can't do anything any more but babble about babies, and he would n't care if every baby was swept from the face of the earth. Oh, yes, he would, too! I 'm afraid I 'm slandering him. Babies—at least boy babies—grow into voters.

Good-by.

SALLIE.

Dearest Judy:

If you expect a cheerful letter from me the day, don't read this. The life of man is a wintry road. Fog, snow, rain, slush, drizzle, cold—such weather! such weather! And you in dear Jamaica with the sunshine and the orange-blossoms!

We 've got whooping-cough, and you can hear us whoop when you get off the train two miles away. We don't know how we got it—just one of the pleasures of institution life. Cook has left,—in the night,—what the Scotch call a "moonlicht flitting." I don't know how she got her trunk away, but it 's gone. The kitchen fire went with her. The pipes are frozen. The plumbers are here, and the kitchen floor is all ripped up. One of our horses has the spavin. And, to crown all, our cheery, resourceful Percy is down, down, down in the depths of despair. We have not been quite certain for three days past whether we could keep him from suicide. The girl in Detroit,—I knew she was a heartless little minx,—without so much as going through the formality of sending back his ring, has gone and married herself to a man and a couple of automobiles and a yacht. It is the best thing that could ever have happened to Percy, but it will be a long, long time before he realizes it.

We have our twenty-four Indians back in the house with us. I was sorry to have to bring them in, but the shacks were scarcely planned for winter quarters. I have stowed them away very comfortably, however, thanks to the spacious iron verandas surrounding our new fire-escape. It was a happy idea of Jervis's having them glassed in for sleeping-porches. The babies' sun-parlor is a wonderful addition to our nursery. We can fairly see the little tots bloom under the influence of that extra air and sunshine.

With the return of the Indians to civilized life, Percy's occupation was ended, and he was supposed to remove himself to the hotel. But he did n't want to remove himself. He has got used to orphans, he says, and he would miss not seeing them about. I think the truth is that he is feeling so miserable over his wrecked engagement that he is afraid to be alone; he needs something to occupy every waking moment out of banking hours. And goodness knows we 're glad enough to keep him! He has been wonderful with those youngsters, and they need a man's influence. But what on earth to do with the man? As you discovered last summer, this spacious château does not contain a superabundance of guest-rooms. He has finally fitted himself into the doctor's laboratory, and the medicines have moved themselves to a closet down the hall. He and the doctor fixed it up between them, and if they are willing to be mutually inconvenienced, I have no fault to find.

Mercy! I 've just looked at the calendar, and it 's the eighteenth, with Christmas only a week away. However shall we finish all our plans in a week? The chicks are making presents for one another, and something like a thousand secrets have been whispered in my ear.

Snow last night. The boys have spent the morning in the woods, gathering evergreens and drawing them home on sleds; and twenty girls are spending the afternoon in the laundry, winding wreaths for the windows. I don't know how we are going to do our washing this week. We were planning to keep the Christmas-tree a secret, but fully fifty children have been boosted up to the carriage-house window to take a peep at it, and I am afraid the news has spread among the remaining fifty-seven.

At your insistence, we have sedulously fostered the Santa Claus myth, but it does

n't meet with much credence. "Why did n't he ever come before?" was Sadie Kate's skeptical question. But Santa Claus is undoubtedly coming this time. I asked the doctor, out of politeness, to play the chief rôle at our Christmas-tree; and being certain ahead of time that he was going to refuse, I had already engaged Percy as an understudy. But there is no counting on a Scotchman. Sandy accepted with unprecedented graciousness, and I had privately to unengage Percy!

Tuesday.

Is n't it funny, the way some inconsequential people have of pouring out whatever happens to be churning about in their minds at the moment? They seem to have no residue of small talk, and are never able to dismiss a crisis in order to discuss the weather.

This is apropos of a call I received today. A woman had come to deliver her sister's child—sister in a sanatorium for tuberculosis; we to keep the child until the mother is cured, though I fear, from what I hear, that will never be. But, anyway, all the arrangements had been made, and the woman had merely to hand in the little girl and retire. But having a couple of hours between trains, she intimated a desire to look about, so I showed her the kindergarten-rooms and the little crib that Lily will occupy, and our yellow dining-room, with its frieze of bunnies, in order that she might report as many cheerful details as possible to the poor mother. After this, as she seemed tired, I socially asked her to walk into my parlor and have a cup of tea. Doctor MacRae, being at hand and in a hungry mood (a rare state for him; he now condescends to a cup of tea with the officers of this institution about twice a month), came, too, and we had a little party.

The woman seemed to feel that the burden of entertainment rested upon her, and by way of making conversation, she told us that her husband had fallen in love with the girl who sold tickets at a moving-picture show (a painted, yellow-haired thing who chewed gum like a cow, was her description of the enchantress), and he spent all of his money on the girl, and never came home except when he was drunk. Then he smashed the furniture something awful. An easel, with her mother's picture on it, that she had had since before she was married, he had thrown down just for the pleasure of hearing it crash. And finally she had just got too tired to live, so she drank a bottle of swamp-root because somebody had told her it was poison if you took it all at once. But it did n't kill her; it only made her sick. And he came back, and said he would choke her if she ever tried that on him again; so she guessed he must still care something for her. All this quite casually while she stirred her tea.

I tried to think of something to say, but it was a social exigency that left me dumb. But Sandy rose to the occasion like a gentleman. He talked to her beautifully and sanely, and sent her away actually uplifted. Our Sandy, when he tries, can be exceptionally nice, particularly to people who have no claim upon him. I suppose it is a matter of professional etiquette—part of a doctor's business to heal the spirit as well as the body. Most spirits appear to need it in this world. My caller has left me needing it. I have been wondering ever since what I should do if I married a man who deserted me for a chewing-gum girl, and who came home and smashed the bric-à-brac. I suppose, judging from the theaters this winter, that it is a thing that might happen to any one, particularly in the best society.

You ought to be thankful you 've got Jervis. There is something awfully certain about a man like him. The longer I live, the surer I am that character is the only thing that counts. But how on earth can you ever tell? Men are so good at talking!

Good-by, and a merry Christmas to Jervis and both Judies.

S. McB.

P.S. It would be a pleasant attention if you would answer my letters a little more promptly.

John Grier Home, December 29.

Dear Judy:

Sadie Kate has spent the week composing a Christmas letter to you, and it leaves nothing for me to tell. Oh, we 've had a wonderful time! Besides all the presents and games and fancy things to eat, we have had hay-rides and skating-parties and candy-pulls. I don't know whether these pampered little orphans will ever settle down again into normal children.

Many thanks for my six gifts. I like them all, particularly the picture of Judy, Junior; the tooth adds a pleasant touch to her smile.

You 'll be glad to hear that I 've placed out Hattie Heaphy in a minister's family, and a dear family they are; they never blinked an eyelash when I told them about the communion-cup. They 've given her to themselves for a Christmas present, and she went off so happily, clinging to her new father's hand!

I won't write more now, because fifty children are writing thank-you letters, and poor Aunt Judy will be buried beneath her mail when this week's steamer gets in.

My love to the Pendletons.

S. McB.

P.S. Singapore sends his love to Togo, and is sorry he bit him on the ear.

John Grier Home, December 30.

Oh dear, Gordon, I have been reading the most upsetting book!

I tried to talk some French the other day, and not making out very well, decided that I had better take my French in hand if I did n't want to lose it entirely. That Scotch doctor of ours has mercifully abandoned my scientific education, so I have a little time at my own disposal. By some unlucky chance I began with "Numa Roumestan," by Daudet. It is a terribly disturbing book for a girl to read who is engaged to a politician. Read it, Gordon dear, and assiduously train your character away from *Numa's*. It 's the story of a politician who is disquietingly fascinating (like you). Who is adored by all who know him (like you). Who has a most persuasive way of talking and makes wonderful speeches (again like you). He is worshiped by everybody, and they all say to his wife, "What a happy life you must lead, knowing so intimately that wonderful man!"

But he was n't very wonderful when he came home to her—only when he had an audience and applause. He would drink with every casual acquaintance, and be gay and bubbling and expansive; and then return morose and sullen and down. *"Joie de rue, douleur de maison,"* is the burden of the book.

I read it till twelve last night, and honestly I did n't sleep for being scared. I know you 'll be angry, but really and truly, Gordon dear, there 's just a touch too much truth in it for my entire amusement. I did n't mean even to refer again to that unhappy matter of August 20,—we talked it all out at the time,—but you know perfectly that you need a bit of watching. And I don't like the idea. I want to have a feeling of absolute confidence and stability about the man I marry. I never could live in a state of anxious waiting for him to come home.

Read "Numa" for yourself, and you 'll see the woman's point of view. I 'm not patient or meek or long-suffering in any way, and I 'm a little afraid of what I 'm capable of doing if I have the provocation. My heart has to be in a thing in order to make it work, and, oh, I do so want our marriage to work!

Please forgive me for writing all this. I don't mean that I really think you 'll be a "joy of the street, and sorrow of the home." It 's just that I did n't sleep last night, and I feel sort of hollow behind the eyes.

May the year that 's coming bring good counsel and happiness and tranquillity to both of us!

As ever,

S.

January 1.

Dear Judy:

Something terribly sort of queer has happened, and positively I don't know whether it did happen or whether I dreamed it. I 'll tell you from the beginning, and I think it might be as well if you burned this letter; it 's not quite proper for Jervis's eyes.

You remember my telling you the case of Thomas Kehoe, whom we placed out last June? He had an alcoholic heredity on both sides, and as a baby seems to have been fattened on beer instead of milk. He entered the John Grier at the age of nine, and twice, according to his record in the Doomsday Book, he managed to get himself intoxicated, once on beer stolen from some workmen, and once (and thoroughly) on cooking brandy. You can see with what misgivings we placed him out; but we warned the family (hard-working temperate farming-people) and hoped for the best.

Yesterday the family telegraphed that they could keep him no longer. Would I please meet him on the six o'clock train? Turnfelt met the six o'clock train. No boy. I sent a night message telling of his non-arrival and asking for particulars.

I stayed up later than usual last night putting my desk in order and—sort of making up my mind to face the New Year. Toward twelve I suddenly realized that the hour was late and that I was very tired. I had begun getting ready for bed when I was startled by a banging on the front door. I stuck my head out of the window and demanded who was there.

"Tommy Kehoe," said a very shaky voice.

I went down and opened the door, and that lad, sixteen years old, tumbled in, dead drunk. Thank Heaven! Percy Witherspoon was within call, and not away off in the Indian camp! I roused him, and together we conveyed Thomas to our guest-room, the only decently isolated spot in the building. Then I telephoned for the doctor, who, I am afraid, had already had a long day. He came, and we put in a pretty terrible night. It developed afterward that the boy had brought along with his luggage a bottle of liniment belonging to his employer. It was made half of alcohol and half of witch-hazel; and Thomas had refreshed his journey with this!

He was in such shape that positively I did n't think we 'd pull him through—and I hoped we would n't. If I were a physician, I 'd let such cases gently slip away for the good of society; but you should have seen Sandy work! That terrible life-saving instinct of his was aroused, and he fought with every inch of energy he possessed.

I made black coffee, and helped all I could, but the details were pretty messy, and I left the two men to deal with him alone and went back to my room. But I did n't attempt to go to bed; I was afraid they might be wanting me again. Toward four o'clock Sandy came to my library with word that the boy was asleep and that Percy had moved up a cot and would sleep in his room the rest of the night. Poor Sandy looked sort of ashen and haggard and done with life. As I looked at him, I thought about how desperately he worked to save others, and never saved himself, and about that dismal home of his, with never a touch of cheer, and the horrible tragedy in the background of his life. All the rancor I 've been saving up seemed to vanish, and a wave of sympathy swept over me. I stretched my hand out to him; he stretched his out to me. And suddenly—I don't know—something electric happened. In another moment we were in each other's arms. He loosened my hands, and put me down in the big arm-chair. "My God! Sallie, do you think I 'm made of iron?" he said and walked out. I went to sleep in the chair, and when I woke the sun was shining in my eyes and Jane was standing over me in amazed consternation.

This morning at eleven he came back, looked me coldly in the eye without so much as the flicker of an eyelash, and told me that Thomas was to have hot milk

every two hours and that the spots in Maggie Peters's throat must be watched.

Here we are back on our old standing, and positively I don't know but what I dreamed that one minute in the night!

But it would be a piquant situation, would n't it, if Sandy and I should discover that we were falling in love with each other, he with a perfectly good wife in the insane asylum and I with an outraged fiancé in Washington? I don't know but what the wisest thing for me to do is to resign at once and take myself home, where I can placidly settle down to a few months of embroidering "S. McB." on table-cloths, like any other respectable engaged girl.

I repeat very firmly that this letter is n't for Jervis's consumption. Tear it into little pieces and scatter them in the Caribbean.

S.

January 3.

Dear Gordon:

You are right to be annoyed. I know I 'm not a satisfactory love-letter writer. I have only to glance at the published correspondence of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning to realize that the warmth of my style is not up to standard. But you know already—you have known a long time—that I am not a very emotional person. I suppose I might write a lot of such things as: "Every waking moment you are in my thoughts." "My dear boy, I only live when you are near." But it would n't be absolutely true. You don't fill all my thoughts; 107 orphans do that. And I really am quite comfortably alive whether you are here or not. I have to be natural. You surely don't want me to pretend more desolation than I feel. But I do love to see you,—you know that perfectly,—and I am disappointed when you can't come. I fully appreciate all your charming qualities, but, my dear boy, I *can't* be sentimental on paper. I am always thinking about the hotel chambermaid who reads the letters you casually leave on your bureau. You need n't expostulate that you carry them next your heart, for I know perfectly well that you don't.

Forgive me for that last letter if it hurt your feelings. Since I came to this asylum I am extremely touchy on the subject of drink; you would be, too, if you had seen what I have seen. Several of my chicks are the sad result of alcoholic parents, and they are never going to have a fair chance all their lives. You can't look about a place like this without "aye keeping up a terrible thinking."

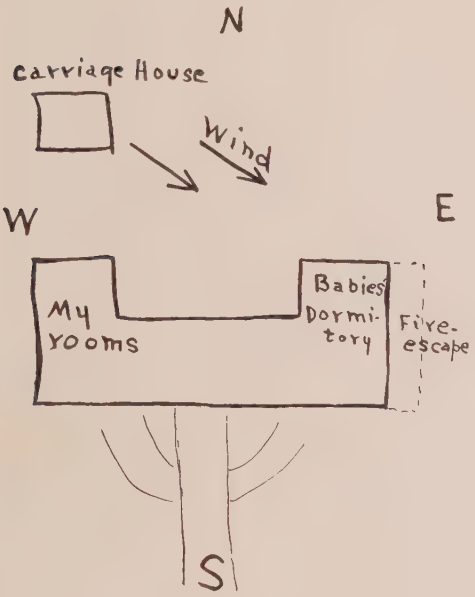
You are right, I am afraid, about it 's being a woman's trick to make a great show of forgiving a man, and then never letting him hear the end of it. Well, Gordon, I positively don't know what the word "forgiving" means. It can't include "forgetting," for that is a physiological process, and does not result from an act of the will. We all have a collection of memories that we would happily lose, but somehow those are just the ones that insist upon sticking. If "forgiving" means promising never to speak of a thing again, I can doubtless manage that. But it is n't always the wisest way to shut an unpleasant memory inside you. It grows and grows, and runs all through you like a poison.

Oh dear! I really did n't mean to be saying all this. I try to be the cheerful, care-free (and somewhat light-headed) Sallie you like best; but I 've come in touch with a great deal of *realness* during this last year, and I 'm afraid I 've grown into a very different person from the girl you fell in love with. I 'm no longer a gay young thing playing with life. I know it pretty thoroughly now, and that means that I can't be always laughing.

I know this is another beastly uncheerful letter,—as bad as the last, and maybe worse,—but if you knew what we 've just been through! A boy—sixteen—of unspeakable heredity has nearly poisoned himself with a disgusting mixture of alcohol and witch-hazel. We have been working three days over him, and are just sure now that he is going to recuperate sufficiently to do it again! "It 's a gude warld, but they 're ill that 's in 't."

Please excuse that Scotch! It slipped out. Please excuse everything!

SALLIE.



January 10.

Dear Judy:

I hope my two cablegrams did n't give you too dreadful a shock. I would have waited to let the first news come by letter, with a chance for details, but I was so afraid you might hear it in some indirect way. The whole thing is dreadful enough, but no lives were lost, and only one serious accident. We can't help shuddering at the thought of how much worse it might have been, with over a hundred sleeping children in this fire-trap of a building. That new fire-escape was absolutely useless. The wind was blowing toward it, and the flames simply enveloped it. We saved them all by the center stairs—but I 'll begin at the beginning, and tell the whole story.

It had rained all day Friday, thanks to a merciful Providence, and the roofs were thoroughly soaked. Toward night it began to freeze, and the rain turned to sleet. By ten o'clock, when I went to bed, the wind was blowing a terrible gale from the northwest, and everything loose about the building was banging and rattling. About two o'clock I suddenly started wide awake, with a bright light in my eyes. I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The carriage-house was a mass of flames, and a shower of sparks was sweeping over our eastern wing. I ran to the bath-room and leaned out of the window. I could see that the roof over the nursery was already blazing in half a dozen places.

Well, my dear, my heart just simply did n't beat for as much as a minute. I thought of those seventeen babies up under that roof, and I could n't swallow. I finally managed to get my shaking knees to work again, and I dashed back to the hall, grabbing my automobile coat as I ran.

I drummed on Betsy's and Miss Matthew's and Miss Snaith's doors, just as Mr. Witherspoon, who had also been wakened by the light, came tumbling upstairs three steps at a time, struggling into an overcoat as he ran.

"Get all the children down to the dining-room, babies first," I gasped. "I 'll turn in the alarm."

He dashed on up to the third floor while I ran to the telephone—and oh, I thought I 'd never get Central! She was sound asleep.

"The John Grier Home is burning! Turn in the fire-alarm and rouse the village. Give me 505," I said.

In one second I had the doctor. Maybe I was n't glad to hear his cool, unexcited voice!

"We 're on fire!" I cried. "Come quick, and bring all the men you can!"

"I 'll be there in fifteen minutes. Fill the bath-tubs with water and put in blankets." And he hung up.

I dashed back to the hall. Betsy was ringing our fire-bell, and Percy had already routed out his Indian tribes in dormitories B and C.

Our first thought was not to stop the fire, but to get the children to a place of safety. We began in G, and went from crib to crib, snatching a baby and a blanket, and rushing them to the door, and handing them out to the Indians, who lugged them down-stairs. Both G and

F were full of smoke, and the children so dead asleep that we could n't rouse them to a walking state.

Many times during the next hour did I thank Providence—and Percy Witherspoon—for those vociferous fire-drills we have suffered weekly. The twenty-four oldest boys, under his direction, never lost their heads for a second. They divided into four tribes, and sprang to their posts like little soldiers. Two tribes helped in the work of clearing the dormitories and keeping the terrified children in order. One tribe worked the hose from the cupola tank until the firemen came, and the rest devoted themselves to salvage. They spread sheets on the floor, dumped the contents of lockers and bureau drawers into them, and bundled them down the stairs. All of the extra clothes were saved except those the children had actually been wearing the day before, and most of the staff's things. But clothes, bedding—everything belonging to G and F went. The rooms were too full of smoke to make it safe to enter after we had got out the last child.

By the time the doctor arrived with Luellen and two neighbors he had picked up, we were marching the last dormitory down to the kitchen, the most remote corner from the fire. The poor chicks were mainly barefooted and wrapped in blankets; we told them to bring their clothes when we wakened them, but in their fright they thought only of getting out.

By this time the halls were so full of smoke we could scarcely breathe. It looked as though the whole building would go, though the wind was blowing away from my west wing.

Another automobile full of retainers from Knowltop came up almost immediately, and they all fell to fighting the fire. The regular fire department did n't come for ten minutes after that. You see, they have only horses, and we are three miles out, and the roads pretty bad. It was a dreadful night, cold and sleety, and such a wind blowing that you could scarcely stand up. The men climbed out on the roof, and worked in their stocking-feet to keep from slipping off. They beat out the sparks with wet blankets, and chopped, and squirted that tankful of water, and behaved like heroes.

The doctor meanwhile took charge of the children. Our first thought was to get them away to a place of safety, for if the whole building should go, we could n't march them out of doors into that awful wind, with only their night-clothes and blankets for protection. By this time several more automobiles full of men had come, and we requisitioned the cars.

Knowltop had providentially been opened for the week-end in order to entertain a house-party in honor of the old gentleman's sixty-seventh birthday. He was one of the first to arrive, and he put his entire place at our disposal. It was the nearest refuge, and we accepted it instantaneously. We bundled our twenty littlest tots into cars, and ran them down to the house. The guests, who were excitedly dressing in order to come to the fire, received the chicks and tucked them away into their own beds. This pretty well filled up all the available house room, but Mr. Reimer (Mr. Knowltop's family name) has just built a big new stucco barn, with a garage hitched to it, all nicely heated, and ready for us.

After the babies were disposed of in the house, those helpful guests got to work and fixed the barn to receive the next older kiddies. They covered the floor with hay, and spread blankets and carriage robes over it, and bedded down thirty of the children in rows like little calves. Miss Matthews and a nurse went with them, administered hot milk all around, and within half an hour the tots were sleeping as peacefully as in their little cribs.

But meanwhile we at the house were having sensations. The doctor's first question upon arrival had been:

"You 've counted the children? You know they 're all here?"

"We 've made certain that every dormitory was empty before we left it," I replied.

You see, they could n't be counted in

"'Do you think I 'm made of iron?' he said and walked out"

Drawing by Herman Pfeifer

ART INSTITUTE CHICAGO RYERSON LIBRARY

that confusion; twenty or so of the boys were still in the dormitories, working under Percy Witherspoon to save clothing and furniture, and the older girls were sorting over bushels of shoes and trying to fit them to the little ones, who were running about underfoot and wailing dismally.

Well, after we had loaded and despatched about seven car-loads of children, the doctor suddenly called out:

"Where 's Allegra?"

There was a horrified silence. No one had seen her. And then Miss Snaith stood up and *shrieked*. Betsy took her by the shoulders, and shook her into coherence.

It seems that she had thought Allegra was coming down with a cough, and in order to get her out of the cold, had moved her crib from the fresh-air nursery into the store-room—and then forgotten it.

Well, my dear, you know where the store-room is! We simply stared at one another with white faces. By this time the whole east wing was gutted and the third-floor stairs in flames. There did n't seem a chance that the child was still alive. The doctor was the first to move. He snatched up a wet blanket that was lying in a soppy pile on the floor of the hall and sprang for the stairs. We yelled to him to come back. It simply looked like suicide; but he kept on, and disappeared into the smoke. I dashed outside and shouted to the firemen on the roof. The store-room window was too little for a man to go through, and they had n't opened it for fear of creating a draft.

I can't describe what happened in the next agonizing ten minutes. The third-floor stairs fell in with a crash and a burst of flame about five seconds after the doctor passed over them. We had given him up for lost when a shout went up from the crowd on the lawn, and he appeared for an instant at one of those dormer-windows in the attic, and called for the firemen to put up a ladder. Then he disappeared, and it seemed to us that they 'd never get that ladder in place; but they finally did, and two men went up. The opening of the window had created a draft, and they were almost overpowered by the volume of smoke that burst out at the top. After an eternity the doctor appeared again with a white bundle in his arms. He passed it out to the men, and then he staggered back and dropped out of sight!

I don't know what happened for the next few minutes; I turned away and shut my eyes. Somehow or other they got him out and half-way down the ladder, and then they let him slip. You see, he was unconscious from all the smoke he 'd swallowed, and the ladder was slippery with ice and terribly wobbly. Anyway, when I looked again he was lying in a heap on the ground, with the crowd all running, and somebody yelling to give him air. They thought at first he was dead. But Dr. Metcalf from the village examined him, and said his leg was broken, and two ribs, and that aside from that he seemed whole. He was still unconscious when they put him on two of the baby mattresses that had been thrown out of the windows and laid him in the wagon that brought the ladders and started him home.

And the rest of us, left behind, kept right on with the work as though nothing had happened. The queer thing about a calamity like this is that there is so much to be done on every side that you don't have a moment to think, and you don't get any of your values straightened out until afterward. The doctor, without a moment's hesitation, had risked his life to save Allegra. It was the bravest thing I ever saw, and yet the whole business occupied only fifteen minutes out of that dreadful night. At the time it was just an incident.

And he saved Allegra. She came out of that blanket with rumpled hair and a look of pleased surprise at the new game of peek-a-boo. She was smiling! The child's escape was little short of a miracle. The fire had started within three feet of her wall, but owing to the direction of the wind, it had worked away from her.

If Miss Snaith had believed a little more in fresh air and had left the window open, the fire would have eaten back; but fortunately Miss Snaith does not believe in fresh air, and no such thing happened. If Allegra had gone, I never should have forgiven myself for not letting the Bretlands take her, and I know that Sandy would n't.

Despite all the loss, I can't be anything but happy when I think of the two horrible tragedies that have been averted; for seven minutes, while the doctor was penned in that blazing third floor, I lived through the agony of believing them both gone, and I start awake in the night trembling with horror.

But I 'll try to tell you the rest. The firemen and the volunteers—particularly the chauffeur and stablemen from "Knowltop"—worked all night in an absolute frenzy. Our newest negro cook, who is a heroine in her own right, went out and started the laundry fire and made up a boilerful of coffee. It was her own idea. The non-combatants served it to the firemen when they relieved one another for a short rest, and it helped.

We got the remainder of the children off to various hospitable houses, except the older boys, who worked all night as well as any one. It was absolutely inspiring to see the way this entire township turned out and helped. People who have n't appeared to know that the asylum existed came in the middle of the night and put their whole houses at our disposal. They took the children in, gave them hot baths and hot soup, and tucked them into bed. And so far as I can make out, not one of my one hundred and seven chicks is any the worse for hopping about on drenched floors in their bare feet, not even the whooping-cough cases.

It was broad daylight before the fire was sufficiently under control to let us know just what we had saved. I will report that my wing is entirely intact, though a little smoky, and the main corridor is pretty nearly all right up to the center staircase; after that everything is charred and drenched. The east wing is a blackened, roofless shell. Your hated Ward F, dear Judy, is gone forever. I wish that you could obliterate it from your mind as absolutely as it is obliterated from the earth. Both in substance and in spirit the old John Grier is done for.

I must tell you something funny; I never saw so many funny things in my life as happened through that night. When everybody there was in extreme negligée, most of the men in pajamas and ulsters, and all of them without collars, the Hon. Cyrus Wykoff put in a tardy appearance, arrayed as for an afternoon tea. He wore a pearl scarf-pin and white spats! But he really was extremely helpful. He put his entire house at our disposal, and I turned over to him Miss Snaith in a state of hysterics, and her nerves so fully occupied him that he did n't get in our way the whole night through.

I can't write any more details now; I 've never been so rushed in the whole of my life. I 'll just assure you that there 's no slightest reason for you to cut your trip short. Five trustees were on the spot early Saturday morning, and we are all working like mad to get affairs into some semblance of order. Our asylum at the present moment is scattered over the entire township; but don't be unduly anxious. We know where all the children are. None of them is permanently mislaid. I did n't know that perfect strangers could be so kind. My opinion of the human race has gone up.

I have n't seen the doctor. They telegraphed to New York for a surgeon, who set his leg. The break was pretty bad, and will take time; they don't think there are any internal injuries, though he is awfully battered up. As soon as we are allowed to see him I will send more detailed particulars. I really must stop if I am to catch to-morrow's steamer.

Good-by. Don't worry. There are a dozen silver linings to this cloud that I 'll write about to-morrow.

SALLIE.

P.S. Good heavens! here comes an automobile with J. F. Bretland in it!

John Grier Home, January 14.

Dear Judy:

Listen to this! J. F. Bretland read about our fire in a New York paper (I will say that the metropolitan press made the most of details), and he posted up here in a twitter of anxiety. His first question as he tumbled across our blackened threshold was, "Is Allegra safe?"

"Yes," said I.

"Thank God!" he cried, and dropped into a chair. "This is no place for children," he said severely, "and I have come to take her home. I want the boys, too," he added hastily before I had a chance to speak. "My wife and I have talked it over, and we have decided that since we are going to the trouble of starting a nursery, we might as well run it for three as for one."

I led him up to my library, where our little family has been domiciled since the fire, and ten minutes later, when I was called down to confer with the trustees, I left J. F. Bretland with his new daughter on his knee and a son leaning against each arm, the proudest father in the United States.

So, you see, our fire has accomplished one thing: those three children are settled for life. It is almost worth the loss.

But I don't believe I told you how the fire started. There are so many things I have n't told you that my arm aches at the thought of writing them all. Sterry, we have since discovered, was spending the week-end as our guest. After a bibulous evening passed at "Jack's Place," he returned to our carriage-house, climbed in through a window, lighted a candle, made himself comfortable, and dropped asleep. He must have forgotten to put out the candle; anyway, the fire happened, and Sterry just escaped with his life. He is now in the town hospital, bathed in sweet-oil, and painfully regretting his share in our troubles.

I am pleased to learn that our insurance was pretty adequate, so the money loss won't be so tremendous, after all. As for other kinds of loss, there are n't any. Actually, nothing but gain so far as I can make out, barring, of course, our poor smashed-up doctor. Everybody has been wonderful; I did n't know that so much charity and kindness existed in the human race. Did I ever say anything against trustees? I take it back. Four of them posted up from New York the morning after the fire, and all of the local people have been wonderful. Even the Hon. Cy has been so occupied in remaking the morals of the five orphans quartered upon him that he has n't caused any trouble at all.

The fire occurred early Saturday morning, and Sunday the ministers in all the churches called for volunteers to accept in their houses one or two children as guests for three weeks, until the asylum could get its plant into working order again.

It was inspiring to see the response. Every child was disposed of within half an hour. And consider what that means for the future: every one of those families is going to take a personal interest in this asylum from now on. Also, consider what it means for the children. They are finding out how a real family lives, and this is the first time that dozens of them have ever crossed the threshold of a private house.

As for more permanent plans to take us through the winter, listen to all this. The country club has a caddies' club-house which they don't use in winter and which they have politely put at our disposal. It joins our land on the back, and we are fitting it up for fourteen children, with Miss Matthews in charge. Our dining-room and kitchen still being intact, they will come here for meals and school, returning home at night all the better for half a mile walk. "The Pavilion on the Links" we are calling it.

Then that nice motherly Mrs. Wilson, next door to the doctor's,—she who has been so efficient with our little Loretta,—has agreed to take in five more at four dollars a week each. I am leaving with her some of the most promising older girls who have shown housekeeping instincts, and would like to learn cooking on a decently small scale. Mrs. Wilson and

her husband are such a wonderful couple, thrifty and industrious and simple and loving, I think it would do the girls good to observe them. A training class in wifehood!

I told you about the Knowltop people on the east of us, who took in forty-seven youngsters the night of the fire, and how their entire house-party turned themselves into emergency nurse-maids? We relieved them of thirty-six the next day, but they still have eleven. Did I ever call Mr. Knowltop a crusty old curmudgeon? I take it back. I beg his pardon. He 's a sweet lamb. Now, in the time of our need, what do you think that blessed man has done? He has fitted up an empty tenant house on the estate for our babies, has himself engaged an English trained baby-nurse to take charge, and furnishes them with the superior milk from his own model dairy. He says he has been wondering for years what to do with that milk. He can't afford to sell it, because he loses four cents on every quart!

The twelve older girls from dormitory A I am putting into the farmer's new cottage; the poor Turnfelts, who had occupied it just two days, are being shoved on into the village. But they would n't be any good in looking after the children, and I need their room. Three or four of these girls have been returned from foster-homes as intractable, and they require pretty efficient supervision. So what do you think I 've done? Telegraphed to Helen Brooks to chuck the publishers and take charge of my girls instead. You know she will be wonderful with them. She accepted provisionally. Poor Helen has had enough of this irrevocable contract business; she wants everything in life to be on trial!

For the older boys something particularly nice has happened; we have received a gift of gratitude from J. F. Bretland. He went down to thank the doctor for Allegra; they had a long talk about the needs of the institution, and J. F. B. came back and gave me a check for $3000 to build the Indian camps on a substantial scale. He and Percy and the village architect have drawn up plans, and in two weeks, we hope, the tribes will move into winter quarters.

What does it matter if my one hundred and seven children have been burned out, since they live in such a kind-hearted world as this?

Friday.

I suppose you are wondering why I don't vouchsafe some details about the doctor's condition. I can't give any first-hand information, since he won't see me. However, he has seen everybody except me—Betsy, Allegra, Mrs. Livermore, Mr. Bretland, Percy, various trustees; they all report that he is progressing as comfortably as could be expected with two broken ribs and a fractured fibula. That, I believe, is the professional name of the particular leg bone he broke. He does n't like to have a fuss made over him, and he won't pose gracefully as a hero. I myself, as grateful head of this institution, called on several different occasions to present my official thanks, but I was invariably met at the door with word that he was sleeping and did not wish to be disturbed. The first two times I believed Mrs. McGurk; after that—well, I know our doctor! So when it came time to send our little maid to prattle her unconscious good-bys to the man who had saved her life, I despatched her in charge of Betsy.

I have n't an idea what is the matter with the man. He was friendly enough last week, but now, if I want an opinion from him, I have to send Percy to extract it. I do think that he might see me as the superintendent of the asylum, even if he does n't wish our acquaintance to be on a personal basis. There is no doubt about it, our Sandy is Scotch!

Later.

It is going to require a fortune in stamps to get this letter to Jamaica, but I do want you to know all the news, and we have never had so many exhilarating things happen since 1876, when we were

founded. This fire has given us such a shock that we are going to be more alive for years to come. I believe that every institution ought to be burned to the ground every twenty-five years in order to get rid of old-fashioned equipment and obsolete ideas. I am superlatively glad now that we did n't spend Jervis's money last summer; it would have been intensively tragic to have had that burn. I don't mind so much about John Grier's, since he made it in a patent medicine which, I hear, contained opium.

As to the remnant of us that the fire left behind, it is already boarded up and covered with tar-paper, and we are living along quite comfortably in our portion of a house. It affords sufficient room for the staff and the children's dining-room and kitchen, and more permanent plans can be made later.

Do you perceive what has happened to us? The good Lord has heard my prayer, and the John Grier Home is a cottage institution!

I am,
The busiest person north of the equator,
S. McBride.

John Grier Home, January 16.

Dear Gordon:

Please, please behave yourself, and don't make things harder than they are. It 's absolutely out of the question for me to give up the asylum this instant. You ought to realize that I can't abandon my chicks just when they are so terribly in need of me. Neither am I ready to drop this blasted philanthropy. (You can see how your language looks in my handwriting!)

You have no cause to worry. I am not overworking. I am enjoying it; never was so busy and happy in my life. The papers made the fire out much more lurid than it really was. That picture of me leaping from the roof with a baby under each arm was overdrawn. One or two of the children have sore throats, and our poor doctor is in a plaster cast; but we 're all alive, thank Heaven! and are going to pull through without permanent scars.

I can't write details now; I 'm simply rushed to death. And don't come—please! Later, when things have settled just a little, you and I must have a talk about you and me, but I want time to think about it first.

S.

January 21.

Dear Judy:

Helen Brooks is taking hold of those fourteen fractious girls in a most masterly fashion. The job is quite the toughest I had to offer, and she likes it. I think she is going to be a valuable addition to our staff.

And I forgot to tell you about Punch. When the fire occurred, those two nice women who kept him all summer were on the point of catching a train for California, and they simply tucked him under their arms, along with their luggage, and carried him off. So Punch spends the winter in Pasadena, and I rather fancy he is theirs for good. Do you wonder that I am in an exalted mood over all these happenings?

Later.

Poor bereaved Percy has just been spending the evening with me, because I am supposed to understand his troubles. Why must I be supposed to understand everybody's troubles? It 's awfully wearing to be pouring out sympathy from an empty heart. The poor boy at present is pretty low, but I rather suspect—with Betsy's aid—that he will pull through. He is just on the edge of falling in love with Betsy, but he does n't know it. He 's in the stage now where he 's sort of enjoying his troubles; he feels himself a tragic hero, a man who has suffered deeply. But I notice that when Betsy is about, he offers cheerful assistance in whatever work is toward.

Gordon telegraphed to-day that he is coming to-morrow. I am dreading the interview, for I know we are going to have an altercation. He wrote the day after the fire and begged me to "chuck the

asylum" and get married immediately, and now he 's coming to argue it out. I can't make him understand that a job involving the happiness of one hundred or so children can't be chucked with such charming insouciance. I tried my best to keep him away, but, like the rest of his sex, he 's stubborn. Oh dear, I don't know what 's ahead of us! I wish I could glance into next year for a moment.

The doctor is still in his plaster cast, but I hear is doing well after a grumbly fashion. He is able to sit up a little every day and to receive a carefully selected list of visitors. Mrs. McGurk sorts them out at the door, and repudiates the ones she does n't like.

Good-by. I 'd write some more, but I 'm so sleepy that my eyes are shutting on me. (The idiom is Sadie Kate's.) I must go to bed and get some sleep against the one hundred and seven troubles of tomorrow.

With love to the Pendletons,

S. McB.

January 22.

Dear Judy:

This letter has nothing to do with the John Grier Home. It 's merely from Sallie McBride.

Do you remember when we read Huxley's letters our senior year? That book contained a phrase which has stuck in my memory ever since. "There is always a Cape Horn in one's life that one either weathers or wrecks oneself on." It 's terribly true; and the trouble is that you can't always recognize your Cape Horn when you see it. The sailing is sometimes pretty foggy, and you 're wrecked before you know it.

I 've been realizing of late that I have reached the Cape Horn of my own life. I entered upon my engagement to Gordon honestly and hopefully, but little by little I 've grown doubtful of the outcome. The girl he loves is not the *me* I want to be. It 's the *me* I 've been trying to grow away from all this last year. I 'm not sure she ever really existed. Gordon just imagined she did. Anyway, she does n't exist any more, and the only fair course both to him and to myself was to end it.

We no longer have any interests in common; we are not friends. He does n't comprehend it; he thinks that I am making it up, that all I have to do is to take an interest in his life, and everything will turn out happily. Of course I do take an interest when he 's with me. I talk about the things he wants to talk about, and he does n't know that there 's a whole part of me—the biggest part of me—that simply does n't meet him at any point. I pretend when I am with him. I am not myself, and if we were to live together in constant daily intercourse, I 'd have to keep on pretending all my life. He wants me to watch his face and smile when he smiles and frown when he frowns. He can't realize that I 'm an individual being just as much as he is.

I have social accomplishments. I dress well, I 'm spectacular, I would be an ideal hostess in a politician's household—and that 's why he likes me.

Anyway, I suddenly saw with awful distinctness that if I kept on I 'd be in a few years where Helen Brooks is. She 's a far better model of married life for me to contemplate just this moment than you, dear Judy. I think that such a spectacle as you and Jervis are a menace to society. You look so happy and peaceful and companionable that you induce a defenseless on-looker to rush off and snap up the first man she meets—and he 's always the wrong man.

Anyway, Gordon and I have quarreled definitely and finally. I should rather have ended without a quarrel, but considering his temperament,—and mine, too, I must confess,—we had to go off in a big smoky explosion. He came yesterday afternoon, after I 'd written him not to come, and we went walking over Knowltop. For three and a half hours we paced back and forth over that windy moor and discussed ourselves to the bottommost recesses of our beings. No one can ever say the break came through misunderstanding each other!

It ended by Gordon's going, never to return. As I stood there at the end and watched him drop out of sight over the brow of the hill, and realized that I was free and alone and my own master, well, Judy, such a sense of joyous relief, of freedom, swept over me! I can't tell you; I don't believe any happily married person could ever realize how wonderfully, beautifully *alone* I felt. I wanted to throw my arms out and embrace the whole waiting world that belonged suddenly to me. Oh, it is such a relief to have it settled! I faced the truth the night of the fire when I saw the old John Grier go, and realized that a new John Grier would be built in its place and that I would n't be here to do it. A horrible jealousy clutched at my heart. I could n't give it up, and during those agonizing moments while I thought we had lost our doctor, I realized what his life meant, and how much more significant than Gordon's. And I knew then that I could n't desert him; I had to go on and carry out all of the plans we made together.

I don't seem to be telling you anything but a mess of words, I am so full of such a mess of crowding emotions; I want to talk and talk and talk myself into coherence. But, anyway, I stood alone in the winter twilight, and I took a deep breath of clear cold air, and I felt beautifully, wonderfully, electrically free; and then I ran and leaped and skipped down the hill and across the pastures toward our iron confines, and I sang to myself. Oh, it was a scandalous proceeding, when, according to all precedent, I should have gone trailing home with a broken wing. I never gave one thought to poor Gordon, who was carrying a broken, bruised, betrayed heart to the railroad station.

As I entered the house I was greeted by the joyous clatter of the children trooping to their supper. They were suddenly *mine,* and lately, as my doom became more and more imminent, they had seemed fading away into little strangers. I seized the three nearest and hugged them hard. I have suddenly found such new life and exuberance, I feel as though I had been released from prison and were free. I feel,—oh, I 'll stop,—I just want you to know the truth. Don't show Jervis this letter, but tell him what 's in it in a decently subdued and mournful fashion.

It 's midnight now, and I 'm going to try to go to sleep. It 's wonderful not to be going to marry some one you don't want to marry. I 'm glad of all these children's needs, I 'm glad of Helen Brooks, and, yes, of the fire, and everything that has made me see clearly. There 's never been a divorce in my family, and they would have hated it.

I know I 'm horribly egotistical and selfish; I ought to be thinking of poor Gordon's broken heart. But really it would just be a pose if I pretended to be very sorrowful. He 'll find some one else with just as conspicuous hair as mine, who will make just as effective a hostess, and who won't be bothered by any of these damned modern ideas about public service and woman's mission and all the rest of the tomfoolery the modern generation of women is addicted to. (I paraphrase, and soften our young man's heartbroken utterances.)

Good-by, dear people. How I wish I could stand with you on your beach and look across the blue, blue sea! I salute the Spanish main.

Addio!

SALLIE.

January 27.

Dear Dr. MacRae:

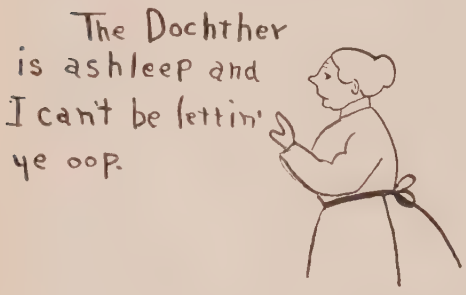
I wonder if this note will be so fortunate as to find you awake? Perhaps you are not aware that I have called four times to offer thanks and consolation in my best bedside manner? I am touched by the news that Mrs. McGurk's time is entirely occupied in taking in flowers and jelly and chicken broth, given by the adoring ladies of the parish to the ungracious hero in a plaster cast. I know that you find a cap of homespun more comfortable than a halo, but I really do think that you might have regarded me in a different light from the hysterical ladies

in question. You and I used to be friends (intermittently), and though there are one or two details in our past intercourse that might better be expunged, still I don't see why we should let them upset our entire relationship. Can't we be sensible and expunge them?

The fire has brought out such a lot of unexpected kindliness and charity, I wish it might bring out a little from you. You see, Sandy, I know you well. You may pose to the world as being gruff and curt and ungracious and scientific and inhuman and S C O T C H, but you can't fool me. My newly trained psychological eye has been upon you for ten months, and I have applied the Binet test. You are really kind and sympathetic and wise and forgiving and big, so please be at home the next time I come to see you, and we will perform a surgical operation upon Time and amputate five months.

Do you remember the Sunday afternoon we ran away, and what a nice time we had? It is now the day after that.

SALLIE MCBRIDE.



P.S. If I condescend to call upon you again, please condescend to see me, for I assure you I won't try more than once! Also, I assure you that I won't drip tears on your counterpane or try to kiss your hand, as I hear one admiring lady did.

John Grier Home, Thursday.

Dear Enemy:

You see, I 'm feeling very friendly toward you this moment. When I call you "MacRae" I don't like you, and when I call you "Enemy" I do.

Sadie Kate delivered your note (as an afterthought). And it 's a very creditable production for a left-handed man; I thought at first glance it was from Punch.

You may expect me to-morrow at four, and mind you 're awake! I 'm glad that you think we 're friends. Really, I feel that I 've got back something quite precious which I had carelessly mislaid.

S. MCB.

P.S. Java caught cold the night of the fire and he has the toothache. He sits and holds his cheek like a poor little kiddie.

Thursday, January 29.

Dear Judy:

Those must have been ten terribly incoherent pages I dashed off to you last week. Did you respect my command to destroy that letter? I should not care to have it appear in my collected correspondence. I know that my state of mind is disgraceful, shocking, scandalous, but one really can't help the way one feels. It is usually considered a pleasant sensation to be engaged, but, oh, it is nothing compared with the wonderful untrammeled, joyous, free sensation of being un-engaged! I have had a terribly unstable feeling these last few months, and now at last I am settled. No one ever looked forward to spinsterhood more thankfully than I.

Our fire, I have come to believe, was providential. It was sent from heaven to clear the way for a new John Grier. We are already deep in plans for cottages. I favor gray stucco, Betsy leans to brick, and Percy, half-timber. I don't know what our poor doctor would prefer; olive green with a mansard roof appears to be his taste.

With ten different kitchens to practise in, won't our children learn how to cook! I am already looking about for ten loving house mothers to put in charge. I think, in fact, I 'll search for eleven, in order to have one for Sandy. He 's as pathetically in need of a little mothering as any of the chicks. It must be pretty dispiriting to come home every night to the ministrations of Mrs. McGur-rk.

How I do not like that woman! She has with complacent firmness told me four different times that the dochther was ashleep and not wantin' to be dishturbed. I have n't set eyes on him yet, and I have just about finished being polite. However, I will waive judgment until to-morrow at four, when I am to pay a short, unexciting call of half an hour. He made the appointment himself, and if she tells me again that he is ashleep, I shall give her a gentle push and tip her over (she 's very fat and unstable) and, planting a foot firmly on her stomach, pursue my way tranquilly in and up. Luellen, formerly chauffeur, chambermaid, and gardener, is now also trained nurse. I am eager to see how he looks in a white cap and apron.

The mail has just come, with a letter from Mrs. Bretland, telling how happy they are to have the children. She inclosed their first photograph—all packed in a governess cart, with Clifford proudly holding the reins, and a groom at the pony's head. How is that for three late inmates of the John Grier Home? It 's all very inspiring when I think of their futures, but a trifle sad when I remember their poor father, and how he worked himself to death for those three chicks who are going to forget him. The Bretlands will do their best to accomplish that. They are jealous of any outside influence and want to make the babies wholly theirs. After all, I think the natural way is best—for each family to produce its own children, and keep them.

Friday.

I saw the doctor to-day. He 's a pathetic sight, consisting mostly of bandages. Somehow or other we got our misunderstandings all made up. Is n't it dreadful the way two human beings, both endowed with fair powers of speech, can manage to convey nothing of their psychological processes to each other? I have n't understood his mental attitude from the first, and he even yet does n't understand mine. This grim reticence that we Northern people struggle so hard to maintain! I don't know after all but that the excitable Southern safety-valve method is the best.

But, Judy, such a dreadful thing—do you remember last year when he visited that psychopathic institution, and stayed ten days, and I made such a silly fuss about it? Oh, my dear, the impossible things I do! He went to attend his wife's funeral. She died there in the institution. Mrs. McGurk knew it all the time, and might have added it to the rest of her news, but she did n't.

He told me all about her, very sweetly. The poor man for years and years has undergone a terrible strain, and I fancy her death is a blessed relief. He confesses that he knew at the time of his marriage that he ought not to marry her, he knew all about her nervous instability; but he thought, being a doctor, that he could overcome it, and she was beautiful! He gave up his city practice and came to the country on her account. And then after the little girl's birth she went all to pieces, and he had to "put her away," to use Mrs. McGurk's phrase. The child is six now, a sweet, lovely little thing to look at, but, I judge from what he said, quite abnormal. He has a trained nurse with her always. Just think of all that tragedy looming over our poor patient good doctor, for he is patient, despite being the most impatient man that ever lived!

Thank Jervis for his letter. He 's a dear man, and I 'm glad to see him getting his deserts. What fun we are going to have when you get back to Shadyweli, and we lay our plans for a new John Grier! I feel as though I had spent this past year learning, and am now just ready to begin. We 'll turn this into the nicest orphan-asylum that ever lived. I 'm so absurdly happy at the prospect that I start in the morning with a spring, and go about my various businesses singing inside.

The John Grier Home sends its blessing to the two best friends it ever had!

Addio!

SALLIE.

John Grier Home, Saturday at
half-past six in the morning!

My dearest Enemy:

"Some day soon something nice is going to happen."

Were n't you surprised when you woke up this morning and remembered the truth? I was! I could n't think for about two minutes what made me so happy.

It 's not light yet, but I 'm wide awake and excited and having to write to you. I shall despatch this note by the first to-be-trusted little orphan who appears, and it will go up on your breakfast tray along with your oatmeal.

I shall follow *very promptly* at four o'clock this afternoon. Do you think Mrs. McGurk will ever countenance the scandal if I stay two hours, and no orphan for a chaperon?

It was in all good faith, Sandy, that I promised not to kiss your hand or drip tears on the counterpane, but I 'm afraid I did both—or worse! Positively, I did n't suspect how much I cared for you till I crossed the threshold and saw you propped up against the pillows, all covered with bandages, and your hair singed off. You are a sight! If I love you now, when fully one third of you is in plaster of Paris and surgical dressing, you can imagine how I 'm going to love you when it 's all you!

But my dear, dear Robin, what a foolish man you are! How should I ever have dreamed all these months that you were caring for me when you acted so abominably SCOTCH? With most men, behavior like yours would not be considered a mark of affection. I wish you had just given me a glimmering of an idea of the truth, and maybe you would have saved us both a few heartaches.

But we must n't be looking back; we must look forward and be grateful. The two happiest things in life are going to be ours, a *friendly* marriage and work that we love.

Yesterday, after leaving you, I walked back to the asylum sort of dazed. I wanted to get by myself and *think*, but instead of being by myself, I had to have Betsy and Percy and Mrs. Livermore for dinner (already invited) and then go down and talk to the children. Friday night—social evening. They had a lot of new records for the phonograph, given by Mrs. Livermore, and I had to sit politely and listen to them. And, my dear—you 'll think this funny—the last thing they played was "John Anderson, my jo, John," and suddenly I found myself crying! I had to snatch up the nearest orphan and hug her hard, with my head buried in her shoulder, to keep them all from seeing.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter doun, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

I wonder, when we are old and bent and tottery, can you and I look back, with no regrets, on mony a canty day we 've had wi' ane anither? It 's nice to look forward to, is n't it—a life of work and play and little daily adventures side by side with somebody you love? I 'm not afraid of the future any more. I don't mind growing old with you, Sandy. "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in."

The reason I 've grown to love these orphans is because they need me so, and

that 's the reason—at least one of the reasons—I 've grown to love you. You 're a pathetic figure of a man, my dear, and since you won't make yourself comfortable, you must be *made* comfortable.

We 'll build a house on the hillside just beyond the asylum—how does a yellow Italian villa strike you, or preferably a pink one? Anyway, it won't be green. And it won't have a mansard roof. And we 'll have a big cheerful living-room, all fireplace and windows and view, and no McGURK. Poor old thing! won't she be in a temper and cook you a dreadful dinner when she hears the news! But we won't tell her for a long, long time—or anybody else. It 's too scandalous a proceeding right on top of my own broken engagement. I wrote to Judy last night, and with unprecedented self-control I never let fall so much as a hint. I 'm growing Scotch mysel'!

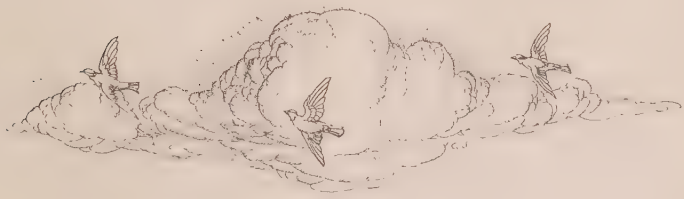
Perhaps I did n't tell you the exact truth, Sandy, when I said I had n't known how much I cared. I think it came to me the night the John Grier burned. When you were up under that blazing roof, and for the half hour that followed, when we did n't know whether or not you would live, I can't tell you what agonies I went through. It seemed to me, if you did go, that I would never get over it all my life; that somehow to have let the best friend I ever had pass away with a dreadful chasm of misunderstanding between us—well—I could n't wait for the moment when I should be allowed to see you and talk out all that I have been shutting inside me for five months. And then—you know that you gave strict orders to keep me out; and it hurt me dreadfully. How should I suspect that you really wanted to see me more than any of the others, and that it was just that terrible Scotch moral sense that was holding you back? You are a very good actor, Sandy. But, my dear, if ever in our lives again we have the tiniest little cloud of a misunderstanding, let 's promise not to shut it up inside ourselves, but to *talk*.

Last night, after they all got off,—early, I am pleased to say, since the chicks no longer live at home,—I came up-stairs and finished my letter to Judy, and then I looked at the telephone and struggled with temptation. I wanted to call up 505 and say good night to you. But I did n't dare. I 'm still quite respectably bashful! So, as the next best thing to talking with you, I got out Burns and read him for an hour. I dropped asleep with all those Scotch love-songs running in my head, and here I am at daybreak writing them to you.

Good-by, Robin lad, I lo'e you weel.

SALLIE.

THE END



Open-air Schools for Normal Children

By HAZEL H. ADLER

Lead your child out into Nature. Tutor him on the hilltop and in the valley. There will he listen better, and the sense of freedom will give him more strength to overcome difficulties.—PESTALOZZI.

THE responsibility for education has gradually been shifting from the shoulders of the individual child to those of the physician and the educator. The dunce-cap has been relegated to the scrap-heap. Backwardness is no longer considered a disgrace or misdemeanor, but the result of specific physical causes. We have learned to deal scientifically and sympathetically with the defective and the delinquent, to act with chivalry toward the weak and the unfit; but the rights of the great majority of average children, which have clamored less dramatically for our comprehension, have been left groping on the way.

Fresh air and freedom are theoretically recognized as the heritage of childhood. But the fact remains that, proportionately as the preventive and curative properties of the open air have been more and more widely demonstrated in medicine, it has come to be excluded in a greater and greater degree from the ventilation of our school-rooms, to be replaced by an increasingly complex mechanical system, until to open a window in winter is to discredit the entire system. At the same time we have been forcing our children to sit for long hours at their desks in a closed school-room, with a growing burden of extra work to keep them confined at home, so that all that is left them of their heritage must be crowded into one or two hours at the fag-end of day.

The open-air school movement for sickly and anemic children, which has taken deep root in Germany, England, and America, with its emphasis on the physical basis of mentality and its simplification and vitalization of the school curriculum, has done more to open the eyes of interested people to some of the misconceptions of our common education than ten or twenty years of gradual evolution. Designed to meet the requirements of special classes, open-air schools have come to bear in themselves a formidable challenge to the old and established order, and to point the way definitely to the accomplishment of certain ideals in education that have long been trembling on the brink of perception.

The original experiment was undertaken eleven years ago in a vast wood on the outskirts of the town of Charlottenburg, Germany. The children were chosen from among those in the public schools whose mental retardation seemed due to physical debility, and the object was primarily to build up their bodies while affording them an opportunity to learn at the same time, if possible.

The buildings consisted of rude sheds open to the air on one, two, and three sides. The children came at eight o'clock in the morning, and were kept well fed and clean. Instruction was reduced to the most practical and necessary subjects, and was given in half-hour periods, with five-minute intervals for exercise between. The actual study covered only a stretch of two consecutive hours, the rest of the day being given over to teaching the children how to observe and use their powers of reasoning and adaptation.

Excursions were made in connection with geography, history, and nature

study. There was a great deal of rough handwork which exercised the coarser muscles, and some pottery, weaving, and drawing to gain control of the finer ones. Their arithmetic was related to the laying out of gardens and practical problems in measuring and building; they were taught the care of their bodies and of animals; and were themselves made to participate in the actual running of the school through the performance of duties that usually fell to servants and teachers.

An improvement in weight, vitality, reliability, and good temper was rapidly apparent, and some cases were entirely cured of incipient disease. These results, however, were not a matter of great surprise; but what was surprising was the fact that these children, while devoting to schoolwork somewhat less than half as much time as their companions in the regular schools, did not fall back in their studies, but were easily able to rejoin the classes they had left.

Of course the application of this educational idea to public-school methods of instruction involves changes so deep-seated and revolutionary that it can be approached only gradually and after many readjustments; but meanwhile the volume of fresh air in the world remains unlimited and readily accessible to those who can appreciate its value.

School practice, in its attempt to adjust itself to the tremendous strides in popular education, has been hampered by many conventions, the consequences of which have come to be regarded as more or less axiomatical, and received with a surprising amount of philosophic acceptance.

The stuffy school-room is proverbial. A person who is not accustomed to remaining in one for any length of time invariably experiences a feeling of relief in getting out into the air again, even when the room has been ventilated after the most approved methods. If it affects adults apathetically, what must its effect be on children, who are subjected to it as a matter of course?

In city schools the absence of color is pronounced in the children. Colds and contagious diseases are prevalent in winter, and there is so much fatigue at the end of the day that studies demanding mental acumen must be placed at the beginning of the program. All school-children are usually in poorer condition at the end of the term, and the mental and physical breakdowns and a susceptibility to disease at the adolescent period seem to be alarmingly increasing. Teachers suffer likewise. They are worn out at the end of the day from the high nervous tension and the wracking problems of discipline, and in poor health at the end of the year.

"Studies of air conditions in the classrooms for normal children," says Dr. Woodruff, Medical Inspector of the New York Public Schools, "revealed the fact that in most of them, as measured by present ventilating standards, they were very good. Yet the fact remained that teachers and children seemed to become 'run down' during the winter, while children already subnormal physically improved in the fresh-air classes for anemic children, and that the teachers in these classes reported themselves in much better condition at the end of the school year than prior to taking the classes."

Physicians are almost unanimously advocating the policy, which has proved effective in the treatment of the anemic classes, of throwing open the school-room windows winter and summer; of turning off the artificial ventilation and all but a little of the heat; of allowing the children to wear their outer garments if they desire, creating their own animal heat through physical exercise.

The first experiment of this kind was undertaken six years ago by Mr. Watt, principal of the Graham School, Chicago, with excellent results. Subsequently the idea was utilized in the reconstruction of the buildings of a large and modern high school in a suburb of Chicago, and it was discovered that the standard of scholarship among the students increased thirty per cent., while the expenses for fuel and current were decreased three thousand dollars. It has been found particularly advantageous in kindergartens throughout

the Middle West, and in some towns in Michigan has been adopted throughout the entire public-school system.

New York City, however, has put out the most concentrated effort in this direction. In the last three years the idea of these classes has been steadily increasing in favor, until now there are a hundred of them distributed over the schools of Manhattan and Brooklyn, with unanimity of impression enough to be highly suggestive.

One New York teacher reports:

> Children much brighter, more active, and more responsive. Self very much stronger, appetite improved. Never feel so tired and exhausted at the end of day as I did formerly. Would not wish to give up open-window class under any circumstance while possible to keep it.

Another states:

> For the last few years I have been troubled with tonsilitis. This year, not at all. The effect on some of the children has been very marked. A few of my children were out a great deal last year on account of coughs and colds. Very rarely have the children had colds this year in the same class.

Beside the physical improvement, the gain in mental ability is fairly well established. Mr. Watt found that the Graham School children learned much faster and better, and in several cases classes were ready for promotion in a little more than half a year. In New York the temptation has been prevalent to turn them into rapid-advancement classes, which, of course, has been discouraged.

Discipline also seems to have been rendered easier, on account, no doubt, of the necessity of allowing greater freedom in moving about the classroom, and because some of the physical causes of restlessness and irritation were removed.

Of course any movement which breaks in upon long-established precedence has to run the gantlet of opposition from all sides, some objections reasonable and some only superficially so, and there is always a danger that in the hands of well-meaning, but injudicious, people the measure may be made to defeat its own end. Also, certain combinations of circumstances have tended to bring about better results than others. Upholding it, however, we have several years' experience, the medical profession, and some of the foremost educators of the day; but the contribution of the open-air school to education has not been solely one of hygiene.

Francisco Ferrer, the educational martyr of the century, wrote a few years before his death:

> Almost everywhere children still study text-books on grammar, arithmetic, and history by heart. That is to say, that a child's memory is exclusively advanced, instead of his intelligence being solicited. Hardly ever, even when it is easy to do so, is the living reality approached. A few yards away from the threshold of the schoolhouse grass is springing, flowers are blooming, insects hum against the classroom window-pane, but the children are studying natural-history text-books!

The education of the passing generation has been breathless in its endeavor to keep up with the ever-widening field of possibility. It has seemed necessary for one to know everything, so that no branch which might prove useful should be omitted. But the phantom we have been chasing has proved elusive; just as we are about to grasp it, it bursts out in a hundred new directions, and keeps us, footsore and weary, ever stumbling on.

There have been some pioneers, however, who have realized these efforts to be futile, discouraging, and misdirected. Since one can never hope to master all the branches of knowledge, they have perceived the necessity of restoring to educational processes that wholeness which enables one to meet and conquer the emergencies of life, and which comes only when all the physical and mental phases of the growing child are sympathetically included in the range of instruction.

Quietly and perseveringly, some private schools have been for several years testing both from its physical and psychological point of view the value of outdoor education for normal children.

Schools have so long been associated in our minds with large buildings, and education with formal classes, curriculum, and routine, that they have come to be confused with the process of learning itself. The open-air school movement has been directed away from formal and textbook knowledge, toward the cultivation of the *power* of the mind, of independence and of intellectual poise, so that the child, well equipped, can set out by himself to discover the road to the world's glorious possibilities. Borrowing from Pestalozzi and all the great educators from Erasmus to Ellen Key, they have sent the child out into nature, and utilized his sense of freedom to give him the desire and strength to overcome the impediments which the giant Knowledge puts in the way of tiny, groping feet.

In the city, the favorite locations of private open-air schools are on roofs, in public parks, and in back-yard gardens.

Seven stories above the city street, with a view of the breadth of Manhattan Island and a good stretch of its length, the little open-air pupils of the Horace Mann School are being initiated into a process of live education. There the children study the wind and weather changes at first hand; there they watch the sun and the rain, and keep close tabs on the weather prophet. In little garden-boxes they plant their nature-study seeds, and care for the tiny shoots day by day. In the sand-box they make their geography maps and primitive villages. They wear woolly little bags and hoods at their desks, but they much prefer warming up by exercise in the adjoining play-yard, because it 's such fun to use your wits jumping puddles and clearing away the snow.

The parks of Boston, Chicago, and New York are dotted here and there in the morning hours with groups of teachers and children learning and playing together.

The founder of "The New York Outdoor School" believed that children turned as naturally to the out-of-doors as a flower turns to the sun. Restlessness and inattention seemed to her due to the child's thoughts wandering out of the window to the place where he wanted to be. With his mind at ease and his body freed from restraint, gaining his interest and concentration no longer became a problem.

The school has access to a large room in which it meets in inclement weather, but every fair day the children are seen pulling their loaded express-wagon across the street to the Natural History Museum Park, where they do their sums on the sidewalk, hold their reading-class on some logs in a shady corner, play games to cultivate their sense of sound and feeling, or carry out the directions of their drawing-lesson on their movable chart. Nestled at the foot of one of the city's most classic fountains, the story class affords many a passer-by a pleasurable moment.

In a bright sunlit garden, with rabbits and all manner of growing things, the Child Garden of the School of Mothercraft flourishes. Here children and mothers come to school together, or else the little school goes traveling to the zoo, the aquarium, the park, or the museum.

In suburbs of large cities there is a particularly good field for the open-air school. Plots of ground are usually available there for various out-of-door activities, and there are always sufficient children in the neighborhood to form the nucleus of a school. The Misses Mills School at Mount Airy, Pennsylvania, represents a modernly equipped and well-developed example of this type.

Every class is carried on in a pavilion with sliding-doors and transom windows, kept open winter and summer. Between every recitation period there is time for a short run in the open. Physical manual work is emphasized, and the children make in their shop a great many of the things that are used in the school. They also bind their own books, make the armor and costumes used in their festivals, care for

their gardens, and recently the kindergarten has hatched a whole brood of chickens, with which they are delightfully sharing quarters.

Ultimately, however, the country, with its limitless possibilities for human activity and experience, must be recognized as the particular province of childhood.

California has always made the most of her climate and verdure for bungalow schools filled with outdoor life, and the movement has been sweeping east, finding idyllic tarrying-places in Maryland and Virginia, to the New England coast.

In a broad expanse on the edge of the Connecticut valley, an experiment in *man* and *woman making* has been going on for the last five years. It is known by the name of "The Little School in the Woods" and has as its patron that beloved friend of children, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton.

The school work is carried on under the broad expanse of heaven on ground which is rich in the fundamental elements of nature. "Ancient trees, glacier rocks, many, many kinds of wild flowers, water running in a stream, little wild wood animals,—and some domestic ones,—birds, and a broad sweep of sky"—all enter into the daily lessons of these fortunate children, and from these they study the various branches of natural science, learning the things of heaven and earth at first hand.

These studies are linked with regular graded lessons, but always, when it is possible, the deed is supplied for the written word. History is acted out over and over again in this peaceful valley: Washington crosses the Delaware with a fleet of canoes, and Paul Revere comes riding down the road at regular intervals to notify the Concord farmers to protect their homes.

When a boy or girl enters the school he learns that it is a place not alone of work, but a place to be happy; and in order to be happy one must always bear his share of the responsibility for the happiness of others.

The purpose of the school is to educate by living *with* the children, is the thought of the kindly interpreter, "by enjoying what they enjoy, by showing them how to enjoy what we like, by teaching them how to cultivate their happiness, their intelligence, their skill, by accepting with them and with their enthusiasm the common life and its wonderful procession of creative events from day to day."

And does a child really *learn* in these circumstances? is the query of those who are seeking an early fulfilment of college requirements for their children.

In this regard, the results of the private open-air schools only confirm those of the Charlottenburg experiment, and demonstrate strikingly the economic value of more play and better work.

The Outdoor School

Story class nestled at the foot of one of the city's most classic fountains

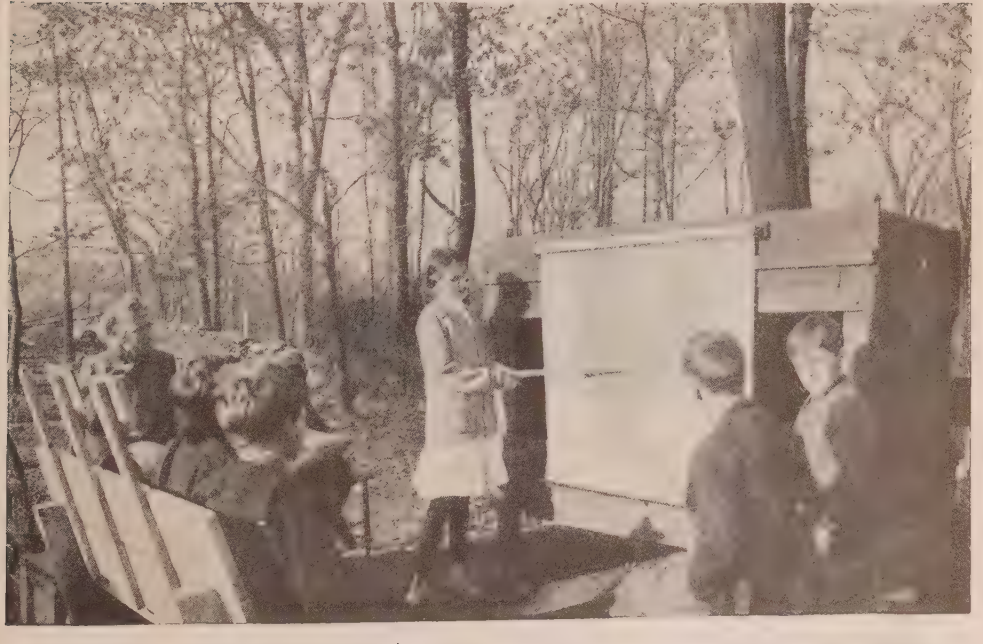
The Horace Mann open-air school

Washington crossing the Delaware with a fleet of canoes

A walk between classes at the Mount Airy School

Planting bulbs in autumn at The Little School in the Woods

The outdoor school. A lesson on trees in a city park



"The school is carried on under the broad expanse of heaven"

"After a steep ascent they found themselves on a rocky table"

Drawing
by
Everett Shinn

The Highest Power

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustration by Everett Shinn

IT was a matter of chance that I, a much older man, knew Vivian Nevers so well, and I want to tell her story; for it leads not only to certain interesting speculations concerning the heart of woman, but others as well—whether, for instance, the cherishing of any ideal day in and day out, even if the ideal in itself seems one which we have pigeonholed as "unworthy," does not form some impregnable fastness in the soul.

When Vivian was eighteen I got a glimpse of the inner heart of her, which burned with such a cold and yet impassioned fire, when a group of young people in a house party were telling what they asked of life. The girls, Vivian among them, were débutantes, the men, quite young; I, the only older one, was there because I was an old friend of Vivian's mother. They all babbled forth what they wanted like clamorous, greedy, spoiled children writing letters to Santa Claus.

Vivian was the only one who did n't talk. When they appealed to her she smiled vaguely at them and said she did n't know yet what she did want.

The group broke up, and she and I were left alone. She was absorbed in her own thoughts; very intense she looked as she let her gaze travel far out into the night. As I looked at her, the purposefulness of her pose and the intentness of her expression made me realize that I had really never seen her before, that in some subtle way she had always been on her guard. I reflected, too, that she was so very beautiful that her beauty would forever serve her as a complete disguise if she chose; for there is no greater disguise for a woman's true nature than beauty, and almost no greater barrier between her and the comprehension of man. Let her beauty be only great enough, and her lovers will not seek to know who she is, but each one will imagine her the woman of his dreams, and she herself may remain unknown and unloved all her days.

"Why did n't you tell them what you want, Vivian?" I asked her at last. "You know well enough, don't you?" She turned slowly toward me and looked at me with somber eyes, very speculating eyes, as though she were searching me through and through.

"Yes, I know what I want," she said at last. I waited for her to go on, but she did n't speak. She was stronger than I, for I spoke first:

"What is it?" I asked her.

"Power," she answered. She seemed then very earnest and very young.

"Power?" I echoed with middle-aged stupidity. "The high places of the earth?"

She nodded very gravely and looked straight at me, and suddenly the youthfulness of her was lost in the passion I read in her eyes. I saw that she had in her, eating at her heart, an unquenchable desire. I had no further temptation to smile at her youthfulness; I had never had, even when I was young, so impassioned an ambition toward anything as that I felt in her.

"How do you mean to get what you want?" I asked her next.

"There 's only one way for me, and that 's through marriage."

"You may find the price high," I suggested. "What if it goes against your heart?"

"At least I shall get a *man* this way," she flamed at me, "while the other way I sha'n't be able to tell. I don't see any

of them able to tell—the ones who marry for what they call love."

We talked a long time that night. I can't tell you how completely she convinced me that she had in her the peculiar talent from which her ambition sprang. She wanted to be near the heart of life and see the great people of the world and shape her own place in the world of affairs. She wanted power and responsibility. She had no young cynicism about love, but in her own case she counted on her ambition outweighing any upflashing of instinct. It is hard to conceive of a conversation like this with a miss of eighteen not having its element of the ridiculous, but I never had a conversation that more completely escaped it. She did n't say she would achieve what she wanted; she only said she intended to try for it with all her intensity. That she looked the part of a great lady so well, I saw, made it possible.

It was six years before I saw her again except for unimportant moments. We never referred to our conversation, but we always met as close friends. The Neverses did n't need to do that distasteful and devious thing known as "climbing." She went everywhere; was presented at court in England. I heard of her as much courted in Italy. Meantime I noticed that it was Mrs. Nevers and not Vivian of whom people spoke as ambitious. I even heard Vivian referred to as a "sweet girl." During that house party I had seen that the girl already had in her mother an unconscious tool. The latter was immensely proud of her daughter and seemed, if you can put it that way, vaguely appalled by her. She had even then sensed a purpose and a hardness of fiber in the girl that she did n't in the least understand.

I heard two things of her that made me believe that she had remained true to her purpose. One was the affair of David VanVoorhis. His family did n't call Vivian sweet. They said she had played with David and broken his heart. I wondered when I met him if she had n't broken her own as well, to such an extent had he the quality of charm. I did n't see how any girl he seriously cared for could keep from falling in love with him, he had so much simplicity and fineness. I think he would have made any one else but Vivian happy. He had almost everything any woman could ask of a man, including money and position, as position goes in this country, but Vivian had plucked him out of her heart.

The next thing was her affair with a prince of royal blood. The affair rang through Europe. It seemed for a moment as though this prize was hers. It seemed for a moment as if his desire combined with her grace and beauty would triumph over the inevitable obstacles to such a marriage. He was too near the throne for their marriage to be made without all sorts of compromises. With all Europe wondering whether tradition or this romantic and beautiful young couple would win, Vivian withdrew from the scene. She withdrew while there still seemed to be possibilities left on her side. She must have calculated every chance and seen that the sort of victory she wanted could n't possibly be hers. So she quietly and with the utmost dignity departed. And she would never see him again.

This made her an international figure. Every one in America knew who Vivian Nevers was, so did every one in Europe. Her attitude in the whole affair left her with public opinion tremendously on her side, but a worldly old woman said to me:

"I call Marion Mrs. Now-or-Never, for this next year is the time for her to make any sort of a match she wants for Vivian—except a royal one."

With a proper sense of proportion the Neverses were seen about very little for some time, and then it was in America. They had been traveling and visiting very quietly abroad, and it was there they met Haldane.

I met the Neverses again on their return and I met Haldane at the same time. When I saw him I remembered Vivian's words of six years ago, "At least he will be a man."

Haldane was all of that. He could give his wife everything there was to be given in England provided she could take it. He was so placed that this side of a misalliance his wife could hurt him but little, while the right kind of woman could help him as can the wives of public men in Europe. I don't think he considered that side of it at all, for he seemed to me in a deep, still sort of way to be very much in love.

It was at that moment McAndrew appeared on the scene.

"I 've come up here to meet Vivian Nevers," he told me. "I heard she was here, and since I was so near I came." Chance and purpose had always walked hand in hand with McAndrew. "The cool way she managed that affair of hers always interested me," he explained.

I looked at him, and it struck me, as it always had with him, that his air of power was too obvious to be pleasant. It gave him the effect of being some force of nature. It emphasized itself in his heavy neck, in the quick intensity of his glance, in his expression, slightly lowering and heavy despite its look of easy humor. It showed itself in the carriage of his head, bent forward a little as though he were about to charge, and in the snapping-turtle quality of his mouth.

The second day after he came, he said:

"I 'm going to marry Vivian Nevers."

"Has she said so?" I inquired.

"Not yet, but I think she must know she 's going to."

"She 's as good as engaged to Haldane," I remonstrated.

"I 'm the better man," he announced—"the better man for her purpose, I mean; there will be further horizons with me," he added.

Indeed, beside the power McAndrew might hope to have,—the almost limitless power of money,—Haldane's position seemed as circumscribed as an ornamental garden.

"The wives of the great business men have had very little to do in the great games their husbands are playing. I don't think Vivian 's interested in money."

"By God, no!" said McAndrew, "she 's interested in the game, just as I am."

Then I saw that Vivian's beauty had not deceived McAndrew. He admired it, desired it, if you like, but for him as for her it was a means to an end. What had arrested his attention was the inner quality of her spirit. He knew her to be as unconquerable as he was himself, and as ruthless. Indeed, in the phrase of the day, they had each other's number from the first hour of their acquaintance. Their spirits had arisen and said to each other, "Brother, I salute you!" There was something almost sinister in the way in which they had penetrated the desire of each other's hearts.

Mrs. Nevers came to me one evening nervous and disquieted; she had aged in the last six years. There was something pathetic about the way she blindly played a game the meaning of which she only half realized, and she had played it now to the limit of endurance. What she wanted was peace, which to her meant Vivian married.

"I thought everything was all settled," she told me, "and now Haldane has declared himself, and Vivian has asked for time to think it over."

"Well," I said, "that 's not unreasonable."

"Not unreasonable!" her mother echoed. "It would be the height of unreason if Vivian ever did anything that had n't a reason behind it. Why won't she tell Haldane at once that she 'll marry him? You see, Vivian 's placed in rather a peculiar position; there are n't many people she—she *can* marry after what 's happened." Thus her mother indicated that having almost been the wife of a royal prince there were not many proper alliances that such a woman could make. I would n't allow her this vagueness. Remember that I was a very old friend of Marion Nevers and that she irritated me as profoundly as she held my affection for her. So I said brutally:

"You mean there are n't many marriages that Vivian can make without an anticlimax."

"Put it any way you like," she answered wearily. "Why has n't she accepted Haldane?"

It was rather a dark question that Mrs. Nevers put to me, and her tone was fraught with distrust. It was as though I was given a glimpse into the depths of Vivian's unscrupulous heart seen through the medium of her mother's troubled vision. I had my answer to the riddle, and the answer pointed to a rather murky transaction. Haldane had proposed marriage, and Vivian had asked for time, and the time she wanted was not to make up her mind concerning him, as he trustingly thought, but concerning McAndrew. She had her one bird well in the hand while she quietly stalked the other in the bush.

"She 'll never marry if she goes on this way," Mrs. Nevers said irritably. "Every one, literally *every one,* said she might have married the prince if she had only had patience. But no! From one day to another she insisted on leaving in spite of everything I could say or do."

Well, after this I could only take off my hat to Vivian, now that I realized that she had had to play her game worse than single-handed. The only comforting thing I had to offer was:

"You can only trust that Vivian knows what she 's doing."

Mrs. Nevers shook her head disconsolately; plainly she indicated that since "the affair of the prince" she did n't think so any more.

That evening I had a little talk with Vivian. She talked about McAndrew tranquilly and speculatively enough, but there was an undercurrent of excitement in her mood.

"He understands me," she said, with a smile that said, "As well as you do."

"Everything?" I asked her.

"*Everything*—everything I 'm doing."

She was evidently not fooling herself now any more than she ever had. She regarded herself with no tenderness, she had as little indulgence for herself as she had for others; but on the whole she respected herself. But since she had thrown overboard neck and crop a whole pack of virtues and ideals she found no need of excusing herself to herself.

McAndrew joined us, and as I stood there I wondered if in the hinterland of Vivian's mind there lurked the thought that they were more like two conspirators than like potential lovers. There was already something fixed and stable in their relations. Two splendid and predatory creatures were what they were, who, if they formed an alliance, would join it for the despoiling of mankind. As I stood with them and perceived the perfect understanding of the situation that lay beneath their conventional talk, I realized that there was going on between them a voiceless battle, Vivian taking the attitude that she was a free and dispassionate agent, while McAndrew assumed calmly that the victory was his. I had never seen her as she was with him. This understanding of her was a new and poignant experience. She had never asked any one to understand her, and had had a cynical enjoyment of her mask. As she was as considerate in small things as she was ruthless in large, not even women penetrated her disguise. Now for the first time, before me and before McAndrew, the two men who knew her best, she was spiritually at her ease, as though dressed in well-worn clothes. He would stop at nothing, just as she would stop at nothing. There was no way in which she could shock him. He accepted her absolutely as she was, even in this cold-blooded balancing of him and Haldane in the scales. He did more than accept; he had a sardonic approval of her thirst for power.

Talking with them, I saw indeed he knew "everything." I had a moment of deep discomfort. Their understanding, unspoken as it was, was unseemly. There simply were no decent pretenses between them.

Vivian calmly defied McAndrew to move the hour of her decision one instant, and McAndrew let her know that he had already decided. Outside the battle was Haldane, unsuspecting, awaiting Vivian's word. I looked at her to see if there was a hint of this hardness and cynicism in

her beauty, and there was n't, not an atom, not a hint. She was extraordinarily lovely, a nature as fine and flexible as a tempered sword, and there was even a hint of austerity in her expression. Very perfect she was, and I understood better Mrs. Nevers's statement that there were n't many possible marriages for a girl like Vivian. Ordinary men don't want goddesses as wives.

For half an hour I stood with them, held by a gesture of Vivian, while McAndrew conveyed to her in voice and manner that her freedom of choice was an illusion, and Vivian understood this assumption with a certainty even more arrogant. I would have been willing to stake my money on either of their certainties. This was how matters stood that evening. They had sat through the dance absorbed in their skirmishing. The music stopped, and the dancers sought their places. It was really Haldane's cue, I considered, as I followed Vivian's glance across the ball-room; but instead of at Haldane, I found myself looking at a boy standing alone in the middle of the ball-room floor.

Though there was no outward thing in his dress that distinguished him from the other men, there was something arresting about him, as if he had worn a tunic and sandals. There was nothing immature in his face, and yet he breathed forth an atmosphere of youth and complete innocence. He carried himself with the unconscious strength of youth; there was something untouched about him, as though he had never known evil; something unhurt about him, as though his youth and beauty had disarmed even life; something at once so gentle and so wild that one had a moment of instinctive pity for him. Vivian felt this too, for, as if thinking aloud, she said:

"Poor boy!"

"Why 'poor boy'?" McAndrew asked. "He looks very fortunate, I think."

"He can't keep that look long; no one 's strong enough to keep the look that he has long, and it must hurt to lose it."

"I don't know," McAndrew answered, "for I 've never had such innocence to lose." Then he smiled at Vivian, and his smile said, "And neither have you."

The boy was searching for some one among the dancers with absorbed earnestness, as though his seeking was of weightiest importance. Then his eyes fell on Vivian, and he advanced toward her quietly. He moved with a silent, springy stride, as though he was used to walking in wide, open spaces. He advanced upon her, and with the perfect manners of extreme simplicity he said to her:

"I 'm Sydney Grayson. Gainsborough was going to bring me to you, and now I 've lost him. May I have your next dance?"

He was both shy and wistful. He seemed unaware that he was doing something unusual; he had come to her with the directness of a child.

"Let 's go outside; I want to talk to you," he said next.

His voice was soft and insistent, and there was a note of appeal in it. The talk seemed so important to him that Vivian's curiosity was aroused, and she left McAndrew and me together. Much later I came on McAndrew again. We smoked outside in silence for a while. Then McAndrew said reflectively:

"I 've placed young Grayson. A visionary young scientist, very talented if only he were practical, but he 's forever fussing with some windy theory or other about a new kind of ray." Thus McAndrew, whose wide-flung imaginative vision had made him what he was.

Mrs. Nevers bustled up to us.

"Have you seen Vivian?" she asked nervously.

"She 's in the garden, I think," McAndrew replied.

"Could you find her for me, please?" Her glance included us both.

As we came upon them in the far stretch of the rose-garden they looked like a white moth and a gray one; they were not speaking. It was as though the boy had taken her at once past the outposts of friendship to the place where people know each other so well that words are not needed.

Vivian's voice came to us:

"It 's time to go back."

It was as though she were trying in vain to break through the lyrical beauty of the night and of Grayson's mood, it was as though it hung about her like some heavy enchantment. He held her there, it seemed, without entreaty. It may be my imagination, but I felt as if for the first time some force outside herself determined her acts. I heard Grayson's voice in answer. He only said to her, "It 's sweet here," as if that were a supreme argument.

We loomed dark in the path before them, and McAndrew said apologetically:

"Your mother sent us for you." Vivian turned to Grayson.

"Good night," she said.

"You 'll walk with me to-morrow at two?" he asked her in a tone as though they always walked at two. It was as though he bathed in a contentment that was as vast as the sea.

"Yes," Vivian answered; then said, "Good night."

She did not speak to us, but walked along lost in a sea of thought. At last McAndrew said:

"Haldane 's been looking for you all the evening."

"Yes?" Vivian replied indifferently.

"I did n't tell him where you were."

Vivian did not answer; she seemed removed from us as by some vast interstellar space.

McAndrew looked at her with grave scrutiny. There was a note in her voice of unsuspected softness. And since he knew that the personalities of people are strange and shifting things, he studied Vivian with a sudden gravity.

The weight of his look and his gravity made their impression on her. McAndrew's whole manner showed a realization on his part that this boy had spoken to some depth of Vivian's nature of which they were both ignorant, and that it held its element of danger for all of them. There was a mute warning in his glance, even a certain judgment of her that to allow a third element to enter into the already complicated situation would make her seem almost trivial in his eyes. She had been as open with him, he knew, as she had been disingenuous with Haldane.

She met the questioning interrogation of his eyes unflinchingly, and, ignoring my presence, said:

"I 'm going to decide everything to-morrow."

"I think it would be wise," McAndrew agreed; and then, "still, I don't quite understand the walk," he told her gravely.

"I don't myself," Vivian answered; "it just happened."

They parted, each one engulfed in his own thoughts; each of them knew that in life few things "just happened" with Vivian.

I SAW them go chugging off the next afternoon in Grayson's absurd little car. They were going to drive to the mountain and walk there afterward. When very late that afternoon Grayson returned alone, McAndrew and I were both on the terrace, and his glance met mine questioningly.

It seemed that Vivian had preferred to stay at a cousin's for the night; but it was n't that that had made McAndrew flash me the unspoken question: it was the look of still exaltation on Grayson's face. Again Mrs. Nevers fluttered up to me.

"Vivian 's just telephoned me. She wants to know if you can make it convenient to go over there—she 's at Cousin Leonora's—after dinner. Do go; I can't stand it much longer. She 's inexplicable! There 's something amiss, and I have n't the slightest idea what it can be."

If Mrs. Nevers was upset, Vivian, when I found her at "Cousin Leonora's," was composed enough. She greeted me as though nothing whatever was the matter, then on the piazza she let a long silence fall between us. The purposefulness of her pose, her whole absorbed expression, reminded me of the night when I had first come to know her; again she seemed to me like the priestess of some

radiant and austere religion, as though she cherished in her heart a sacred flame.

"I want to tell it to you just as it happened," she said at last, "step by step, so you can understand and so I can."

She told it at length with careful detail and many deeply reflective pauses.

It seems that from the first things had n't gone as she had planned them. She had met Sydney Grayson with a hard matter-of-factness that discouragingly denied the evening before. She was, her manner had implied, a young lady whom he scarcely knew punctiliously and in rather a bored way keeping an engagement she regretted having made. But there was a contagion in his happiness that could not be checked or denied.

"It was then it first came to me that I was leaving my other self behind and that I was going on a great adventure into a new life and a new land," was her comment. She strove against it, she told me, but the feeling of glamourous enchantment rose ever higher about her, an unescapable golden tide.

They found a farm-house where they left the car, and in silence, as if they had planned it all out before, they started off over the mountain.

After a steep ascent they found themselves on a rocky table. Far over at the other side of the valley the Connecticut wove its shining, dilatory path through the meadows. Just below them was the bare space of shaly rock up which they had scrambled. They looked down on the tops of trees that had tried to climb to the top of the mountain and had been stopped by the spur of rock.

Then suddenly Vivian's attention was arrested by a great mass of flowering white far down the slope of the mountain. It stood out a little apart from the rest of the forest, a great mass of bloom. They could n't guess from where they were what sort of tree it could be. It seemed to stand a bit apart from the other trees, and threw out its branches, covered with white bloom, like some giant bouquet.

Moved by a common impulse, they started down the mountain-side to find it. Hand in hand they plunged down the sheer side of the mountain, knee-deep in soft, rotting leaves that had lain there from one season to another.

No sooner were they in the woods than they lost the tree. The smell of the earth rose to them. Little wandering airs brought them the smell of the fresh Northern woods in spring.

They went down the mountain to a little valley, with a golden-brown thread of brook running at the bottom of it. Down at the other side, through an opening, they saw their tree waving a white hand at them.

Suddenly the breeze brought them, distinct and definite, the smell of apple-blossoms. They turned, and followed the wind; then through a little clearing in the trees they saw smiling at them an apple-tree in full bloom. It stood apart from the other trees in a soft bit of clearing. It was an old tree, wide-branched, hospitable.

"I wanted to ask it," she told me, " 'What are you doing here so far from any house? How did you stray away like this?' " It seemed it was the kind of tree that one associates with a wide farm-house, a tree that children would have delighted to climb, and of which they would have made a playmate. She explained that, standing there, with the young forest growing up all about it, it looked as though it had started out for the day to take a walk, perhaps to follow the children who had played among its branches and had moved away, and in its search had got lost in the woods and taken root there.

I make a great deal of this incident because she did. She told it as though it explained something.

"I had the absurd feeling that I had been here with him before; that I had come home at last after having lived an exile in strange and uncomfortable countries," was how she put it.

It was the most unlikely place in the world to tell him what she had promised herself she would tell him. She put it

off from moment to moment. They talked as they had done the night before of unimportant things that carried with them a deep and inner significance; they made up stories, as though they were children, about the people who had lived in the house that one time must have been here. They identified themselves with their lives —the lives of these people—until the present was shut away as though by a long distance of years.

"Then we did n't talk any more. I tried to break the silence and I could n't. He was stronger than I. I—I suppose I was swept away. I never have been, really, you know, and I loved it."

I stared at Vivian. It seemed so unlikely that, granted this swift enchantment, she would so yield to it, and the curious part of it is that there was that in her manner that showed me she had yielded nothing; that whatever she had done, somehow or other she had made no compromise with her own soul, even though the voice in which she told me all this was the hushed, breathless voice of a little girl telling a wonderful fairy-tale too beautiful to be true.

"I began to be angry that I had to spoil everything," she went on. "It was more like killing some beautiful live thing than just spoiling an afternoon. I was struggling to begin when he said:

" 'I wish we need never go back at all. Why should we? Why should one have to go through the little treadmill Life marks out for one? Why should n't we go on from here together?' You know, people have often said foolish things like that to me; only he *meant* it. He was absolutely in earnest about it. He can see no absurdity in any of his dreams."

She paused. Instead of a boyish folly, she had given me a picture of invincible youth.

"He meant it really," she explained, "just as the night before, when he said the thing they always say,—'I feel as if I 'd known you always,'—he meant it. You see, he 's so inexperienced that he did n't even know that this feeling of sudden intimacy between men and women is a commonplace; and the queer thing is that when he said he felt as if he 'd always known me, I, too, felt as if I 'd always known him, only as if I had known him as his mother might—as if I 'd held him in my arms when he was a baby. Now when I saw that he did n't see a shadow of a difficulty in our chugging down the mountain to the nearest parson and so away, I saw the moment had come for the *coup de grâce.*" She paused, then said very softly, "So—I told him about my decision over McAndrew and Haldane."

She paused, looking off across the dark spaces of the night as though dreaming the scene over again.

"And then?" I asked her at last.

"Oh," Vivian went on, "when I looked up at him again, he was *smiling.* I don't know what I 'd expected. The look of youth which has had a dear illusion killed, I suppose, and I said:

" 'You don't believe what I 'm saying?' and he kept smiling while he answered: 'I don't, because it is n't true. It is n't true, because *this* is real—this afternoon and last night. It 's the supreme reality of life to me, and it could n't have been that to me if it had n't been so real to you too.' That was the part I could n't explain. It *had* been real to me. I have never been wantonly unkind or played with people just for the sake of playing, you know. He had held out his hand to me and said, 'Come,' and I had gone to him. As he looked at it, either all the rest was unreality or this was, and as we two sitting under the lost apple-tree knew this was real, the other did n't exist. He could n't think anything else, you see.

"So then I told him everything,—what I told you so long ago,—and how I 'd worked single-mindedly to one end; how I 'd sacrificed to it the wishes of my own heart; how I 'd kept true to the thing in life that seemed to me worth having. Each word should have struck like sleet upon his spirit, but he listened to me as undisturbed as—as McAndrew might have listened. Then, when I 'd got all through, he said:

" 'It seems as if I 'd been listening to

my own heart speaking. Now *I 'll* tell *you* about my life.'

"Then he spread before me his work and his dreams, and there came a passion into his voice as he talked that I 've never heard before in the voice of any one. He forgot even me as he was telling me about it. It was the inner soul of that selfless fanatical ambition that I listened to that pays and pays and pays in terms of itself, and makes it necessary for every one near him to pay—makes his own flesh and blood go hungry and perhaps die so that the work he is doing may go on. And in the white-hot fire of his passion my own little ambitions were burned up."

She stood up suddenly, and with a passionate gesture showed me how completely they had been burned.

"Beside him my ambitions seemed nothing, I tell you! I don't mean the worth of them, but just the *force* of them. Beside him, in spite of his quality of youth, McAndrew seemed soft and yielding. He had cared for one or two girls, and had brushed them aside as I had brushed people aside. Then he had seen me and knew that he had to have me; that was the substance of what he said as he talked. I knew that my confession was, in his eyes, a trivial, childish thing. Then he said something funny, and yet it was the heart of what I loved in him.

" 'Now you understand,' he said, 'why we must n't burn time on any altar of convention. I must be back at work before long!' "

As she paused again I plumbed the inner meaning of the remark that had apparently won him Vivian. The passion that was his consuming desire for his work had released him long enough to find his perfect mate, and even now, insatiable of his devotion, called to him to return.

"I don't know if you understand; I 'm not sure I do. It 's a question between two realities; they can't both be true. He 's made the things that I thought valuable to me cease to exist. They don't exist for me any more than a chrysalis exists for a moth. There 's no value to the other any more, and yet and yet—I 'm afraid. I think I 'm most afraid of McAndrew; he could perhaps call me back. If I go back, I feel as though he would be lying in wait for me. So I 'm going to do what he, the other, wishes—just go with him without wasting time."

"You 're not going to do that," I protested—"just put your hand in Grayson's and go away? You—you *can't!*" I stuttered. It was all too absurd, the unescapable and awful publicity of it, the needless hurt to Haldane, the shock to Vivian's mother. I did n't count McAndrew's hurt,—somehow his discomfiture did n't move me deeply,—but the rest seemed insane to me, especially as the rôle for which I was cast, Vivian explained to me, was to explain things as much as they could be explained to McAndrew and Mrs. Nevers. It still seems insane, but not inexplicable. The simple truth of it was that she did n't dare trust herself to go back with McAndrew there. It was as though she felt that this old self of hers, instead of being a chrysalis, might prove to be a stifling garment which he might conjure her to put on again.

"I want to slam the door on myself," she explained.

At that moment, while it still seemed preposterous to me, I could n't help throwing at her:

"I suppose you 've looked it squarely in the face, the sort of life you 're going to?"

"Every detail of it," she flashed forth.

Then it was I began to see how ultimately faithful she had been to herself. For my explanation of it is that she had met the thing she had worshiped raised to its highest power. Something in Grayson's inner depth had told him that here was a woman who would spend herself in the service of his ambition as he spent himself; who was hard and ardent; who would warm him in the fire of her life, serve him, and guard him.

He did n't know it; he never would know it. He imagined, no doubt, that he only wanted to serve her. But Vivian

went with him knowing that he was going to demand of her relentlessly a supreme devotion.

She had wanted power, he was seeking a greater power. She was unscrupulous, but to gain his ends he would have let his children die. She was hard as steel, but Grayson was as relentless as death itself, as relentless as any force of nature. She had loved the most difficult thing, and he challenged her to do the impossible, to let him walk over her heart to gain his purposes in life, and not only to do this, but to be unaware that he even demanded any sacrifice. So, having formed an ideal, she worked toward its fulfilment even though its fulfilment came in a form of which she had not dreamed. That is my explanation.

Mrs. Nevers's is that Vivian fell in love with Grayson's youth, like any schoolgirl, and McAndrew thinks something like the same thing.

"Women can't starve their primitive impulses without paying," is how he put it. "You can't count on them. But that young man will go far. He 'll have to," he added.

The world shared their opinions. It did n't forgive Vivian what it termed her anticlimax, and showed its lack of forgiveness in its deadliest form by losing all interest in her.

Here are the two explanations of the affair. You can take your choice, or Sydney Grayson's, who still naïvely believes that they were intended for each other from all time.

Revelation

By

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

HE had not made the team. The ultimate moment—
Last practice for the big game, his senior year—
Had come and gone again with dizzying swiftness.
It was all over now, and the sudden cheer
That rose and swelled to greet the elect eleven
Sounded his bitter failure on his ear.

He had not made the team. He was graduating:
The last grim chance was gone, and the last hope fled;
The final printed list tacked up in the quarters;
A girl in the bleachers turned away her head.
He knew that she was trying to keep from crying;
Under his tan there burned a painful red.

He had not made the team. The family waiting
His wire, up State; the little old loyal town
That had looked to him year by year to make it famous,
And laureled him each time home with fresh renown;
The men from the house there, tense, breathlessly watching,
And, after all, once more, he 'd thrown them down.

He had not made the team, after years of striving;
After all he had paid to try, and held it cheap,—
The sweat and blood and strain and iron endurance,—
And the harassed nights, too aching-tired to sleep;
The limp that perhaps he might be cured of some day;
The ugly scar that he would always keep.

He had not made the team. He watched from the side lines,
Two days later, a part of a sad patrol,
Battered and bruised in his crouched, blanketed body,
Sick and sore to his depths, and aloof in dole,
Until he saw the enemy's swift advancing
Sweeping his team-mates backward. Then from his soul
Was cleansed the sense of self and the sting of failure,
And he was one of a pulsing, straining whole,
Bracing to stem the tide of the on-flung bodies,
Helping to halt that steady, relentless roll;
Then he was part of a fighting, frenzied unit
Forcing them back and back and back from the goal.
There on the side lines came the thought like a whip-crack
As his team rallied and rose and took control:

He had not made the team, but for four long seasons,
Each of ten grinding weeks, he had given the flower,
The essence, and strength of body, brain, and spirit,
He and his kind—the second team—till the power
To cope with opposition and to surmount it
Into the team was driven against this hour!

What did it matter who held fast to the leather,
He or another? What was a four-years' dream?
Out of his heart the shame and rancor lifted;
There burst from his throat a hoarse, exultant scream.
Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!
This was his victory: he had *made* the team!

The American Pharisee

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Trade of the World," "British Characteristics," etc.

THERE is a spirit of smugness abroad in our fair land of America that bodes ill for our spiritual and mental growth. In the Eastern States there is much talk of war contracts, the profits therefrom, and speculation as to what the price of so-called war stocks will be tomorrow and the next day. When a Wall-Street man asks another, "How long will the war last?" he does not mean how soon will the bloodshed and misery come to an end and people be allowed to live normal lives; he means in most cases how long will the boom in munition industrials continue.

On the Pacific coast and in the Middle West hundreds of lecturers are visiting the towns, villages, and picnic-groves, and these eloquent speakers are addressing the conventions and meetings of all kinds incident to the summer season. By word of mouth and in the printed text we are being told what a great and good people we are, how rich we are, how safe we are from the wars that ravage other countries. We are praised for our charity, our ideals, and our patience. We are told that our example is one for the world to follow—one the world will follow as soon as it sees the light given off by an exclusively American flame.

Never was a great nation in more deadly peril from within than ours at this particular moment. Americans have laughed at German egoism, have scoffed at the superman of Germany, but nothing that has been said by German publicists is as dangerous to the mind of the great German nation as the gross flattery and mental pap that are now being handed out to the millions of American citizens, their wives, and their children who seek to add to their knowledge and enlightenment at our summer gatherings.

Any one reading what is written or listening to what is said would believe it was through the exercise of some great virtue not given to other nations that this country is as prosperous and peaceful as it is. The people who swallow this flattery return to their homes in an exalted state of mind, thank God that the American nation is not as other peoples, and their hearts are full of pity for those foreign communities which cannot be as we are. We prate of the principles underlying the American Government; we quote Washington's Farewell Address to stiffen our argument for an insularity that will deafen our ears to the din in Europe. We see nothing but slaughter in the European cockpit, and fail to thrill with the greatness of the conflict there in progress, of which the killing of men is only an outward sign.

We are indeed a rich and satisfied nation, momentarily annoyed at the check given to our own prosperity by war elsewhere, but thoroughly convinced of our own righteousness, and content with our own condition. We constitute at present the greatest mutual-admiration society the world has ever seen, and, like all such organizations, are blind to our own great shortcomings and our own follies. Even the first flush of our charity is fading away, and our work for the stricken people of Belgium and the sick and wounded of all Europe is in a fair way to cease for lack of funds.

One eminently respectable American citizen, formerly a member of a President's cabinet, proposes that a fund of one hundred billion dollars be raised and used

as a bribe to persuade Germany to leave Belgium, as though such a thing were feasible, logical, or just from any point of view, and as though the war in Europe were a struggle for the possession of such money as was now in circulation throughout the world. Another eminent American, still more recently a member of the cabinet, quotes the Scriptures to his spellbound audience to prove that the only way to prevent a burglar from looting your house is to leave your doors and windows open, and carefully refrain from having any weapons of defense upon the place. Moral force carries to a certain point, but beyond that point it is necessary to employ a police force. The hand of the traffic policeman is backed by the power of the government, or it would be as powerless to regulate as his individual strength would be to stop a motor-car. This is the reason why thousands of thoughtful Americans are in favor of putting our national defenses upon a workable basis.

Three obsessions have apparently taken hold of our people, or a large number of them. One is that the war in Europe is merely a "rough house" in which a number of nationalities are involved, having divested themselves of all pretense to the restraining influences of civilization, and that it is only the superior intelligence and morality of the American people that have kept us from joining the fracas.

Another idea that has apparently taken hold of the minds of the people is the assumption that America is furnishing the munitions of war for the struggle, and that if we put an embargo on these shipments, the war will stop. It is worth while elaborating this particular point, for it is illuminating as to the lack of knowledge, thought, and reasoning power which we bring to the consideration of affairs other than those touched by our daily lives. Careful estimates show that the money expended in the United States for munitions of war is a very small percentage of the total cost of such material to the warring nations, and with the daily expansion of European production, it is probable that in a short time all the countries involved could continue their military operations without embarrassment even if America ceased to export.

Really to affect the situation in Europe, our country would have to put an embargo upon all exports, to prevent food, raw material, and general supplies from reaching the belligerents. Such drastic action as this is not even suggested by those who would stop ammunition export, and these same people would probably be the first to protest against an interference with what they would call legitimate trade. The support given President Wilson in his demand for freedom of the seas for non-contraband and neutral traffic is proof of this, for non-contraband goods are as valuable in a general way to a people at war as are actual munitions of war.

The moral stand taken by those who advocate an embargo is equally unreal, for if it is wrong to send shot and shell to peoples fighting one another, it is equally wrong to send them in times of peace. There is no protest being made against the large amount of supplies now going to Spain, and yet there is no guaranty that Spain will not soon engage in the war. Even if this does not come to pass, these same munitions may be used against those striving to establish a republic in that country. Munitions of war bought in times of peace are for use in case of future wars; indeed, there is no guaranty that they will not be used against the country from which they are purchased. This is true of the present war, for before it began every one of the European countries bought war material from the others.

The only tenable position for the advocates of an embargo is that no munitions of war should be manufactured for sale at any time; that it should be a government monopoly, to be exercised only in arming our own people. Then again comes the question of definition of terms, for barbed wire, cotton, flax, oil, motors, and a thousand other things are as much war material as powder and shot, as is shown by the contraband lists of the warring nations. There are probably twelve million or more people now engaged in Europe in

the manufacture of war material. These figures alone demonstrate the small percentage furnished by America, and if ammunition and guns are considered as our only immoral exports, the percentage becomes inconsiderable. Germany, England, France, Italy, and all the other combatants are now getting supplies of one kind or another from America, the relative amounts being determined by shipping facilities.

It is said that about three million petitions have reached Washington asking for an embargo upon the export of munitions of war. It would be interesting to know just how many of the signers of these petitions have ever given any real thought to the question, or would be able to draft a resolution for Congress to enact which would draw the line between moral and immoral export even from their own point of view as to the object to be accomplished.

The greatest obsession of all, however, one in which lies the greatest spiritual danger to our own people, is the unthinking cry for peace; not a peace which settles anything, that guarantees any rights, that does justice or affords rehabilitation to the oppressed, that prevents other wars in the immediate future, but just peace—peace at any price. We would have all lay down their arms; and if some one else was occupying their old homes, for them to find homes and happiness elsewhere.

If by any chance the United States was engaged in this war, and the enemy, whoever it might be, had invaded our territory, damaged our property, and killed many thousands of our citizens, and at this juncture came a demand from neutral nations elsewhere that we should stop fighting to put an end to bloodshed, there is no question as to the answer the American people would give to such a suggestion. It would be a unanimous and indignant refusal. Those very peace-advocates who are now vigorously shouting forth their amiability would be found either volunteering for war if they were men, or helping in every other way within their great power if they were women.

In the earlier history of the United States, and then again not so long ago, the women of America denied themselves everything that their men might serve their country in arms, and, when needed, they stood behind the barricades and loaded the guns themselves that the triumph of what they believed to be right and just should come the sooner. No great people has ever been too proud to fight for conviction, especially the American nation. Our history would not be what it is had we lacked the manhood and the womanhood to use force when it was needed.

To many of our people, in fact to a majority, this war means merely the mental picture of a horribly mutilated and dying soldier or a burning home. We are aghast with horror, as in the presence of a terrible railway accident. It is the only thing we seem able to visualize. We are angry because there is a war, but at whom we are angry we know only vaguely. It is the anger of a man who is disagreeably interrupted when he is having a good time.

That the German people are engaged heart and soul, with everything at stake, in an effort to extend the power of the German Empire; that the people of Great Britain and her colonies are putting forth the last man and the last dollar to save for themselves their own empire, already great; that the French have enlisted every man, woman, and child to rid French soil of a hated invader; and that one and all of the peoples at war are now fighting to retain possession of what they believe to be their rights and property, do not enter into the philosophy of our American peace-makers.

Our people are being robbed of their power to think, which is at least latent in the mind of every intelligent human being. Our educational system, the public press, with some few exceptions, our moving-picture shows, and our public speakers have so long administered anesthetics to our minds that the possibility of a contentious individualism, a sign of mental independence, becoming a national trait has

almost disappeared. In international affairs especially we growl when we are told to growl, approve at the appointed time and place, and reserve our real applause for ourselves.

The founders of our country prayed in humility of spirit, asking divine guidance for the right path, meanwhile acknowledging their own sin and error. In their left hand they held the Great Book that they might not forget its precepts, and in their right a loaded rifle with which to emphasize their freedom and resist aggression. These men were hard of body and stern of mind, but they laid down a code of national morality which has stood for the protection of the weak and justice to all to this day.

It is not so much the causes that may concern us at the moment,—and they are many,—but the fact itself that this nation is faced on all sides with questions of policy and action the answers to which will affect us for all time. We need at the moment the wisest and strongest government possible, resting secure upon an intelligent public opinion. We may get the government we need,—let us hope we may,—but its action will be sustained or hampered, as the case may be, by waves of emotion rather than by opinion. We are not now capable of turning out a concrete, unmistakably intelligent public belief to serve as a sure foundation for such statesmanship as our leaders must exercise. It is small consolation to feel that some big event, some unexpected and gross violation of American rights, some sudden demand upon the people for action, would sweep everything aside and unite the nation upon a single issue. It is no credit to us that the blowing up of the *Maine* possibly brought about the war with Spain.

Sentimentality is the mainspring of such interest as is taken in foreign affairs in this the most important epoch as yet in the affairs of humanity. It is time we took stock of ourselves, noted the points at which we fail to measure up to our original standards, and with earnestness and humility retrace our footsteps to the cross-roads where we first went astray.

It has been said, and truly, that militarism is a state of mind. It can be said with equal truth that the advocacy of peace at any price is also a state of mind, for like all moods it can be changed on the instant, and this is especially true of our own nation.

"This horrid war must be stopped; it 's just awful," exclaimed a fair delegate to one of the society congresses recently held in the West; and she really meant it—at the moment. Should war come to our own country, this same young woman would as likely as not be found urging her men friends to enlist, and giving her own life to the work of relief for the sick and wounded. This is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it does not go far toward lending stability to our national character, and no vessel that ever sailed the deep and troubled seas stood more in need of ballast than our own good ship of state in these perplexing days. As the ballast of a ship is largely the measure of its seaworthiness, so the mentality and thoughtfulness of a nation as a whole measure its greatness and its real progress.

To be a rich and prosperous people is a most desirable state for a nation, but it has its grave dangers. We are told that through this war the gold of the world may find lodgment in America and thus in time transform us from a debtor to a creditor nation. From the banker's and the investor's point of view this is a most desirable condition, but unless such a nation keeps jealous watch upon its ideals and the practice thereof it soon becomes moribund with wealth and poverty-stricken of soul. America has worked hard to pay off the mortgage held by Europe. There is a national danger that when this is paid we shall become more slothful of spirit, more intent merely upon interest-getting than upon the use of money to keep our own people employed at living wages and our national life at high spiritual tension.

The interior ills from which England is suffering to-day result largely from a rich people growing richer without effort, and the constantly increasing sanctity of the rights of property as compared with

the rights of humanity. The integrity of the English race and the individuality of the English character are all that are saving the day for that old country of long and tremendous history. The American nation of the present time has no such integrity of race, and individualism is not generally apparent in our people. We are led by our mental noses in whichever direction is desired by those who furnish our reading-matter and make speeches to us. A political meeting means a gathering of those who are going to agree with the speaker. Resolutions are adopted at public gatherings with little or no debate. Petitions to Congress for this, that, or the other thing are signed because some one asks us to sign. Thousands of petitions have been received in Washington for and against a proposed measure with many of the signatures appearing on both sides of the question. That is the reason why they are as a rule so ineffective as a referendum: no one in Washington takes them seriously; the politicians know all too well how they have been secured.

The whole trouble with us Americans is that we do not think. We think that we think, but some one else does it for us, and we unconsciously, perhaps, imagine our conclusions to be our own. The knowledge of all the ages is at our disposal. The facts of contemporaneous history are given us every day. No people in the world have freer access to the news of all that is happening on this globe. The average American is of greater intelligence and possesses a livelier curiosity as to the doings of humanity the world over than the average citizen of any other country, and yet with all these advantages and natural talents we are unable to think for ourselves and to reach individual conclusions that we are able to support effectively when attacked by those who reason to the contrary.

Sentimentality is our curse. The Russian people, lacking in education, far removed from the stimulus of modern life, possess a spirituality which puts them far above us in the things that really count. The purity of race, the fineness of spirit which has been refined from the dross in the fires of recent adversity, have gained for the French to-day the admiration of the world, including those who are engaging them in deadly combat. Likewise with the British; but for their individualism, the grave tenacity of purpose inherent in their character, the fiery belief of each and every Englishman, Scotchman, loyal Irishman, and men of such breeds that he is fighting for his own hard-thought-out creed and the rights he believes to be his, the British Empire would have gone to pieces before this in the face of increasing adversity.

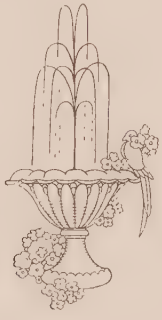
Those qualities which stamp a nation as great are not created by war; they merely become apparent at such a time. They are bred in the nation in times of peace. There is no magic wand, not even a grave national peril, which can call forth from a people what is not in them. They must have had the power to think, sufficient strength of character to stamp them as individualistic, and a deeply implanted suspicion of those who would lead them through tricks of oratory or appeals to prejudice. In America we have the best material ever given a country from which to create a thinking people, and we are wasting it—wasting our mental powers in acrobatics under the leadership of men and women who seek personal advantage either consciously or unconsciously or in the furtherance of some idea with which they have become obsessed. We are easily worked by every charlatan who has the public ear. Insincerity, sentimentality, and hysteria pass with us for convictions and even inspirations. Credulous, lacking in sound conviction, we are blown here and there by every passing breeze, be it wafted from heaven or from the mouth of some self-appointed guide to our national salvation.

Civilization has come to mean the use of electricity, street-cars, cheap newspapers, and the thousand and one conveniences or nuisances of modern life. A gathering in an American forum for the discussion of a national or a local policy would be an impossibility; it would be

broken up through organized hooliganism. Our nearest approach to a national council is held at Washington, and its purpose is largely destroyed through the fact that our chosen representatives lack the support of thinking constituencies.

Perhaps we shall yet find ourselves. The evil is great, however, and our nation will perforce pass through ordeals of which this generation has little or no conception before we acquire that supreme strength which comes of a proud humility of spirit and an individual singleness of purpose. Those who founded this great republic had these qualities highly developed. When we get rid of the rubbish and strip our souls to view, we shall find the old and admirable foundations still there, and upon them we can build anew. The clearing away will be a cataclysm, for the task grows more enormous with every day that we fail to think each one for himself, and that God-given faculty inherent in every American mind is fast becoming atrophied.

All this has nothing to do with material wealth or so-called modern progress; those things will take care of themselves.



Portrait of a Poet

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FIRE he sings of, fierce and poignant flame;
Passion that bids a timid world be bold,
And Love that rides the tempest uncontrolled,
Scorning all customs with a greater claim.
Yet, underneath the ink, his soul is staid;
Calm, even calculating, shrewd, and cold.
His pain lives but in print; his tears are rolled
And packed in small, neat lyrics for the trade.
He hawks his passions of assorted brands:
Romantic toys and tinsel of desire;
Marionettes that plead as he commands;
Rockets that sputter feebly—and expire.
And he is pleased and proud, and warms his hands
At the pale fireworks that he takes for fire.

Are We a World Power?

By ARTHUR BULLARD

Author of "America and the World's Peace," etc

OUR oldest political tradition is in direct opposition to participation in world politics. The advice of our first President about keeping out of "entangling alliances" has been the corner-stone of our foreign policy. And in the early days of our national life Monroe developed in a message to Congress the idea of Washington that has become famous as his "Doctrine."

Very rarely have we departed from these formulæ. In the fifties one of our senators introduced a resolution inviting the nations of the world to establish an international court to do away with the crudities of war. He was promptly voted down. Half a century ago we were unwilling to negotiate even arbitration treaties with Europe.

The Monroe Doctrine is rather like the British Constitution: it has never been reduced to a formal written document. Its interpretation has often changed. The monarchs of the Holy Alliance, having crushed the French Revolution, were planning to reëstablish the authority of the Spanish king over his revolted provinces in America. This was the cause of Monroe's action. But although the original danger passed, the doctrine, changing with circumstances, has shown remarkable vitality.

The people of the United States believe that their interests and security would be seriously threatened if any European power, especially a monarchial power, extended its political organization on this side of the world. We are on record as determined to go to war to preserve the American *status quo* from foreign aggression.

Of course we have no accepted legal precedent on which to base this doctrine, and in international law a proposition like this must be based either on precedent or force. We have been able to maintain the Monroe Doctrine for nearly a century because we have had, or have been thought to have, more than sufficient force to counterbalance any temptation to violate it. The French effort to conquer Mexico at the favorable moment when we were occupied by the Civil War was so disastrous to them that it did not encourage others to try. And whenever the temptation has grown strong in one or another of the European countries to launch an adventurous American policy, it has always happened that other European powers were so jealous that the threat was not translated into action. Our ability to maintain the Monroe Doctrine has never been put to the test.

The justice of our contention is not formally accepted by Europe. Various governments have assured us that they had no territorial ambitions on our side of the world, but the general attitude of European statesmen, and of writers on such subjects, is that the Monroe Doctrine is a bumptious bluff. They deny its legality and smile at our pretense of power. They do not believe that we would or could defend our claim. But few, if any, of them seriously think it worth their while to challenge us. If a man announces that he will fight in defense of something you do not want very much, there is no gain in arguing—or proving—that you could take it if you really wanted to.

But there are two sides to the Monroe Doctrine: the Americas for the Ameri-

cans, and the inevitable corollary, Europe for the Europeans. And while the Europeans are only scornfully tolerant of the first proposition, they are inclined to be scrupulously insistent on the second. It has been a maxim of modern diplomacy that the United States has no interest in Europe. Any intervention on our part is an impertinence. The exceptions—when our intervention has been solicited—are amusing. The people who from time to time have invited us to the council-table of Europe have done so because they thought we would vote on their side, and they have at once become vehement advocates of the Monroe Doctrine if we opposed them.

There has never been a time, for instance, when the British press has had so many kind words to say for the Monroe Doctrine as when at the Hague Conference our delegates showed signs of siding with Germany in regard to the "freedom of the seas." At that time the English would have been willing to recognize our protectorate, even annexation, of all South America if we would only go home and not vote on this "purely European" issue.

But more amusing, and more typical, was our part in the Algeciras Conference of 1906. Our interests in the fate of Morocco were almost invisibly small. Germany wanted to prevent France from annexing the country, and above all to obtain some guaranty that the rest of the world would be given equal commercial chances in Morocco. As we had said so much about "the open door" in the far East, they naturally expected us to vote for them, and so welcomed us to the conference. England and France, having received assurances of our support, were also cordial in their invitations.

But a few years later, when France decided to proclaim a protectorate over Morocco, despite her solemn promises at Algeciras, and Germany was trying to get the other signatories to the treaty to join her in a protest, England and France both took the stand that we were a "purely American" power and had no business mixing in a European and African dispute. The governments of Europe expect us to live up to the Monroe Doctrine except when they think it will help their game to have us depart from it.

Frequently our diplomatic representatives, acting on instructions from Washington, have admitted this obligation not to meddle in European disputes. The most formal recognition of this principle was given by our delegates at the first Hague Conference. They abstained from voting on the disarmament resolution on the ground that it was a "purely European issue," and when they voted for the arbitration arrangement, they read into the records this ponderous qualification:

> Nothing contained in this convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions or policy or internal administration of any foreign state; nor shall anything contained in the said convention be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of its traditional attitude towards purely American questions.

Again, when Mr. White, our delegate to the Conference of Algeciras, signed that treaty, he made a similar statement. The United States accepted the changes in the status of Morocco agreed upon by the conference, but expressly refused to assume any responsibility for the enforcement of the treaty.

From these and similar official statements it results that our Government has been extremely careful to make it clear that we did not consider the policing of Europe as part of our job. In signing the various Hague conventions in regard to the method of warfare, we virtually said: "If the misfortune of war falls on us, we will live up to these rules." We also solemnly pledged ourselves not to violate the territory of neutral nations.

But I do not find any warrant in the records of the Hague conferences for Mr. Roosevelt's contention that we are in honor bound to make other people live up

to their promises. In fact, the official records and common sense point in the opposite direction. The Monroe Doctrine would be stripped of all justification if we claimed to be a world power. We peremptorily tell the Europeans that they have no police power in the Americas, and it is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

Uninformed public opinion in the nations of the Entente group would like to see us abandon our traditional attitude and protest against the German violation of her treaties, but the British diplomats certainly would not. We should also have to protest against their occupation of the neutral Greek isles. The French Foreign Office certainly remembers that we did not protest when they tore up the Algeciras Treaty, and the governing clique in Russia are not anxious to have us start any judicial inquiry into atrocities. They have ravaged too much of East Prussia and Galicia themselves to be enthusiastic for atrocity protests.

For us to claim rank as a world power is clearly an abandonment of our oldest diplomatic tradition. But there is no virtue in mere age. Conditions have changed, are changing, with the shrinking of the world. Steamships, submarine cables, wireless-plants are all drawing in the ends of the earth. It is an entirely safe prophecy that the time is coming when a purely European policy or an American or Antarctic policy will be provincial, and when local interests will be absorbed in the greater politics of the race. Sooner or later the Monroe Doctrine—American particularism—will lose all meaning. It is necessary for us to decide whether that time has already arrived.

Mr. Roosevelt loudly affirms that it has, and Mr. Roosevelt is a phenomenon of American life which cannot be ignored. Whether one likes or detests him, it is impossible to forget him. And one of the most outstanding features of his long administration was his insistence that the time had come for us to play a rôle on the stage of world politics. More infractions of our traditional policy occurred while he was at the helm than in all the previous history of our country. We, or he, participated in the Hague conferences, we mediated between Russia and Japan, and we were "among those also present" at Algeciras. It is an open question if we accomplished anything by these interventions which could not have been done quite as well by Switzerland, but we did get ourselves, and Europe, accustomed to hearing our name at roll-call.

It is hard to combat the argument that sooner or later we must accept world responsibilities, but I for one find it even harder to see what we stand to gain by hurrying. The more we succeed in putting our own house in order, the more we can hope to have an uplifting influence on benighted Europe. Unfortunately, we have been rather slack in arranging our own affairs.

There is much to be said in favor of withholding advice until it is asked for. In a score or more phases of life the people of Europe do accept us as models. They copy our shoes, our dentistry, our juvenile courts, and our hospital organization; but they do not copy our municipal governments or our administration of justice. They have heard more of our lynchings than of the small parks and playgrounds of our progressive cities. On the whole, they think of us as rather uncivilized; but as fast as we give them something worth copying, they copy it, and much more quickly than we have copied their good points. And if we are able, in our dealings with our neighbors on our side of the world, to develop a new scheme of international relations which is as much superior to their methods as our sanitary plumbing is to the traditional English "tub," they will copy that, too. If in our own bailiwick we practised the "peace of justice" more, and talked about it less, it would be better.

This war has plunged us and all the world into deep water. It is a time to hold fast to old customs rather than to experiment in innovations.

We stand pledged to Europe. In return for their abstention in American af-

fairs, we have promised not to mix in theirs. Of course a bad pledge is better broken than kept, but it is well to be very sure the pledge is bad before we break it.

Is there any preponderating sentiment in our democracy in favor of taking sides on the issues of this European conflict? I think not. There is hardly one of us who has doubts as to which side he wants to see win, but there is a long step from this personal partizanship to the conviction that our Government should identify itself with, and give unqualified support to, either the Triple Alliance or the Entente group. The issues involved are far from clear. They visibly change as the war progresses. All the belligerent countries are divided internally over the vital issues of the war. Is it a war of offense or defense? In England are we to believe the Liberal "Manchester Guardian" or the frankly reactionary "London Morning Post"? Both try to tell us what Britain is fighting for, but their conclusions are worlds apart. And after the war are we to find Russia revolutionized or more deeply retrograde? There are too many unknown quantities—"unweighables," in Bismarck's phrase—for us to form a really united public opinion on the purely European issues of the war.

If we are to fight whole-heartedly, we must be convinced that we have chosen the side of progress. We admire immensely the scientific achievements and social ameliorations of Germany. In the last generation we have borrowed more of value from Germany than from any other European country, but few of us care to risk our lives for the greater glory of Hohenzollernism. We have a century-old tradition of peace with England, but more than once official relations have been sorely strained, and we are often shocked at the callous commercialism of the present ruling class of England. Why should we fight for the landlords of the London East End? In our home politics we are fighting against, not for, such people. We have severe penal laws against the sellers of opium. We would be utterly untrue to our own ideals if we were not keen to help the Russians to their freedom, but it is not our business to help the czar out of a hole.

The issues involved in this war are intricate in the extreme. We would resent any European power taking sides in the Mexican muddle. Our intervention in Europe over the moral issues of this war is equally uncalled for.

But there is nothing in the Monroe Doctrine—in our pledge not to act as a policeman in Europe—which implies that we will never fight a European nation. To change or abandon our theory of "neutral rights" in the midst of the war would be quite as grave a departure from our traditional policy as for us to take sides.

In the accepted custom of international law the procedure of protest is virtually automatic. If a citizen has plausible complaint against some other country, there is little option left to his Foreign Office. The complaint must be registered. It is the duty of his government to see that his evidence is heard, and if his claims are established, to demand compensation. And the general practice is to err on the side of over-protesting. In a synopsis of all the international protests issued in 1910, a relatively peaceful year, it would be found that a majority was received, investigated, and settled without the least hard feeling. Trouble is more likely to arise from the hostile mood of the contending nations than from the gravity of the complaint. Doubtful and important issues, like our recent controversy with England over the Panama Canal tolls, may be settled by common good-will. Insignificant incidents, like the breaking of the cane of a German vice-consul at Casablanca, may lead to the verge of war.

As a general proposition, it can be laid down that no liberal, democratic nation dreams of fighting over a commercial protest which can be arbitrated and settled by an award of damages. Most of our protests addressed to England since the outbreak of this war have been of this nature. If we had been spoiling for a fight, it would have been easy to start one over the bizarre British doctrine that they

can play fast and loose with our generally admitted trading rights in order indirectly to hurt Germany. The idea that, because the English do not approve of the way the Germans fight, they can inflict reprisals on neutral nations is indeed original. At the first opportunity we shall certainly "go to court" about this, and have this brand-new pretension threshed out. But if the English are ready to live up to their arbitration treaty with us, we certainly do not intend to fight about it.

However, August, 1915, finds us tottering on the verge of a very much more serious conflict with Germany, and it is apparently difficult for the Germans to understand our attitude.

The Roman Church made a very convenient classification in distinguishing between mortal and venal sins. There are many peccadillos that, while technically wrong, cannot be taken very seriously; and there are other acts that, even if we cannot cite the chapter and verse where they are forbidden, seem at once shockingly wrong—heinous.

Great Britain and Germany have both violated international law by armed invasion and occupation of neutral territory. Armies have settled down unwelcomed in the little grand duchy of Luxemburg and in the Greek isles near the mouth of the Dardanelles. Necessity knew no law. In both these cases the weaklings submitted sullenly to overwhelming force, and as far as one can discover, in both cases the invaders have recognized all the rights of the invaded except their right not to be invaded.

The American attitude toward both these cases is that they are most regrettable. But the case of Belgium is in another category altogether. It was no more "illegal" for the Germans to enter Belgium than for them to enter Luxemburg, but there has been a general wave of horror over the tragic fate of Belgium.

A British cruiser fires a shot across the bow of an American ship. Officers board her, go through her papers, find every evidence that she is bound for a neutral port on non-contraband business. Nevertheless, they order her to go into a British port, and with exasperating leisureness try to make up their mind whether or not they had any right to stop her.

A German submarine shoots a torpedo into a great merchant ship that is suspected of carrying aid to the enemy. And of the hundreds of passengers aboard, most of whom are strictly non-combatants, a large number are uselessly drowned.

Both acts are utterly illegal, but it is idle to contend that we ought to feel equally outraged over both.

Our real quarrel with Germany is that her statesmen cannot, or will not, see this distinction between venal and mortal lawlessness. This clash is more fundamental than the immediate hard feeling over specific incidents. The solution of the *Arabic* affair does not really solve anything. The real conflict is in the attitude of mind of the two nations.

If we come to a rupture with Germany, it will not be because she has infringed on our rights,—England, also, has done that,—but because the *way* Germany did it was unbearable.

An autocratic government might possibly follow the dictates of logic and pure reason. It might act on the basis that law is law and that one violation is as bad as another, and so expect the rest of the world to be just as indignant over the illegalities of the British immaterial blockade as at the sinking of the *Lusitania*. But democracies are not ruled by this process of mind, which the Germans call "pure reason." Our newspapers—as good a mirror of our national mind as we possess—are remarkably unanimous. The British have lost heavily in our sympathy by a procedure which seems to us stupid, arrogant, and decidedly unsportsman-like. The German methods have seemed to us inhuman and horrible.

And so, after a year of this European War, there seems little chance of our becoming involved in serious trouble with any of the Entente powers, but there is a depressingly grave possibility of continual conflict with Germany.

But even if the ultimate misfortune befalls us, and our young men set out to war, it does not necessarily imply an abandoning of our traditional policy of non-intervention in purely European issues. We fought Spain without getting involved in any entangling alliances.

Those who believe that because we are bigger than Italy, stronger than Austria, more numerous than France, we also ought to accept the responsibilities of world power will certainly argue, if we become involved in a quarrel with any European nation, that now is the time to accept our true rôle. Either side would welcome our help, and a recognition of our coming of age would follow their victory. If we are to abandon our traditions, this war furnishes a plausible excuse.

But if the worst should come to the worst, and a war be forced on us, it would be quite possible to carry it on against the aggressor without tying ourselves up with either of the European groups. Italy was able to pick her enemies; for several months she fought Austria without joining the Ententes or fighting Austria's allies. We could, if attacked by Germany, carry on effective war without identifying ourselves with the cause of the czar. We could make a clear statement of our reasons for fighting and the specific satisfactions we demanded. We might, for instance, insist on formal apologies and some trophies to set up in one of our parks. There could be complete military coöperation with the other enemies of Germany without tangling up our diplomacy with any pledge to go on fighting after our aims had been obtained,—to pull chestnuts out of the fire for them,—or to stop as soon as they had had enough. There are ample precedents in history for such a dual war in the midst of a general conflict, and it would be much more in accordance with our traditional policy.

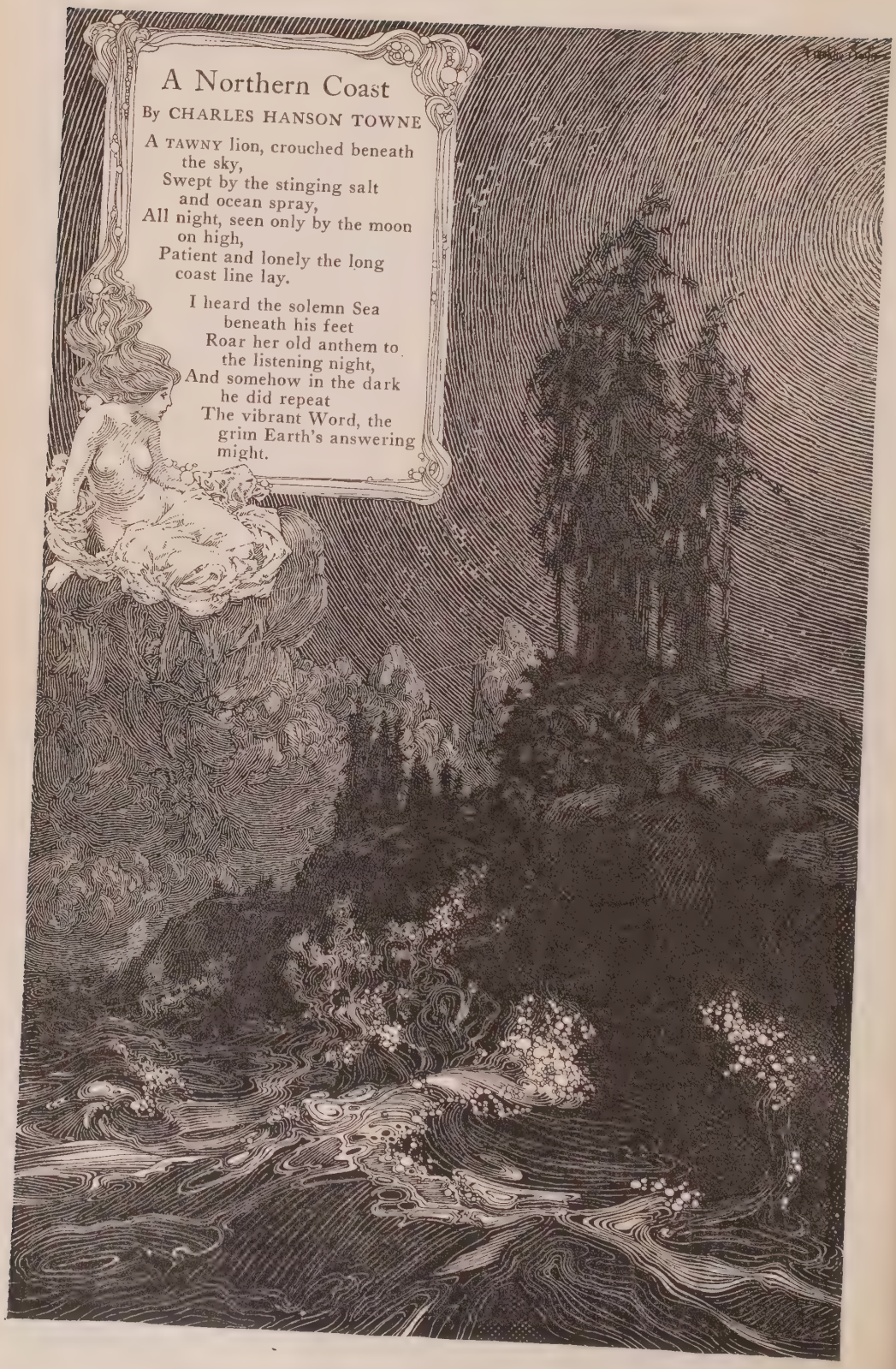
We will not go to war lightly; and if we go at all, our demands will be such that there is small chance of their satisfaction short of a complete victory. But the matter of coördinating military effort during the war would be simple compared to maintaining harmony during the peace proceedings. Especially in this matter it will be well to keep to our traditions. Europe will have to decide whether the town of Temesvar shall be Hungarian, Serb, or Rumanian. The harbor dues of Triest will be a matter of importance to Europe. There will be passionate discussions over the fate of the Dardanelles and the drawing of the new frontiers of Poland. A thousand similar questions will arise. If we are a world power, we ought to have an opinion on such points. It is barely possible that some of our diplomats have the special knowledge to fit them to deal with these matters, but there is no public opinion at home to guide them. Beyond the broad fact that we are a liberal nation and would prefer to see democratic counsels prevail everywhere, we have no interest in these European issues. To find ourselves fighting over this would be to find ourselves in a ridiculously false position.

If we take part in the peace proceedings, or have the misfortune of being drawn in before the peace, we shall have to come to a clear decision. Are we, or are we not, a world power? It is necessary to choose.

We might, for instance, become an ally of France and instruct our diplomats to vote with the French on all questions which do not involve our interests. This is virtually the attitude adopted by Mr. Roosevelt at the Conference of Algeciras. We were remarkably like the tail of a kite.

Or, refusing any alliances, we may keep to our traditional policy and, even if we become involved in the war, reaffirm our Americanism and our disinterestedness in the police problems of Europe. We shall certainly be freer in solving our own problems if we do not become involved in Europe.

It is necessary to choose.


A Northern Coast
By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE
A TAWNY lion, crouched beneath
the sky,
Swept by the stinging salt
and ocean spray,
All night, seen only by the moon
on high,
Patient and lonely the long
coast line lay.
I heard the solemn Sea
beneath his feet
Roar her old anthem to
the listening night,
And somehow in the dark
he did repeat
The vibrant Word, the
grim Earth's answering
might.

Hunger

By ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

Author of "Toya the Unlike," "Temperament," "The Privateer," etc.

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

SHE drew the crape over her face, staggering a little as she turned away from the grave to the carriage. A son-in-law took her by the elbow, exchanging a quick glance with the others.

"Father won't lie alone here long," murmured one of her daughters, with an hysterical sob.

She was glad that the veil was heavy. True, her face was quite sodden with weeping,—she wept easily,—but she feared that it might not wear the proper expression for a woman just widowed after forty years of marriage. She was hungry. She could not help thinking of things to eat. It was from sheer faintness that she had staggered.

"As soon as the children have gone, I shall have Susy broil me a chop—two chops," she thought. "I do hope they won't feel that they ought to stay long."

For three days she had eaten virtually nothing. How could she eat, with the judge lying there dead? Her daughters, taking it for granted that she would not care to leave her room, had themselves brought trays to her, sitting beside her and urging her tenderly to make an effort. She did not like trays; the tea was usually chilled, and the eggs were overdone. Moreover, she saw that they would have been surprised and a trifle shocked if she had eaten. All her life she had been the victim of a fatal facility for doing the thing expected of her.

The night before, while the judge still lay in his half-lit drawing-room, with flowers all about him and one of the sons-in-law dozing on guard, the fancy had come to her to take one last look at this stranger who had been the father of her children. She tiptoed down-stairs without waking her daughters.

It was a long time since she had really looked at her husband. She felt a little apologetic now, more than a little nervous, as if at any moment he might lift those heavy lids with a testy, "Well, well, my dear, what are you staring at?"

But if the judge was aware of her scrutiny, he did not seem to resent it.

"Is *this* the man I married?" she asked herself at last, wondering.

In those chill, handsome features, already wearing the look of faintly yellowed marble; the proud nose, indefinably coarsened; the bushy, gray eyebrows with the irritable line between them not quite erased; the close-shaven mouth, oddly pursed and sunken since the acquisition of false teeth, she found no trace of the knight of her dreams, the fairy prince who had once come riding into her girlhood. Bleak desolation came over her. All done now, those dreams; the knight had ridden by.

For the first time her mourning seemed no mockery. She wore it not for the judge lying there in his coffin, but for the lover she had married and lost forty years ago.

Just beyond the coffin, so near that there was barely room for her to pass between them, stood the closed piano. She looked at it with sudden yearning. In all the crises of her life she had hungered

for music, even her own music, which was not very good. The piano was a thing of mystery to her, of beautiful promise. Consolation, memory, forgetfulness, hope —all of them lay there waiting, hidden in the harmonies her fingers might evoke. True, they often failed her, those stiffening, ill-taught fingers of hers. It required imagination to transmute her patient efforts into music. The judge had lacked imagination. Of late years the thing that he called her "mooning" had touched his nerves upon the raw. Only on the rare occasions when he was out of the house had she dared to grope in search of those locked harmonies.

"But surely it would not disturb him now," she thought, and moved past the coffin.

Then behind her the son-in-law snored. She stopped short, aghast at the narrowness of her escape. What would they all have thought, awakened at midnight to find their bereaved mother seated within a foot of her husband's coffin, playing tunes! To the judge's children all music was, or was not, "a tune." At the picture of their dismay she laughed.

The son-in-law awoke. He led her back to bed, pityingly, and gave her valerian to quiet her nerves, and she wept herself to sleep.

But now, driving home from the funeral, her mind went again eagerly to the piano.

"As soon as they 've all gone," she thought, "I 'll shut the doors and windows, and I 'll play. I don't care what the servants think; I 'm going to play."

A hand-organ passed, grinding out a gay little tune that went dancing merrily through her head. Pleasant thoughts came with it which would not be denied, ashamed as she was of them.

She might eat in the garden sometimes now, like a picnic. The judge had not approved of eating out of doors.

"It is not the place to eat," he had pronounced, with finality.

She might lie down and read when she ought to be doing all sorts of things—read anything that pleased her, poetry, novels, silly love-stories; not the dry articles and essays to which the judge liked to listen while he dozed after dinner, waking whenever her voice paused with a testy, "Well, well, my dear, what 's the matter now?"

A little smile curved her lips. What a house-cleaning she would have! Not the surreptitious, bit-at-a-time affair conceded to the judge's hatred of disturbance, but a perfect orgy of cleanliness. Everything out in the sun at once; empty, scrubbed shelves smelling of new oil-cloth; fresh paint everywhere; fresh papers on the walls; frivolous, light papers instead of the dreary grays and browns the judge had pronounced practical for a soft-coal city. She need never, never be practical any more.

And those dear, noisy babies from next door should come and play menagerie in the garden whenever they liked. Nobody to disturb now. It was *her* house. The girls would not want to live with her. They had homes of their own; besides, they had long ago outgrown the shabby old street, with its trolley-cars and small shops. Her house, and she alone in it!

"Except for poor Solomon," she reminded herself, with a pang of compunction.

Solomon was the judge's one weakness, a morose, elderly canine who at will slept in the judge's chair, ate from his plate, took him out upon forced marches in pursuit of rabbits which did not exist. She had little love for Solomon, but she respected him. He had won the thing she failed of—her husband's tenderness.

"I suppose the dog will miss Henry," she thought. "I 'll have to give him plenty of exercise."

Except for the duty of exercising Solomon, however, life loomed before her free of fetters, one long, glorious holiday—or not long, perhaps, for she was not many years from seventy. But it was freedom —freedom at last, after forty years of living the life of others, subservient to the dominant personalities of the judge and the judge's children.

The carriage stopped. She turned to

"There, queerly out of place in its new surroundings, stood the furniture she had left not an hour ago in the room that had been hers and the judge's"

her house as to an old friend, eager for the first glimpse of its weather-worn brick behind the elms. The servants would be at the door to greet her, respectfully tearful, perhaps, but glad in their secret hearts that the reign of tyranny was over. She must be very good to these faithful servants, who had seen so much that she kept loyally hidden from her daughters.

But the carriage had stopped before the house recently built by the most capable of her daughters, Caroline. Possibly an architect and workmen, and even her husband, may have been of some assistance in the matter, but the house was customarily referred to as having been built by Caroline.

"Welcome home, Mother!" said Caroline, with a little break in her voice.

It was quite a dramatic moment.

Dazed, the widow allowed herself to be led up the steps and into the handsome hall, where her eyes fell upon a new piano, quite the latest thing in self-playing instruments, whose harmonies were by no means locked; were, in fact, at the command of any person with sufficiently muscular legs.

"We got it for you, Mother," murmured somebody.

She found her voice.

"Wh-why are we stopping here?"

Caroline put protective arms around her.

"Why, you poor little mumsey, you did n't think we were going to let you go back to that gloomy old house all by yourself? Of course not. Father arranged it all before he went. Dear father, always taking care of you, even now!" She put a handkerchief to her eyes. "He made sister and me promise that we 'd never leave you alone, not for a single day. Whenever you get tired of us here, you are to go straight to sister's house. *That* will be nice, won't it?" She spoke with the horrid, determined cheerfulness employed by dentists and photographers in dealing with the unreconciled young.

A strange numbness settled upon the widow. She essayed one faint protest.

"But, Carrie, I really must go home. There—there are so many things to be done."

"What things, dear? I believe I 've attended to everything."

"Well, the servants—"

"I 've found them both good homes already. You 're not to worry."

"But—but Solomon!" urged the widow, desperately. "He 'll have to be exercised—"

Caroline opened a door and called:

"Here, Solly! Here, Solly! You see, I had him brought over with the other things while we were gone."

The old dog entered, and sniffed distrustfully at his mistress's new crape. It was evidently not the smell for which his soul yearned. He went to the front door and whined.

"He wants f-father!" said Caroline, and wept.

"He wants to go home," thought the widow, dully; but she did not say so.

In fact, she did not say anything. She knew that she ought to speak, knew that if she did not take a firm stand now, she would never again be able to hold her own with this child of hers who was so appallingly like the judge. But she was not a strong woman. She had never formed the habit of holding her own and taking firm stands.

They led her up-stairs to the room they called hers, and paused at the door to enjoy her surprise. It was indeed a surprise. There, queerly out of place in its new surroundings, stood the furniture she had left not an hour ago in the room that had been hers and the judge's: the black-walnut bureau she had always disliked, the monumental chest of drawers, even the catafalque of a bed in which, very suitably, the judge had been born and had died. It had been one of her secret dreams to exchange this solemn suite of furniture for a little white set she had seen in one of the shops, painted in rosebuds. There was also the judge's own chair, its leather somewhat worn and hairy because of the slumbers of Solomon. She sat down in it rather suddenly.

"I wanted you to feel at home at once," beamed the capable Caroline through tears. "It was quite a job getting it all moved so quickly without letting you know; but I knew how it would please you, dear. Don't you think you might manage to eat a little something now if I bring you a tray myself? Do try—just for my sake!"

She promised that she would try.

Presently the old dog nosed his way to her, and sat staring up at her with a commanding eye. She gently put a hand on his head.

"What are we going to do, Solomon? What are we going to *do?*" she whispered.

He removed his head with dignity. It was not she whom he sought, but the chair she occupied, the judge's chair; in fact, *his* chair.

She yielded it to him.

The tray came, personally conducted by Caroline. There was tea, a trifle chilled, and a very solid egg. There was also a rose laid across the napkin.

Alas! for the two broiled chops of her dreams! But she did not miss them.

In Caroline's well-ordered household there were no children, nor in her neighborhood. A stately calm prevailed. No trolley-cars ventured near that sacred precinct; the widow often lay awake at night missing the familiar whir and clangor of them. Only limousines slid elegantly by; or if an automobile of the lower order chanced to intrude, it had at least the good taste never to honk. The judge himself could not have been quieter in his new surroundings than the judge's widow.

"Such a wonderfully restful atmosphere for your poor mother!" said Caroline's friends to her. "But what a responsibility, my dear! It seems a little hard on you."

"Hard on me—my own mother?" Caroline murmured in gentle reproof. "Naturally somebody must look after her; somebody always has. One is glad to make a few sacrifices. I only want her last days to be spent in peace and comfort."

Over the house that had been the judge's woodbine clambered thickly, and sparrows made the early morning vocal with their chatter. Of late years the judge had grown a trifle deaf, so that the sparrows were spared to increase and multiply and vociferate, after the vulgar fashion of the lower classes. Unfortunately, his human neighbors, also vulgar in these respects, had voices even more penetrating; and life had been one perpetual warfare between the judge and the neighborhood young to maintain the state which he called "privacy" and his wife called "loneliness."

But there were no longer any drawbacks for the neighborhood young about the judge's garden: no gardener with mistaken ideas of order; no fierce old voice threatening to sick the dog on them; only a little lady in black who began to seem a part of the landscape, and a dog whose attention was not to be distracted from rabbits no longer imaginary. Taller and thicker grew the weeds. The place became a jungle, inhabited, doubtless, by other wild animals than rabbits; tigers, possibly elephants. One sometimes heard them roaring. There were also bumblebees.

The hours passed so quickly there, so drowsily, what with the voices of birds and children and the drone of the passing trolley-cars, that the little lady in black had sometimes almost to run the long blocks back to Caroline's house to be in time for luncheon, the old dog puffing angrily behind her. Caroline shared her father's dislike for tardiness at meals.

Once she asked curiously:

"Where do you spend your mornings, Mother? The servants tell me you are up and off before the rest of us are stirring."

"I take Solomon walking," said her mother.

"For hours at a time, at your age?" Caroline eyed her solicitously. "No wonder you 're getting so thin! Remember, you are not very strong, dear. Hereafter

Solly would better take his walk in the back yard."

But her mother was unexpectedly stubborn.

"I like to go walking," she said. "Besides, I 've nothing else to do."

Life, even as she had dreamed it, was become a long holiday, a very long holiday.

Sometimes she pulled herself together and thought:

"This will not do! I 'm not old; I 'm only sixty-seven. I must learn to adjust myself."

She decided that she would be of some use to her daughter. But how? Caroline was very capable. The household ran as easily as the player-piano. House-cleaning seemed unnecessary: there was an electrical contrivance, with long antennæ which felt about behind things and on top of things, so that no speck of dust escaped. Shelves and drawers never got out of order. No buttons were ever missing, no stockings needed darning. The conviction grew upon her that these matters also were attended to by some electrical contrivance.

She tried solitaire, she tried crocheting, but was not able to rid herself of the feeling that these were merely elaborated forms of idleness. True, she was free to read the things that suited her. Nobody would jeer at her choice, nobody would trouble to inquire what she was reading. But with freedom, the taste for sentimental fiction, even for poetry, seemed to have disappeared, even as the taste for candy cruelly deserts those who have reached the age to which it is no longer forbidden.

Only the hunger for music remained. Often she eyed the player-piano wistfully, wishing that it were as other pianos.

One day she found herself alone with it. Caroline had gone to one of her clubs, and the other daughter, by some felicitous chance, was not able to be on duty. The time had come! With much patient labor, she discovered that the mechanical part of the instrument might be detached. Even then it was not quite as other pianos. Its full, loud, self-confident tones, so different from the deprecating tinkle of her old instrument, were rather alarming. Still, she was alone.

There was the little, half-forgotten tune the hand-organ had played as they drove back from the funeral. It had been a popular ditty of the day when the judge was courting her. He had often whistled it. Strange to think of the judge whistling! But he was not the judge then. Over and over she tried it, almost remembering; stopping always at the same place to begin once more. Her ear was not very good; a change to the minor always puzzled her. Over and over again—

Once or twice a servant peeped in at her, and withdrew, giggling. Dusk fell. Still she played on happily; striking wrong notes, listening, remembering, dreaming. Such a gay little air!

At last a button clicked behind her, and light flooded the hall.

"Oh, Mother dear!" cried a laughing voice. "*Would* you mind playing something else for a while? I don't believe I can stand that silly, old-fashioned tune another minute. Why don't you let me show you how to work the player?"

Caroline had been there for some time.

The son-in-law came home for dinner one night beaming with satisfaction.

"Congratulations, Mother! You 're quite rich now," he said. "We 've sold your house at last for a very good price. I have brought the papers for you to sign."

Sold the house! She clutched at the table-cloth; the room swam around her. But she told herself that she must be sensible. She had known all along that they were going to sell the house. She signed her name where her son-in-law bade her.

"Will the new owners move in soon?" she asked quite calmly.

"Oh, no." He smiled at her question. He was always very kind and patient with her. "It was bought as an investment, probably. People don't move into that neighborhood nowadays, since shops and boarding-houses have overrun it."

Nevertheless, she and Solomon hurried

away the next morning without waiting for their breakfasts. She had a feeling that there was no time to waste.

Nothing had changed. Cobwebs still fastened the closed shutters securely, sparrows still held possession of the woodbine, the "For Sale" sign had not been taken away. The house did not seem to realize that it had been sold.

As the long June mornings passed, still without change, she became almost reconciled to the thought of strangers in her home. After all, it is not good for houses to stand too long vacant. They grow to have an empty, hopeless expression, like faces behind which there is no mind. She wondered a great deal about the new owners. Perhaps they were young people, as she and Henry had been when they bought the house. She hoped so; it was such a good house for children. The long nursery, with elm-branches tapping at the sunny windows, and a gay little frieze of cows jumping endlessly over moons, pursued by a placid Bo Peep and her tailless flock—does one find such nurseries in modern houses?

She began to wish they would move in. It would be pleasant to see smoke coming out of the chimneys again, curtains fluttering at the windows.

One morning as she and Solomon approached, she saw a group of people on the pavement, and men going in and out of the gate. Her heart began to thump. They had come at last! She hurried forward. The twittering of the sparrows was louder than usual; it seemed terrified, frantic. Then she saw what was happening. Men were tearing down the woodbine.

She gasped, and began to run. It was an outrage! Did they not know there were nests in those vines, young fledglings?

There was a sign at the gate: DANGER. KEEP OUT. The men were tearing down not only the vines, but the house.

She stood for a while, staring. A shower of shingles rattled down, and piled themselves in heaps upon the prostrate woodbine. Bricks followed. The rooms in which her life had been spent were about to expose themselves to the gaze of the public, like rooms upon a stage.

Suddenly she cried out aloud, cried to the husband who had always taken care of her:

"Henry, don't let them! Make them stop it, Henry!"

"Why, it 's the judge's widow! She 's fainted, poor soul!" exclaimed a neighbor, running out to her.

But she had not fainted. She was merely unable to stand up any longer.

Every morning Solomon came into her room and stared at her reproachfully with his blurred eyes. There were no rabbits in Caroline's back yard, no live stock of any description, with the exception of a sophisticated and able cat or two; in fact, there was no back yard, properly speaking; only a neat, unfenced stretch of lawn, shared in common with other houses.

"I 'll be out of bed to-morrow, old puppy," she promised him daily. "Then we 'll find somewhere else to take our walks—somewhere else."

People were very kind to her. They came to see her often; not her old neighbors, who stood rather in awe of the judge's daughters, but other people, who spoke in low, sick-room voices, and were most sympathetic. Once she overheard Caroline saying to a visitor:

"Yes, we have been expecting this. We knew it would not be long. She was so dependent on father!"

The widow smiled to herself, a rueful, guilty little smile. How shocked they would all be if they knew the truth! She was rather shocked herself.

"I suppose I really ought to be ill," she thought, "but I 'm not."

Still, since it seemed to be expected of her, she kept to her bed awhile longer.

At length Solomon abandoned all other interests, and formed the habit of lying in the judge's chair all day, fixedly eying the dwindling little figure in the judge's bed, as if he intended to accomplish his purpose

by sheer force of concentration. He had had some experience with the power of suggestion, had Solomon.

Under his gaze the widow fretted a little. More than once it brought back her thoughts from the vaguely pleasant regions where they strayed to a reality that was less pleasant. At such moments duty claimed her again, and she was very tired of duty. With great effort she remembered and repeated her daily promise to him, "To-morrow—"

But Solomon put little faith in promises. Performance was his creed, prompt performance. He continued to insist; and under his reminding, beseeching, exhorting eye the widow could not rest in peace.

Sometimes she murmured to the watchers at her bedside:

"Solomon—exercise—rabbits—the garden—" and they humored her soothingly, believing that her mind wandered. With a mother on her death-bed, naturally one does not think of exercising dogs.

Once her eyes opened, to find a familiar black face bending over hers. She spoke in a stronger voice than she had used for days:

"It 's Susy. Crying? What 's the matter? Have n't you a good place, old friend?"

The negress controlled herself gallantly, according to instructions.

"Yais 'm, Miss Mary. Miss Calline put me with some real nice young mai'ed folks; on'y dey *does* mek me put soda in my beat biscuit, and Gawd He knows I ain't never had to put no soda in my bread befo' in all my bo'n days."

The widow patted her cook's wrinkled hand.

"Young folks, Susy, young ways. We must learn to adjust ourselves, you and I." She closed her eyes. "Susy—is the house all down yet?"

"We-all's house? No, ma'am, hit ain't. De wukmen 's done gone an' struck, or somefin' like dat. But, oh, Miss Mary, dey ain't nary a roof to it now, an' some of its insides shows, an' ef a rain was to come up, Gawd He knows what would happen to de parlor ceilin'!"

The widow's eyes flew open.

"Not down yet, not down yet? Susy!" she clutched the other's hand tighter. "You must pray that there won't be a rain! You hear me? Pray hard!"

When the black woman had gone, she prayed herself, very earnestly, that there would not be a rain, reminding God that the parlor ceiling was frescoed. It was the first time she had found energy to pray for several days.

When the kind and patient son-in-law tiptoed into her room that evening, she was ready for him with an eager question:

"You said I was rich. How rich? How much money have I got in bank?"

He told her.

"And can I do just what I like with all that?"

He assured her that she could.

"Is—is there anything you wish to consult me about, Mother dear? Or—" his voice broke a little; he was a man of fine feeling—"or perhaps the time has come to consult a lawyer?"

She chose the lawyer.

He went out to Caroline, saying sadly:

"Mother knows now. She wants to see a lawyer."

Caroline put a handkerchief to her eyes.

"Do you think she is quite—capable?"

"Perfectly. She seems stronger than she has been for weeks and entirely clear-headed. It is often so toward the last. She even selected the lawyer herself—that fellow who lives next door to your father's old house, the shabby chap with all the children. A queer choice, was n't it? But any lawyer can make a will, and we must humor her."

"Yes, yes, of course. Poor mother was always so interested in the neighbors!" sighed Caroline, in the gently reminiscent tone with which one refers to the little failings of the dead.

During the lawyer's visit she refrained with some delicacy from entering her mother's room, lest it might possibly be thought afterward that she had influenced in any way the old lady's last wishes.

Therefore, it was somewhat of a sur-

"The old pianoforte . . . whose mild, uncertain tinkle may be heard at all hours by the passer-by"

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prise to her to learn, a few days later, that instead of writing a will, the lawyer had secured from its new owner a ten-year lease for her mother on the house that had been hers.

"It should never have been allowed!" Caroline protested to sympathetic friends. "I blame the lawyer greatly. Poor, dear mother's mind, you know! It is not as if she could possibly live to go back there, though why she should wish to I cannot imagine. It seems a little, just a little, ungrateful, does n't it? Fancy being hampered with a ten-year lease!"

But for once Caroline found herself in error. The widow seemed to have every intention of living to go back there. In fact, two days after the lease was signed, she rejected her dainty luncheon-tray *in toto,* and demanded two broiled lamb-chops.

THE judge's ghost, if it ever cares to revisit mundane haunts, must be rather startled by the changes that have taken place in its former dwelling. Outwardly, the house behind the elms is much the same. Its new roof does not vary by a shingle from its old roof. Only a few lines of mortar, whiter than the rest, show where bricklayers have repaired certain ravages upon its dignified front, and these the woodbine, growing green again from stout, undaunted roots, is doing its best to cover. Nevertheless, the changes are there, noticeable as much to the ear as to the eye.

All day long the voices of children echo through the house, coming not only from the garden, but from the nursery up-stairs, where the daughter of the shabby lawyer next door teaches kindergarten, with the aid of Bo Peep and her tailless flock and the jumping cows.

As for the judge's bedroom, his ghost must turn from it in dismay toward a more suitable resting-place. Gone are the walnut monuments, the majestic state-bed of his forefathers, and their places are usurped by slender furniture of cream enamel, painted in rosebuds, which Caroline finds distinctly trivial.

Indeed, the entire effect of the house is somewhat trivial; muslin ruffles at the windows, plants in gay red pots, flowered walls; nothing really handsome and substantial and suitable for a judge's widow, with the exception, possibly, of the old pianoforte, recovered from a second-hand shop, whose mild, uncertain tinkle may be heard at all hours by the passer-by.

Caroline has been forced to the reluctant conclusion that her mother herself is somewhat trivial; not a woman of deep feeling, perhaps, certainly lacking all sense of the fitness of things. Fancy preferring, at sixty-odd, to live alone (except for servants), in a street where there are shops; to wear white muslin instead of decent crape; to eat half one's meals out of doors in view of the entire neighborhood—and such a neighborhood! Noisy children always about, women in gingham aprons calling pleasantries over the back fence, amorous couples of the vicinity conducting their affairs in the garden, quite as if it were a people's park. No reserve, no privacy, none of that gradual fading out of life which is to be expected of bereaved aged ladies. The judge's widow, in fact, is growing plump.

Only Solomon remains to uphold the dignity of the establishment—Solomon, who during his master's lifetime managed to absorb something of the judicial manner, now enhanced by an increasing portliness of person and stiffness of carriage. He receives Caroline on her conscientious daily visits with a certain stately enthusiasm reserved for his equals, tempered somewhat, however, by the natural condescension of the victor.

"He was returning to France by the next morning's train"

"Pleasures and Palaces"

By PRINCESS LAZAROVICH-HREBELIANOVICH

(*Eleanor Calhoun*)

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

Part Four: Racine and Shakspere in French in France

SHAKSPERE was not regularly acted anywhere in London, although now and then one of his plays would be given as a "great production." The first time I saw Sir Henry Irving was in his revival of "Romeo and Juliet." The scenery was gorgeous, and much of the acting was fine; but when we went around on the stage at the end of the play, and Sir Henry, benign and courteous to a young and unimportant beginner, asked me how I liked his performance, I answered energetically:

"Oh, Mr. Irving, I wish I had seen you in something else."

My friends, startled, tried to jump into the breach to explain my speech away, but Sir Henry put them back with a gesture, and said, "She is right; the part does n't suit me at all."

Then he turned to me, with the eagerness and simplicity of a boy, and talked with me about the production. Several times during coming years he asked me to play at the Lyceum in Shaksperian or other poetical plays, but, unfortunately, on account of previous engagements or for other reasons, I could never do so.

Another part in which I did not care for Irving was *Macbeth.* We discussed that thoroughly, too, a few years later, after my return from France. On that occasion, also, with the modesty of the truly great, he admitted he had not projected the part as he would have desired, but that it interested him deeply. As we

sat talking, he began to recite speeches and whole scenes of it, I answering him. When we first began to talk, he did not see *Lady Macbeth* at all as I did, but later, when I did battle for my view, he said: "No one but Siddons could act such a conception of the part. Of course, if you could, you would have a right to your statue," alluding to the statue of Sarah Siddons, the greatest of English tragedians, which stands in Westminster Abbey.

One of the most cherished friends of the Tennants of Whitehall was the greatest of all French actors of comedy, the late Constant Coquelin, the style of whose art was, in its way, as classical as the writing of Molière, whose most perfect exponent Coquelin was. I had never met him, though he had seen me act in London in the part of *Hester Prynne* in my own production of a dramatization of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," in which Mr., now Sir, Johnstone Forbes-Robertson was playing *Dimmesdale,* both performances winning high praise. Some business caused me to make a quick trip to New York. In my absence Mrs. Tennant sent repeatedly to my mother, who was with me in London at the time and who remained there during my journey to America, inquiring the date of my return, and asking to be apprised of it at once. On my return, I found awaiting me an urgent message from Mrs. Tennant, asking my mother and me to dine with her that same night, hinting at an important matter that she desired to make known by word of mouth. At her house that evening I saw M. Coquelin for the first time off the stage. In introducing him to me, Mrs. Tennant said: "Sit there on that sofa, and let M. Coquelin tell you what he has to say. Do not answer until you have thought well of what he says; it is for your great good."

I began to expect some valuable criticism of my work, but he explained to me that he expected to open a theater of his own in Paris, and asked me if I would be willing to play there in French with him. He thought I could soon make my accent good enough for that purpose. He had a simple and straightforward appreciation of his own value, and said that he was sure my acting with him in Paris in that way would be worth my while from every point of view.

Both Mrs. Tennant and her daughter, Lady Stanley, urged the suggestion, and I promised to let M. Coquelin know my decision by letter to Paris, as he was returning to France by the next morning's train, having finished his London engagement.

As soon as my friends in London knew of my decision to go, everything possible was done to hinder me; it was represented to me that I was wrecking a brilliant career. I very nearly gave up the adventure, and perhaps might have done so but that a deep personal sorrow which had struck across my life at that time caused me to desire the distraction of a new and more absorbing occupation.

Many kind friends sent me letters of recommendation to persons in France. Acting upon friendly advice, I decided to make my home with some French family during my studies in Paris, so as to learn French ways of thought to the core, and speak, write, think, and live French during that period. Many were the letters given me by friends to families of distinction, with injunctions to look kindly after me. But chance at the last moment led me blindly, as it were, to persons who were strangers to me, who yet became, throughout all my stay in France, my *"famille de France,"* as they called themselves,—my mother, my sisters, my old grandmother,—and never was there a more devoted and loyal home circle than this exquisite French family of the old régime became to me.

At a house where I was dining on the evening before my departure from London to Paris my hostess asked me casually if I could deliver a message in Paris for her to the Marquise Le Mulier.

Before starting on my rounds to call on the persons, a family of rank and of some literary distinction, with whom certain English friends had hoped I might find a home during my stay in France, I

made it my duty to deliver the message I had brought to the Marquise Le Mulier. I left the ladies who accompanied me in the carriage, and alone went up the five flights of stairs to the marquise's apartment.

The family consisted of the old marquise; her daughter, Mme. Germaine, a lady of fifty or so; two grandsons; and three granddaughters, Marie, Olga, and young Germaine.

They showed me a precious miniature of the old marquise by the famous miniaturist Guérin, showing her at the age of three, holding a doll, standing in the gardens of the Palais Royal, they said. It was a good portrait in essence of the marquise as I saw her before me, small, with very large, wide-opened blue eyes, laughing and bright, and a broad forehead. I admired her at once and was charmed by her. It seemed to me she was something to me. I felt as if there was some tender destiny between me and all that exquisite family.

As the time came to rise and end my short visit, it seemed suddenly sad for me to go. I spoke my thoughts aloud, and said to myself, murmuring the words, as they afterward told me, "This is the place where I should be happy." Then I turned and asked Mme. Le Mulier if she could not take me into her fold, and gave a full explanation of my purpose in coming to Paris. The suggestion caused a moment of silence. I said, "I seem to know you—you would understand me; I should have perfect confidence here."

They looked at one another, then excused themselves, and withdrew for a consultation. Presently they returned and stood around me, and the old marquise told me that I might come. Both she and her daughter afterward called me *"ma fille d'Amérique"*—my daughter from America—and spoke of themselves as my "family of France" and my "sisters of France." During my entire stay in France those expressions were made good in deeds, and have always proved true since that first day of our accidental meeting.

Pursuing the old dictum, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," I put myself into the hands of my French family, and asked them to advise me as if our pleasant fiction were actually true and I were their daughter in very fact. In that way I saw life from the French point of view. During my entire stay in France, I never so much as appeared out of doors unaccompanied by the marquise or by one or more of those ladies. One of them was also present in the drawing-room during any visits I received.

I took up several courses in French with university professors, studied tragedy and comedy with the most distinguished and famous actors of the Théâtre Français, rehearsing with Coquelin Aîné and with Mounet-Sully as well as with several others: with M. Laugier of the Comédie Française; and Paul Berton, who had played the leading parts with Sarah Bernhardt and was the grandson of Samson, the old actor with whom Rachel studied her great classical rôles. M. Berton possessed many letters of Rachel's to his grandfather.

Several persons who had been acquainted with Rachel told me stories of her, and of the impression her acting created on their minds. Among them was Lord Glenesk, whose father had known Rachel well; Leconte de Lisle, who had met her; Victorien Sardou; and Marie Laurent, a handsome, white-haired, black-eyed woman, who as a young girl had played Rachel's *suivante* with her in all of her great rôles. The impression was always the same—that of all-conquering genius. It was clear that those who saw Rachel act did not bring away opinions of her work, but a fiery experience which had lifted all minds to a sublime height of emotion, which they never forgot during the rest of their lives.

Lord Glenesk gave me an account of his first meeting with Rachel. He had gone to Paris for the first time as a youth, and for the first time his father had taken him to the Français to see Rachel act. The entire audience had been stirred to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm and excite-

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ment. The next morning early he had ridden to the Bois with his father, and on the way his father had said, "We will turn out of the avenue a moment, down this street; I want to show you the house of the marvelous woman we saw act last night." It was barely sunrise, and as they pulled their horses up outside a high wall inclosing a small villa, they were astonished to hear, proceeding from within, what appeared to be the reacting of the very scenes they had witnessed the night before at the theater, but spoken in dead tones, as if by a somnambulist. Dismounting from their horses, they entered the garden. There they found Rachel, clad in loose garments, dull-eyed, with disheveled hair and wan face, utterly void of all the flaming magnetism that a few hours earlier had filled her frame. To the questions of Lord Glenesk's father, she answered wearily that she had been rehearsing there under the trees since it was scarce day, trying in vain to find means

of expressing certain passages in which she had "failed at the night's performance"—that performance which had so thrilled those who witnessed it, marking an epoch in their lives.

Leconte de Lisle told me much of Rachel's technic in speaking verse, and of her personality. He recalled an occasion at table when she had said half playfully to the person next her, "If I forbid you to lift your glass and drink from it, you will be unable to do so." The gentleman accepted the challenge, and clasped his fingers about his wine-glass; but, in obedience to a gesture from her long, taper finger and her spoken, "I forbid you," he was totally unable to budge it from its place, much to his embarrassment and chagrin. He said that she never shook hands with any one, and explained to him once that she felt her strength leave her whenever she found herself obliged to take the hand of another person.

Sardou also gave me his impressions of Rachel. Like others, he found her sublime in the great tragedies. I asked him if he did not regret not having had her interpret his own works. "Not at all. She could n't have played them any better than Sarah does," he replied. He further told me, as did every other person who had seen her, that Rachel played modern pieces with only moderate success; indeed, that some of her attempts outside of the great classical rôles might be called failures.

Mme. Marie Laurent was cast to play with me in Racine's "Andromaque" the same part she had acted with the great Rachel at the Odéon and the Français many years before, when her magnificent mass of snowy hair had been black, to match her great black eyes, which even in youth could hardly have been more lustrous. The dignified life and character of this lady are well known, her deeds on the battle-field in 1870–71 having won for her the Legion of Honor. She was kind and sympathetic toward me during my rehearsals of *Hermione* in "Andromaque," and continually gave me reminiscences, both personal and artistic, of Rachel.

This takes me back to a little reminiscence which Marie Laurent gave me of Rachel. She said that once when she was rehearsing the *suivante* in "Les Horaces," Rachel was distressed because she could not put sufficient expression into the curse that *Camille* pronounced on her brother after he had slaughtered her lover. While she was laboring in that attempt, "getting dryer every moment," as she herself expressed it, an iron vice that was being turned at rapid pace by a large screw caught a finger of one of the stage mechanics and crushed it till the blood ran down. Every one screamed; Rachel fainted. On recovering consciousness, she said, "Some drops from the mangled finger of a stranger made me faint, yet I could look at a sword covered with the life-blood of my dearest and only rant!" She then hurled forth the famous *imprécation de Camille* in a way that brought every hammer on the stage to a standstill and "struck terror to us all."

I had not progressed very far with my French studies in Paris when I became keenly aware of one or two facts that might dampen the ardor of even a beginner, which I was not exactly, as within a comparatively short period of time I had already won some distinction on the London stage, and understood very well the value of continuity and concentration of effort in the accomplishment of any serious achievement. But it became clear to me that it would be necessary to devote far more time than I had reckoned upon, or than M. Coquelin had supposed to be necessary, to the study of French diction, pronunciation, and intonation, before I could qualify to act on the French stage. The difficulty lay chiefly in the intonations, which in the French tongue are the underlying means of all expression.

M. Coquelin left Paris on a long European and African tour, which changed my outlook somewhat. I took counsel with M. Sardou and others. His advice to me was to test the exact status of my qualifications at the time by rehearsing and acting at one of the theaters some play at a private morning *audition,* where the au-

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dience would consist, in addition to my French family, solely of himself, one or two actors of the national theater, and perhaps one or two other persons of severe critical judgment. I chose his "Dora," and he offered to secure for me the actors and theater, which he did, giving me collaborators from among the finest actors in Paris, none of whom would refuse anything to M. Sardou. The experiment passed off satisfactorily.

For purposes of art connected with my rehearsals of Sardou's "Fédora," I desired to have some exact knowledge concerning the actions of a person dying of prussic acid, and was taken to call on a doctor in the municipal employ, connected with the police service, whose lot it had been to see death from that and other poisons. He was a man who had made important scientific research in criminology. As we ascended several long flights of stairs, we met numbers of very ragged and poor people, going up or coming down. At the top, the ante-room, the corridor and another opening into it, were full of "the maimed, the halt, and the blind."

Not one member of my so-called French family could have been more tenderly devoted to me in every circumstance of my existence during that whole time if we had been related to one another by the closest of blood-ties. They sympathized with me and helped me in all my endeavors, rejoiced at every successful step, encouraged me when I was discouraged or tired or sad. There were times when instead of those last three words my state of mind could have been more exactly described by "despairing." Many friends urged me to give up my attempt. Managers of London theaters came to see me more than once in order to persuade me to renounce my French work and return to England. "If singing were to be your task," they said, "that would be comparatively easy; but never in the world will the French allow you to act here in their own tongue on the speaking stage. Or if by any chance they should, remember the fate of that lovely and talented Russian girl who played at the Français one night and committed suicide the next day."

Once when I did go across to London

to play for five or six weeks, I encountered the same pressure on all sides. One day during that flying trip to London I attended a matinée given there by M. Antoine's players of "La mort du Duc d'Enghien." Henry James, the novelist, came to speak to me and said:

"Do you know who that is in the stall in front of you? Fanny Kemble that was; shall I introduce you to her? But I must warn you she is rather alarming."

The old woman appeared big and strong, and every line of her back and shoulders, her neck, and even the back of her hat expressed anger, in some way suggested suppressed rage. The friend at my right laughed at Mr. James and said:

"I have heard that she gnashes with her false teeth, and under her voluminous skirts has a long, heavy tail like a lion's, with which she pounds and lashes the floor when she sees things she can't endure."

I was in happy humor that day, and felt that I could bear anybody's tantrums, so I acquiesced in Mr. James's suggestion. The old lady was civil, though expressive of acerbity in all her person. She was good enough to offer to drive me home in her brougham. Mr. James conducted her to the carriage. She took me beside her, then pointed to the little seat facing us, and said with sharp command, "Henry, sit there!" He submissively got in. The moment the carriage was moving, she began a perfect hail, or, rather, sleet, of sarcastic questions and comment on my temerity and presumption in thinking I could ever act in French, or be allowed to open my mouth on the French boards.

"Even I," she sneered, "could not do it; for I went to Paris before you were ever born, and studied with the gr-r-r-reat R-R-R-Régnier, and he told me to go back to England—*me!* And you imagine that *you*—" With irony of voice and word, emphasized to the point of caricature, as if measured to get over the footlights of Covent Garden in the "good old days," she pelted me unmercifully, and, as it were, torrentially washed me out of existence. Mr. James was like a good lamb, but the few short sentences she addressed to him were vocal slaps. I never spent such a comic half-hour. When next I saw Mr. James I said, "I am sure you must have some secret sin, and take her as self-imposed penance." He smiled, and answered that she was not really so very terrible at heart.

While speaking of these landmarks of a past age on the stage, I recall the charm and kindness of manner and the impressive dignity of the Shaksperian actress, Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), who entertained me at her house in London. Her distinguished husband, the historian, Sir Theodore Martin, looked upon her, I think, as a kind of poetical goddess, and it was easy to understand how it was that Queen Victoria so much cherished her friendship.

Sometime after Coquelin had returned to Paris, and I had rehearsed with him in Molière's comedies and several other plays of the Théâtre Français repertory, and had made a special study of a French translation of Shakspere's "Taming of the Shrew,"—"Shaming of the True," as I called it,—he asked me to play *Katherine* to his *Petruchio* at Orléans, where he was booked in that play, with the other actors of the Comédie Française. "La mégère apprivoisée," as the French version is called, is a rousing and delightful comedy, and is, I believe, the one exception where a translation of one of Shakspere's works equals, and even surpasses, the original. This play was translated and adapted by a young writer who was gifted with style as well as wit, and whose early death unfortunately blighted the brilliant promise of really high achievement that his work showed.

The English comedy of Italian life, being thus Latinized, gained wonderfully in both its amusing and picturesque qualities. Losing every tinge of artificiality, it was a living page from the Italian Renaissance, with a light touch that was peculiarly Italian, making it fresh and full of fun. Yet when all was over, the psychological and physical traits which it good humoredly satirized remained in no

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way impaired. Notwithstanding its naïve and rank realism in parts, it still had easy room for true romance, even touches of poetry, as at the end of the play, in the great disciplining act. Here, after leading the poor girl such a race and putting her through such paces that she is thoroughly worn out physically and confused in spirits, and finally falls asleep in the great arm-chair before the big fireplace, Coquelin, as *Petruchio,* touched by her piteous plight and half relenting, tenderly placed her weary feet on a cushion, carefully drew a silken cover over her from her chin to the floor, and then tiptoed softly to a seat opposite her and sat there, while the storm raged without, watching her sleep in the firelight, half smiling, and yet at heart thrilled with admiration of that very spirit and nature in her which was to be educated, not broken. That appearance as *Katherine* to the *Petruchio* of Coquelin and other actors of the Comédie Française was the very first occasion when I set foot in public on the French stage. At Orléans, though not afterward, I played under the name of Mme. de Beauregard, as I thought it possible my effort might prove a complete fiasco. Coquelin himself had said at the last rehearsal, "All we can say now is, *à la grâce de Dieu.*"

The eventful day came to take the train for Orléans. After Mme. Le Mulier and I had settled ourselves in our rooms at the hotel in Orléans, we went for a walk to look at the old town, then drove back and, after a delicious dinner served in my room, I went to sleep for an hour, according to my usual custom on days when I was to act at night. The theater was filled to overflowing by an audience composed of the notabilities of the place, who came to welcome the great Coquelin and the other actors of the national theater. They knew nothing about me whatever, probably hardly noticed that *Katherine* was being played by a "Mme. de Beauregard."

The performance went forward without hitch or falter except for two small contretemps, unnoticed by the audience, but which created something of a flutter on our side of the curtain. The first affected me only. It proceeded from the prompter's-box, a large wooden hood at the front edge of the stage, in the very middle of it. I had not been warned that it would be used, and had no experience

of such a contrivance. The man inside of it had a book of the play before him, and in rasping, fierce whispers spoke every sentence just as the actor was about to pronounce it. If the actor paused before it, he pronounced it twice, and went on repeating it until the actor began to speak it, when he hissed out the next phrase, made sharper and magnified by the wooden hood. To my ears the sounds made a horrible confusion and scuffle. With my first utterance and his, I turned dizzy and felt I should faint. Then I rushed ahead with my words, to show him that I knew them like A B C; but he hurried on ahead of me and got there first, never letting me catch up. The faster I went, the faster he chattered. It was comic beyond words. I nearly laughed right out in the middle of my scene. In fact, I did put in a lot of "ha! ha's!" that had not been planned. The other unrehearsed effect was that in the great act, when *Katherine* sits asleep in the armchair in the firelight, the man at the back of the chimney, who was to have thrown over the scene a red glow from the flames, used by mistake a pale bluish green, a lovely moonlight. My eyes were closed; I knew nothing about the matter. The audience under the spell of the scene was not aware of anything unusual, but cheered the scene enthusiastically. However, when the curtain had finally fallen after the act, M. Coquelin came to me with voice trembling and said, as he offered me his hand, "Mademoiselle, permit me to conduct you to your *loge*." Mme. Le Mulier was at my side, as he led me quite formally with old-fashioned politeness to the foot of the little staircase leading to my dressing-room. There he said, "Have the kindness to close your door when you enter," and stood motionless until my door was shut. Then he turned like a hurricane toward the stage with such language as a storm might use if it came to the point where it could no longer bear heaven and earth and undertook to rip up the universe. The terms were not such as persons who use the word "choice" would care to record, but he never knew to his dying day that the thin boards of my *loge,* in which there was an open window for ventilation, caused me to hear in full what he, with the delicacy of a gentleman, had undertaken to shield me from.

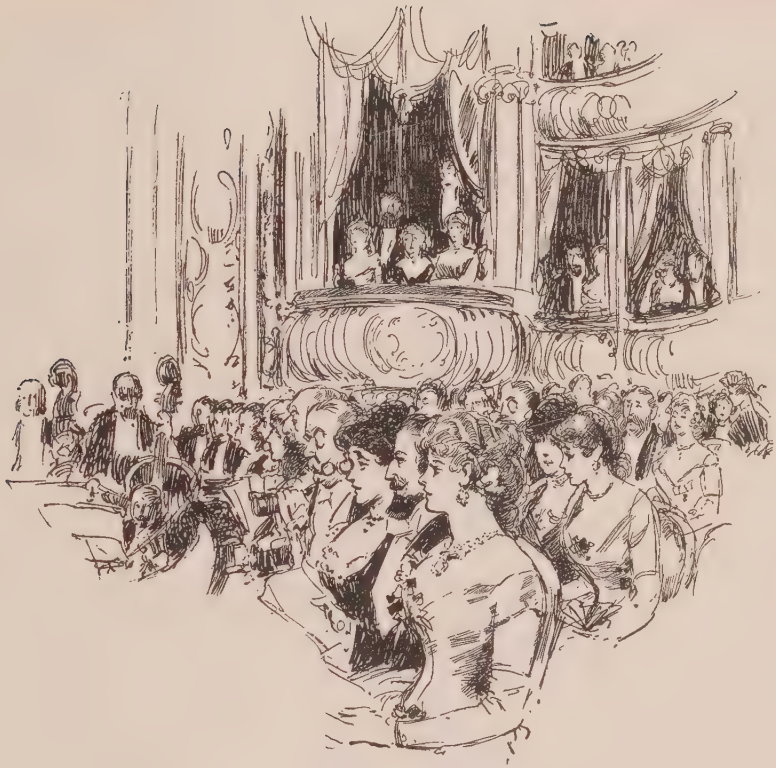
On my return to Paris I was engaged to act the chief part in a new play at the Odéon Theater. Apart from the fact that the Odéon is the second of the arms of the national theater of France, there is a somber grandeur about this classical old building. In its great pillared porch Rachel had stood, as had also Mme. Ristori, when she acted at the Odéon in Italian. In that porch, too, Napoleon walked at the hour when his destiny turned and mounted toward an empire.

When preliminary rehearsals had already begun, the managers of the Odéon invited me to confer with them on the question of salary. They sealed a contract with me, giving me the highest salary which the state paid at the Odéon.

Every part of my experience at the Odéon was deeply interesting. The other players and I were introduced to one another, and they at once entered into sympathetic comradeship with me. At the beginning of rehearsals a little cabin, roof and all, with the wall next the stage omitted, was erected over the orchestra-stalls bordering the stage. At a table within it sat the author and often the managers, and at different times any other persons whose connection with the production made it useful for them to study from the front the effects to be obtained on the stage.

In all the plays I acted or rehearsed, or saw rehearsed by others, in Paris, including the new ones, the main scheme of presentation was in the hands of the actor or actress, or both, who played the chief parts in the play under consideration.

In this stage-work, as elsewhere in Paris, my observations led me to conclude that, though with the French there is always an atmosphere of compliment and courtesy, doubtless expressive of their sense of elegant form as applied to social intercourse, still, when any art work is



"There is a somber grandeur about this classical old building"

on hand, they become direct and simple, and though retaining politeness of phrase, the element of flattery is entirely absent. The Frenchman is by nature, I should say, almost supersensitive or nervous, but under work he is calm; some critical coolness in him keeps watch over his ardor. Because of this, and of the pleasure they take in finding formulation for their ideas, it is inspiring to work in companionship with the French. With the beginning of rehearsals, I noticed how very much the actor is left in peace. There was an atmosphere of the subjective throughout all the work of preparation. Images and pictures began to come forth of themselves, as it were. When we had been rehearsing for about three weeks, there came to my mind a notion of how the principal act of the play could be brought out in quite a different way from that in which we were rehearsing it. As it would involve an entirely different stage-setting and the loss of what we had already built up, and as I was in Paris as a learner, it never occurred to me to propose the change to the author, M. Léon Hennique. I merely mentioned the idea casually as an impression. The author at once asked me if I would be willing to work the act out on those lines and let him have an idea of it complete. Even then it did not occur to me that my plan would be adopted. But the author and the managers did not hesitate an instant to throw aside all that had been arranged and substitute for it my rendition of the act. Neither did the actors make any protest at the extra work, but showed a keen interest in the new scheme, toward which they made valuable suggestions and were in every way kindness itself. It gives me pleasure to put on record that much in my success was due to them.

The very first performance was, according to time-honored custom at the Odéon and the Français, the "private rehearsal," — *la répétition générale,* — at

which there was no public, but only an audience of critics, authors, painters, sculptors, statesmen, and other officials and grandees of the social world, the most formidable and critical audience that France could muster. It is at the *répétition générale* that the fate of play and players is virtually sealed. On that occasion not only is there an empty gallery, but also no claque, an organized institution on other nights. The claque has been naturally the object of much satire. It is supposed to be the foundation-stone of some artistic reputations, but the fact is that when the audience do not like an act or an actor, they do not lift a hand, and the few claps from that small row of official applauders sounds a dismal knell in the silence. What a shiver the poor actor has next day when he reads in the papers, "The claque applauded enthusiastically"!

Unknown to me at the time, there was bitter opposition in certain quarters to my engagement, as a foreigner, at the national theater. A few moments before I made my first entrance in the first act I was informed that menacing letters had been sent to the managers, and one of the managers came to say to me that if any uproar occurred in the auditorium, I should not be alarmed, but remain quietly wherever I chanced to be on the stage, and that the curtain would be rung down. It can be imagined how my heart beat as my entrance cue drew nearer. I turned to the two actors who were supposed to enter just after me—we were all supposed to be ascending a staircase—and said:

"I am going to tell you a funny story while we are still unseen on the staircase. Answer me anything you like. Let us all talk together at once, and laugh if we can. Let us not see the audience as we come on."

"Count on us," they said, and I began at once to tell them the most comic American story I could think of.

We all came on the stage laughing and talking, I with my back to the audience as I finished what I was saying in the doorway. It was certainly "natural," and helped me control my thumping heart to some extent. It obviated the necessity of receiving applause at the entrance or making painfully apparent the absence of it.

By the best of good luck, my scene came at the end of the first act, and was both brilliant and deeply human, a continual play of contrasts. I believe there was no greeting hand of applause at my entrance, but midway through my scene I had to say something that was as light as gossamer, but curiously tragic in depth; comic on the surface, tragic in the deeps. At rehearsal the author had said, "You strike a true note there; but the instant is so slight, they [meaning the public] may not perceive it." However, as soon as I had uttered the words in question, I felt a flutter of response, followed instantly like a clap of thunder after lightning by a tremendous dash of applause through the entire audience, sharp, clear, and instantly cut short with perfect and exquisite silence, permitting me to go forward without any interruption of the character. I mention this small incident not only because from that moment the managers and all present felt that my ground was won, but because that outright and unstinted response from an audience not well disposed toward me at the start showed the French characteristic of swift, almost involuntary, recognition of artistic value sweeping away any untoward preconception. The important act—the one I had been allowed to plan, and in which I was on the stage from the rise of the curtain to its fall—was fortunate enough to attain a climax of thorough success.

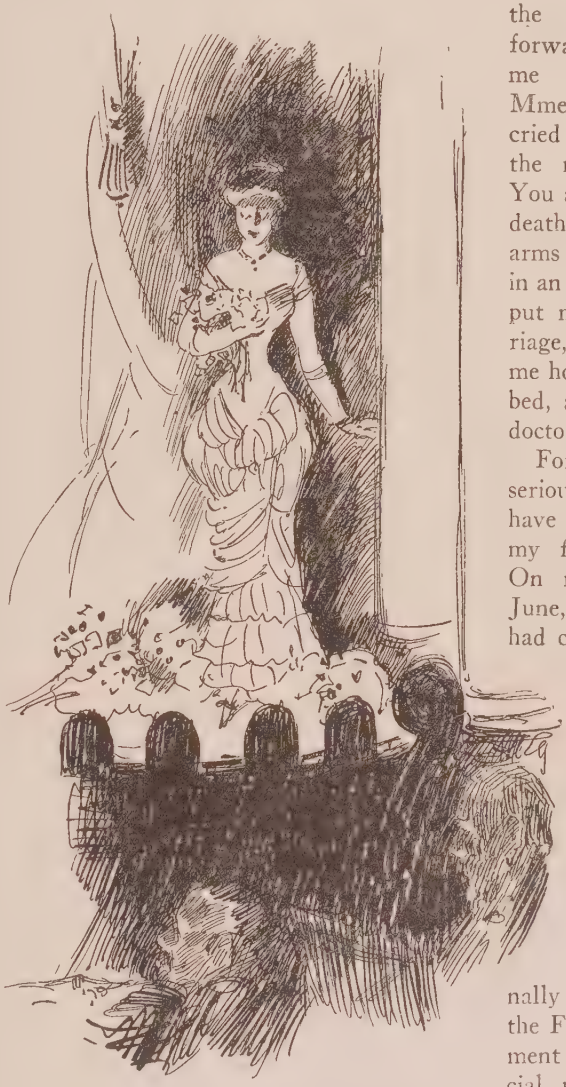
When the curtain was down, the stage, the foyers, and all the corridors at the back of the theater were thronged from the auditorium, which the entire audience appeared to have emptied, pressing toward my room to tell me that I had triumphed in Paris. The marquise and Mme. Germaine stood at my door and presented the persons to me. The first words I heard from the jamming corridor were, "Let me be the first to offer my hand. I am Sir H. Campbell Clark, Paris editor of the London 'Daily Telegraph.'" Then came a host of "all Paris." The critics were

all strangers to me,—I had never set eyes on one of them before,—but the entire Paris press without exception, I believe, praised my work. Among those present was Whistler, who, after expressing himself concerning my acting, said he thought my white satin dress the most beautiful gown he had ever seen both in line and recognition of texture-value. I had designed it to suggest an inverted lily, with its vertical ridges incrusted with dew-like crystals, and wore no other ornaments whatever, the upper part of the bodice being of old lace.

I soon began rehearsing *Hermione* in Racine's "Andromaque." That rôle was the most difficult and the most interesting study of my stage experience, with the exception of "Lady Macbeth," which I played after my return to England from Paris. *Hermione* was to be my last stage effort in the French tongue.

The actors cast for the parts had been chosen partly from the Théâtre Français and partly from the Odéon. Mounet-Sully played the love-mad *Orestes*. At my request the *Andromaque* was a younger actress who interested me not only because of her fine work, but because I had accidentally become aware of a circumstance connected with her affairs which proved her to possess a proud ideal of life and a character that was truly admirable.

At one of the last rehearsals for *Hermione*, on the stage of the Français, I suddenly felt as if a battle-ax had cleft my skull in two. The world turned black; the actors rushed forward to prevent me from falling. Mme. Le Mulier cried out: "What 's the matter, child? You are as white as death!" and her arms were about me in an instant. They put me into a carriage, and she took me home, put me to bed, and sent for a doctor.



"The important act . . . was fortunate enough to attain a climax of thorough success"

For weeks I was seriously ill, only to have a relapse after my first rehearsal. On my return in June, the Odéon had closed its doors for the season, but "Andromaque" was given at the Comédie Parisienne, with the players of the Odéon and of the Comédie Française, as had originally been planned, the French Government granting special permission for members of the Français to act in another house in Paris than the national theater. So that, before returning to England, as I had decided to do, I had the satisfaction of acting the great part of *Hermione* with that illustrious collaboration.

There was a magnificent audience rep-

resentative of the great world of politics, art, literature, and society. Every seat in the house had been sold in advance, which caused something in the nature of a riot by persons vainly trying to obtain places at the hour of the performance. All went well. Toward the close of the great act which ends the tragedy, after *Hermione* turns in despairing wrath on *Orestes,* cursing him for fulfilling her commands to kill *Pyrrhus,* given in a moment of vengeful wildness, she rushes from the stage to hurl herself into eternity, leaving *Orestes* amazed and on the verge of the madness which presently overwhelms him. At my exit from the stage the theater was filled with an uproar of applause that did not abate during several moments. Then the stage-manager came to fetch me, saying that I must return to the stage, as the audience was still shouting for me. I refused point-blank to do anything so dreadful while the act was still in progress (especially when the character I was impersonating was supposed to be already half-way across the Styx!). But I was finally forced actually to show myself in the open doorway against the sea. I did so by letting *Hermione* be seen an instant in profile only, her face and head, which were averted, being entirely shrouded and veiled in the long draperies. Meanwhile, *Orestes* (Mounet-Sully) had stood motionless, as if struck to stone, from the time of my exit, and after that strange call for *Hermione* was finally ended, he went on with his great scene, not having "let it down" an iota. During the applause and excitement in the theater, in the *entr'acte* M. Laugier, one of the distinguished members of the Comédie Française, who was in the audience, arose and made an impassioned speech to the people, which was in fact a eulogy of my performance.

Among incidents of my experience which I cherish with pleasure and pride was the official visit of the minister of the fine arts, who conveyed to me the congratulations of the French Government, expressed not only to me, but my country, on my achievements in France.

THE END

Scollard and the American Stage

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke-Eaters," "Old Clinkers," etc.

PAUL SCOLLARD (whoever he is) was not a success as a playwright, and he has undertaken to tell us why. That is the true meaning of his book ("The American Stage." By Paul Scollard. Privately printed. The Charles Press. 1915). He has visualized his adventures in American drama with an eye and an art of narrative as impersonal as the camera,—and as cruel to many decent public appearances that have hitherto been shown only in pose,—but though he carries an air of meek detachment in court, he knows that he is giving testimony that is shocking, and while he pretends not to judge, but to leave the verdict to the reader, he is really making a critical plea in self-defense, and his criticism is a misjudgment because it is not sympathetic. He sees,—he sees like a flash-light,—but he does not honestly understand. And so, whether intentionally or not, he deceives his reader with a presentment that is true to appearances of fact, but false to verity.

Take, for instance, the opening paragraphs in which he describes his first interview with that New York manager whom he calls "Max Mohler." He presents Mohler as a gross man, ignorant, arrogant, uncultivated, in a private office that is all Persian rugs and stained-glass and subdued electroliers and tooled morocco book-shelves, like a millionaire's library, seated at an Empire desk that is a replica of Napoleon's writing-table at Fontainebleau, chewing on an unlighted cigar, which he rolls around in his mouth growlingly, with the manners of a political boss and the authority of a trust president and the temperament of a foreman of a construction gang. This is not the portrait of a New York manager. It is a composite photograph made up of the picturesque characteristics of half a dozen managers. Every detail of it has an ameliorating explanation which Scollard omits.

Almost all our American theatrical magnates have come to magnitude by way of the box-office. They are business men first and theatrical managers after; they have the blunt simplicity and unsophisticated assurance of the commercial mind. They have fought their way up from subservient poverty as a soldier rises from the ranks, and they expect subservience from all whom they command—authors and actors, office staffs and stage-directors. They are not cultivated, any more than Scollard is rich; for they have not been acquiring culture, but money; and if he despises their lack of aristocratic learning, they probably despise, as unjustly, his lack of aristocratic income. He goes to them to sell a play. They buy it, as they would hire a servant, ungraciously, because it is necessary to keep both a servant and his wages down. The magnificence of Mohler's office is as simple as the shine of Fingy Connors' diamonds. ("Those as has 'em wears 'em.") And the Fontainebleau table is merely an expression of what is called "the Bonaparte bug," a harmless hero-worship among American business men that puts bronze Napoleons into the offices of our captains of industry as inevitably as electric fans, and makes every slump in stocks a Waterloo for some young "Napoleon of finance" in Wall Street.

Mohler, as a typical Broadway manager, is not culturally erudite and ornamental, but he is not ignorant—not in his own line. He has succeeded because he is shrewd. It is none but the foolish who believe that poker and the theatrical gamble are wholly games of chance. And if Mohler is arrogant, it is only to those with whom arrogance is effective. Scollard fails to consider that he is not the first author whom Mohler has had to handle. He fails to realize that Mohler must make authors do what few self-respecting authors are willing to do—to take out of their work everything that is not popular and put into it everything that is. Mohler's arrogance in such cases is a calculated discourager of inconvenient self-respect.

He is a business man who invests money in a play when he thinks that the public will pay him a profit by buying seats to see it; and he talked to Scollard about the production of his melodrama from that point of view alone. Knowing by experience what has been successful in the theater in the last twenty years, he ordered Scollard to introduce into his play dramatic material that was old and trite,—inevitably so,—but almost as inevitably "sure-fire stuff." That is not the way plays should be written, Scollard thinks. No; but it is the way they are produced. "I don't want any new ideas," Mohler insisted, and Scollard winced. Well, if new ideas were profitable in the American theater, who would welcome them with a hand more open for profit than Max Mohler's? He is financing dramatic entertainment for an audience that seeks intellectual exercise at the end of its day's work about as eagerly as day laborers seek a gymnasium of an evening to disport themselves on the horizontal bars. It costs ten thousand dollars to bring an average play to trial in New York, and it must play to six thousand dollars a week to meet its New York expenses. Mohler would have to be many times a millionaire in order to endow intellectual plays with such an investment. Scollard implies that Mohler would not know a new idea if he found one in his soup. Perhaps not, but his audiences would know one if they found it in a play, and they would be likely to reject it. Mohler is in power in the American theater because the dollars of the majority have elected him. He is voted for every night; and every night the votes are counted, and he is sustained.

And there is this that Scollard overlooks: the drama communicates emotions better than it conveys ideas, because the psychology of an audience is a mob psychology, and laughter is infectious for it, and emotions vibrate through it in communicable thrills. Ideas have no such power of currency. Even Bernard Shaw's audiences come to laugh and remain to misunderstand. Emotions can be theatrically depicted by the players with their gestures, their facial expressions, the tones of their voices, but ideas have to go by word alone. They do not go so well. The drama is not their fittest medium. And Mohler and his Broadway competitors have learned that lesson. They have learned that the large American audience wants emotion, not thought. They reduce emotion to its lowest terms of popularity, produce farces and melodramas, and grow rich; while the producer of intellectual plays, struggling under a burden of New York rent and Broadway salaries and the deadly cost of advertising, is slowly crushed down into bankruptcy, despite the good-will of the minority, the patronage of drama leagues, and even the endowments of the philanthropic. It is not an accident that the Century Theater may become a vaudeville house. Broadway says, "As soon as these new fellows make money on melodrama, they lose it on art." Scollard might as well scold Murphy for Tammany Hall as scold Mohler for the American theater. Murphy and Mohler are as much the victims of conditions as Scollard is.

Similarly, when Mohler turns over Scollard and his manuscript to the tender consideration of a star, Mohler does not do it because he prefers the star system of the American stage to play-producing

with a balanced cast. Stars are hard to manage, and Mohler's life would be happier if he did not have to worry with them. He does it because the star system is more profitable. And it is more profitable because our audiences are drawn by personality more than by art. With us, art is for "character actors," and there are as many clever ones on our stage as on any other; but they are inevitably the lesser lights. A star needs no more art than will save him from being ridiculous. He often has much more. He is sometimes a great character actor in his own domain. But the star pure and simple—the matinée idol or the reigning stage beauty of the day—makes a following out of personal appearance, personal magnetism, the charm of personal mannerisms that are appealing, and the exhibition of these qualities in rôles that are sympathetic. It is Mohler's business to find such sympathetic rôles and capitalize their presentation. It became Scollard's business, in this case, to adapt his play to the personality of the actor whom Mohler chose as least unfitted for it. To expect a star to subdue his personality to an interpretation of the part as Scollard had written it was like expecting a court beauty to acquire wrinkles in her forehead in order to appear intellectually able to understand the affairs of state in which she intrigued.

Scollard's star, he says, was Herbert Aubrey. The name is evidently false, and the description is a disguise that may conceal any one of a dozen matinée heroes. His real name, Scollard adds, was Henry McGillip, and he adds it as a touch of ridicule. It is equally ridiculous that Henry Irving's real name was John Henry Brodribb; but the ridiculousness is in the fact that the public will not accept an actor under the name of Brodribb or McGillip, but takes him to the heart of its romantic fancy as Irving or Aubrey. The actor's relations with life are complicated by many such absurdities of the public. He usually ends by having two personalities,—even when he is off the stage,—one for the press-agent and the interviewer and the curtain-speech and the social appearance, the other for his private life and his friends in his profession. Scollard gets some slyly satiric effects by contrasting the two.

He went to Aubrey's summer home to "go over" the play, and he was delighted with the community atmosphere of that little colony of theatrical people in the hills, who spend a strenuous summer golfing and bowling, playing tennis, riding horseback, rowing and fishing and bathing in the mountain lakes, dieting, reducing, exercising, and otherwise recuperating from the bad air and late hours and emotional strain and social stimulants of a winter in the theater. He was delighted, but he does not conceal that he was kept at a distance, that conversations ceased as he approached, that games did not include him, that some of the celebrities with whom he wished to talk were pointedly unresponsive to his attempts to be sociable. He does not seem to realize that these people are accustomed to defend themselves from the curiosity of outsiders, and do it mechanically. He supposes that, being a playwright, he ought to be received as one of the family. He does not see that the author's interests are no more identical with the actor's than they are with the manager's; that a star can no more afford to build up the conceit of an author than a manager can. Both want him to do things to his play that he never wants to do, and both aim to keep him humble so that he may be more easily coerced.

Aubrey did not handle him with arrogance, as Mohler had. Aubrey was floridly hospitable and magnificent. Any one who knows the game can read between the lines and understand why Aubrey paraded his success before Scollard, and spoke so much of his professional experience, and was so willing to let Scollard have the use and benefit of it in filling up some "holes and thin spots" in his manuscript. Scollard had never seen Aubrey act. He was simple enough to suppose that Aubrey, being a great financial success, must necessarily be a great actor. He was taken

by the healthy boyishness of Aubrey's mind; even his self-conceit seemed boyish, and boyish his trick of dressing himself for the part, whether he was golfing or motoring or breakfasting or working with Scollard at midnight on the holes in his play. It was boyish of him to want a bigger love-story than Scollard had given him, because his audience would expect it. And there was something essentially boyish in his unwillingness to play any lines that were not heroic and dominating. "If I do *that,*" he would object of anything not entirely noble, "I 'll lose my audience." The psychology of the character did not interest him at all; its effect on the audience was all that he considered. He developed an amusing jealousy of the other characters that competed with his part, and took every good line away from them, either because, as he explained, the actor would not be able to "read" it and the line would be lost, or because it was bad art to waste interest on such a minor character, or because his own part was thin just there and needed padding, or because the line would be more effective later, after the original owner of it had left the stage. "Give it to me till I try it out," he would say. "We 'll restore it at rehearsals if it does n't go better this way."

Scollard's account of that month of rewriting is so detailed that it is rather tedious. The incidents repeat themselves unnecessarily, and Scollard retails them without insight. At least four times he describes how Aubrey threw up the part because he had decided, in all humility, that he could not do it justice; and Scollard describes these scenes as if they were wholly the result of temperament, without observing that they happened always on the morning after he had stood out against some change that Aubrey wished to make in the play. Scollard was dealing with an actor, and yet he never suspects him of acting. He takes Aubrey, throughout, at his face-value. His boyishness, his athleticism, his vanity, his clothes, his temperamentality, are all accepted as part of his real character. He does not even recollect that Aubrey cannot be altogether a fool, since he is a business success, and therefore necessarily able to take care of himself with such shrewd bargainers as Mohler. And when Aubrey has accepted the part and signed his contract with Mohler and put the play into rehearsal, Scollard is naïvely surprised to find his star apparently nursing a grudge against him that goes from indifference to offensiveness, and bursts out at last in a flaming quarrel. He concludes that Aubrey is a cad.

He overlooks the fact that Aubrey had obtained from him all that could be obtained by keeping on good terms with him. To the average American actor, as to the average American manager, the average American author is an impractical egotist who writes a fairly presentable play, and then fights against improving it to meet the prejudices of the public or to accommodate the limitations of the cast. One of the ways of circumventing him is for every one in authority to quarrel with him at rehearsals until he is put in the position of a minority of one with whom nobody is on speaking terms. Then, unless he is foolish enough to deny his play its hope of a performance, the manager and the star and the stage-director—with the help, perhaps, of a rival playwright—revamp the play according to their several desires and within the limits of their conflicting interests, while the author sits in sulky despair at the back of the empty auditorium, meditating the composition of just such futile books as this that Scollard has written.

The writing of a play, according to Scollard, is no great labor compared with the writing of a book; but, he says, in producing a play, it is as if you should take your book to a publisher who reads it and decides: "This is all right as far as it goes, but it is n't a best-seller. Let me tell you how to make another 'David Harum' out of it." He tells you, and after you have spent months making the changes that he requires, he turns you and your manuscript over to an editor who has as many ideas as the publisher has of

what must be done to insure a success—ideas that involve alterations not merely in lines or scenes, but in whole characters or an entire plot; ideas, too, that sometimes run counter to the publisher's. Having satisfied the editor and some members of his staff, who also have suggestions, your manuscript goes to a foreman and a staff of printers who set it up to suit their personalities and habits of expression. "And then," Scollard complains, "your critical friends come and ask you, 'How did you ever manage to write such a fool of a book?' "

This would be a fair analogy if the writing of a play were wholly an act of chirography; but the producing of it is also a part of the writing: the actors inevitably share in it, and so does the audience. No merely finite human mind can possibly foresee what effect these two collaborators, the actors and the audience, are going to have on a drama that is still in manuscript. The playwright's work at rehearsals ought to be as important as his work at his desk. And it is more difficult, because on the stage he must write his play not with a pen, but with a staff of independent intelligences that must be led and persuaded and outmanœuvered and variously overcome. There is no authority under heaven that can compel them to obey direction absolutely. Neither the stage-director nor the author nor even the manager can do it. Unwillingness will pretend to be stupidity, and insist that it thinks it is doing what it has been told to do. It will take refuge in all the deviousnesses of the artistic temperament. It will evade, appeal, sulk, diplomatize, finesse, play politics, and practise every art of the Old Man of the Sea. The author does the same. And the man who would direct successfully has to be as obstinate and subtle, as impatient and long-suffering, as domineering when he can dominate, and as suave when he must persuade. That is one reason why there are so few successful plays, so few successful stage-directors, so few successful playwrights. It is why Scollard was not one.

He is sarcastic about the lack of conscious intelligence that the ordinary actor shows in studying his part, forgetting that acting, like every other work of imaginative invention, is the product less of conscious intelligence than of some sort of sympathetic intuition that does not study and deduce, that cannot argue and defend itself, that apprehends subconsciously, and can express itself only in its art. He complains, of course, of the actor's conceit. How does he suppose that any person without a robustly good opinion of himself could face the cruelties of audiences and critics and directors? How does he expect a successful actor to bow to the applause of audiences night after night and never be inflated by it? And when the whole world seems to be fascinated by an actor's personality, how is it possible for him to keep his eyes off it and think only of his work?

As for the critic, of whom Scollard speaks as bitterly as he does of the actor or the manager, there is no interest among us in dramatic criticism as such. The successful critic is a writer who gets himself read by writing what is readable about the theater. He must keep his mind on his audience, not on his victim. He is not trying to aid or instruct the playwright or the actor. He is not primarily eager to be merciful or even just to them. He is earning his living, rather at their expense; it is necessary that he should not be dull; and the sharper he is, —and the more they suffer,—the broader the grin that rewards him. The sensitive may find him cruel. The theater is no place for the sensitive.

It is the audience that makes the American critic, as it is the audience that makes the American manager, the American actor, and the American play. When we have an audience that will be more interested in the art of an actor than in his personality, we shall have more actors who think of the characters they have to impersonate and not of the effect on the audience of their impersonating such a character. When we have a larger public that wishes to think in the theater, we

shall have more managers producing thoughtful plays, and more thoughtful plays to produce, and more thoughtful critics to review them. There are indications that such a day is near. Even in New York, that "rube town" of the world, there are signs that such an audience can be found and profitably exploited. Despite Scollard and all the difficulties that he exposes, there is nothing wrong with the American stage that is not chiefly the fault of the American public; and as soon as the American public becomes capable of rewarding intellectual masterpieces of dramatic art, no doubt Scollard will produce them.

Laughter

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

YES, I say yes—
Yes to the dance of feet in the spring,
Yes to the shouts of children,
Yes to Laughter.

Laughter, last of the gods,
And of them the greatest,
Yes, say I, and salute you.

Man 's the bad child of the universe.
I know that;
Am I not a man?
Wicked is my wickedness—an impudent girl.
We dance on the housetops when the moon is aloft,
We dance in the street, in the public glare;
But who knows us, who sees us?
My visible feet are still, and my face is solemn.

As Sunday is the Sabbath, a day of holy unctions,
I said, I will go visit the solemn ones,
They whose mouths are turned down at the corners, and whose glassy eyes never wink or gleam:
I will visit not the worshipers in a church;
I will go visit the fishes.

Crowded was the aquarium:
On one side the glass, the people; on the other, the solemn ones.
I stood and marveled at the miracle of their gravity.

You see, they wave their fins, open their mouths,
And hang suspended in bubbling waters;
The perfect circle of their flat eyes heaves a little without lids;
They are neither happy nor unhappy.
I knew they were fishes; but did they know they were fishes?
No, nor even that I, watching them, was a man!

O dear old Universe, you big clumsy giant who find a whole sky too small to sprawl over,
You star-bellied monster,
Who outstare me with a galaxy of eyes—
I, that stand here, so little, that your least tremor would crush me and my earth,
I, your bad child, your *enfant terrible,*
Wink at you and laugh.

Why so solemn, Universe?
Why such millenniums of ages of laughterless struggle?
Did you care only to increase life and to raise it?
To push up fiercely from sun into earth, from earth into animals,
From ape into man?
Your stars shine, your waters roar, your earthquakes quake, and the noses of your cats sneeze,
How gravely!

Not that there is not sportiveness and joy.
Surely cubs play, and the love-season sounds with the joy of the birds;
The young colts bound in the meadow,
The rooster crows,
The whisper of new green leaves has gladness in it.
But joy is not laughter, and the deepest joy is sad.

Old Universe, you are one great flood, and the animals are all under your waters.
Only man has poked his head up above the surface, and taken a look around,
And seen you, old Universe, and all your children, and his own absurd self,
And, opening his mouth wide, has wickedly laughed.

For joy is sacred, and laughter is wicked.
Joy is inside life; laughter is outside.
Joy is half conscious only; laughter stands off and proceeds from the intellect.
The lark sings because he must;
Man laughs because he is free.

Why does the porpoise jump out of the water, and splash?
A part of his solemn business.
But the human beings crowded around his circular tank shook the dome with shouting laughter.
The porpoise obeyed you, old Universe;
But man disobeys you!

Consider us, Creation!
Though you bore us, though you took patient eras beyond counting to create us,
Somehow we are enough detached from you and from your purpose
To look back and laugh.

Worse than that!
Consider how your bad children circumvent you.
We put our fingers to our noses and wiggle them at you, Creation!
We make mating sterile;
We drink alcohol;
We live in places of stone and steel;
We tear our earth up and disembowel her;
We float where we were meant to sink;
You think to darken us with the night, so we light lamps;
You think to freeze us with the cold, so we start fires;
And our ha-ha shakes our theaters to the amazement of dumb heaven.
Are we not cynical, uproarious, obscene, and impudent?
Do we not proclaim ourselves the top-notch of the world?
And therein are we not godly?

Behold, though you are terrible,
Though you shadow us over with a mysterious vastness,
Though your smallest toe is as huge as the Milky Way,
And we stand just below it,
We laugh back and are unafraid, and treat you at best as a jolly comrade.

But, dear old Universe, it 's the wickedest child that is the darling.
We *are* your darlings, are we not?
Truly now fine impudent young gods have risen to companion you,
Yes, to transcend you, and by transcending you, bring you to new fulfilments.

For your sublimity has bungled.
It simply spewed out life, chaotic, haphazard,
Till by divine accidents, and out of the deadliest purposes,
We were born: to see; to know; to take hold on creation;
To laugh away fear and vastness and the doubts that inhibit,
And so, with glad visions, to build up a world in the world,
And shape ourselves greater.

Laughter saves us;
Still more than half of us is buried in the quicksands of the tragic universe.
Still we suffer, slay, and are tortured;
Still we doubt and are damned.
But comes the moment when we look round about at ourselves,
And, seeing how absurd our own antics are, laugh and are healed.

And so at the last the laughing animal shall save creation.
Already the wizened stars must be pricking up their ears, dumfoundered,
To catch that raucous cackle and chortle from the worthless earth,
That mirth in the trenches of the dead,
That noise of relatives eating ham sandwiches after the funeral is over,
That chuckle of the rebuilders of cities following the earthquake,
That wheezing gay cough of the dying consumptive over the doctor's joke.

Come, old Universe, follow the laughters!
They are sane; they see; they shall know; they are ripe for adventures;
Their daring shall bear no limit;
Their courage is wickedly great.
Nerved with your purpose, they rise from chaos, creating;
They are out to conquer, they are out to work,
They shall sow the skies with laughter.

And now I think that your very purpose was in this:
That your great face struggled for ages on ages to break in a smile.
Ye are that smile.

So I say yes—
Yes to the dance of feet in the spring,
Yes to the shouts of children,
Yes to laughter.

Laughter, last of the gods,
And of them the greatest,
Yes, say I, and salute you.

The War-cries of the Jew

By E. R. LIPSETT

THE Jew has as many war-cries as there are tongues in Europe, for he fights with them all; and then he has his own war-cry, that eternal tearful cry of his that in these days is rending the heavens over Russian and Galician Polands.

And still there is another and a newer cry coming, the war-cry of the neutral Jew. "To arms! to arms, O Israel!" has arisen, the sudden thundering cry throughout the length and the breadth of the New York Ghetto, and all the other Ghettos in the larger cities of America.

We know, of course, what are the arms of the Ghetto Jew: they are tongue and pen. By means of these it is intended to raise the Jew from the depths of his ashes and make him a live nation again. A congress of American Jews is to be called, and it is to demand, at the conclusion of the war, or before it, the return of Palestine to its ancient owners. For the Jews are a nation, and they must have a land, and Palestine is theirs.

That is to say, in brief, that while nearly three quarters of a million Jews on the European battle-fields are at one another's throats, in vindication each of a different nationality, the Jews far away from the bursting shells and glittering bayonets are calling out to them: "No, you 're all in the wrong. For you are all one."

It is not for us to determine whether the Jews are a nation. It is not for one man to tell another what he should be. One is what one feels. If the Jews feel themselves a nation, that is sufficient.

And there again we are brought back to that grim anomaly, that there should be three hundred and fifty thousand bayonets in the hands of Russian Jews ready to bore their way through the hearts of some two hundred thousand Jews in Austrian uniform, and fifty thousand more in the ranks of the Germans. And in turn there are twenty thousand Jews with Great Britain, and as many again with France, ready to die by bullet and shell sent to them by the hands of their German and Austrian brothers. In the Dardanelles we have seen two Jewish legions pitted against each other, the one gathered from Alexandria, under the Allies, the other, under the Turks, hailing from the Jewish colonies in Palestine, and each fighting round and inspired by the same flag, the shield of David.

Still, there is nothing unique in that. It is not the first time in the history of the world that races and nations have had their house divided against themselves. America, above all others, perhaps, has cause to remember that sad truth, with the scars of her own wounds from the Civil War scarcely yet faded. Moreover, in the case of the Jew at present, there is in addition to political sentiment the fundamental incentive of defending one's fatherland against an alien foe. The Jew is a man precisely like all other men in elemental passions. And a man has to be born somewhere, and the soil on which that occurs is dear to him; and grows dearer than life, dearer than wife and child, the moment another man threatens to violate it. Assuredly there is nothing new or strange in that.

But what has truly astonished the world is that the Jew should fight with such valor and devotion for Russia, on whose soil proper he may not at all be born. It has astonished even the Jews themselves, and the Russians, too. It was not the trumpeted promises at the outbreak of the war that Jews were to get their full citizen rights that drew thousands of Jewish volunteers, lawfully freed from conscription, round the Russian standards. It was not materialistic prospects that could call forth such bravery and such loyalty from the Russian Jews in arms. Let emperors and kings make war upon one another for gain and for

worldly ambition; soldiers fight for something holier and loftier. There is something in the composition of the Jew, perhaps unknown to himself, that makes him abnormally loyal to the land where he happens to pitch his tent, if only for a day and a half. And it makes no difference to him how little he is wanted, how grudgingly the permission to stay is given.

At the beginning of the war a handful of Russian Jewish youths in Paris volunteered their services to the republic. They were assigned to the *Legion Etrangère,* a body composed of the refugees of all nationalities and exiles from Morocco and Algiers. After a time these Jews found themselves ill used by their comrades, and refused to work any longer with them in the trenches. They insisted upon being sent to some line regiment. But of course war is war and discipline must be discipline, and so a number of them were taken out to be shot. They scorned the bandage over the eyes, and as they fell they cried, "Vive la France et la Russie!"

And that was one more war-cry of the Jew. And it could have been no other's.

There would have been no such little story to tell if there had not been any Jews in the world. For the Jew is the only man of whom this could be told—the man of intense temperament, of romantic imagination, and of unyielding, undying faith in the cause he has made his.

Russia duly appreciated her war Jews. Russian generals embraced Jewish heroes, and wept tears of gratitude on their shoulders, and decorated their breasts with medals and crosses. And then they turned round and gave orders to hang from the nearest lamp-post or telegraph-pole the fathers and uncles of these heroes for being suspected of spying for the Germans. The czar himself, on his visits to the hospitals, paused before the cots of distinguished Jewish wounded, and his lovely daughters comforted them with their own hands; but the wives and the sisters of the sufferers were not permitted to come within leagues of them. For the hospitals were outside the pale, where no Jewish foot may step.

Russia had no use for Jews past the service age except for hanging; had no use for Jewish women except to pass them on to her lustful Cossacks.

It is a repetition of the story told of Peter the Great, only the edifying point is missing. The story goes: they were to chop off the hand of an ex-soldier for thieving when Peter happened to pass the place of execution. The victim appealed to the monarch, reminding him how that same hand had once in battle saved the standard from the enemy. "True," answered Peter, "and that should n't go without recognition." He took the doomed hand and kissed it. "And now," he added to the executioner, "go ahead with your work."

Toward last spring there was yet another war-cry of the Jew heard throughout the Ghettos of Kovno and Vilna and Warsaw. Fasting and praying have ever been the weapons of the Ghettos of Russia, and to these the people were called. The rabbis called a day of fast and prayer, after the fashion of Queen Esther, in supplication to Jehovah for the success of the Russian arms. Jews put their faith in the fast not merely as atonement, but for its direct efficacy. For the empty stomach maketh the heart penitent, and that is the time to pray. Penitence and prayer may avert the evil decree. And so millions of Jews and Jewesses, and children from the age of thirteen, tasted no food or drink from sunrise to sunset, and prayed throughout these long gnawing hours that Russia might crush her foe and shine gloriously.

The final answer to that prayer has not yet come from above. It may be a year or two more in coming, and no man knows what it may be. But Russia in the meantime has met that outburst of loyalty to her in a way that only Russia knows how to follow.

An order of the day was issued by the grand duke that all the Jews in Kovno and Courland must leave at once. Not a soul must remain. Somewhere, somehow, some Russian secrets had leaked out to the Germans. That was sufficient to place it

on the Jews. Perhaps it really was some Jew. Jews must have their black sheep, though Jews themselves are too sensitive ever to admit that. At any rate, because it was thought some Jew somewhere had played false to his country, that was sufficient for all the Jews. All had to go. Go where? It made no difference. Go they must, and right away. In some cases they were given only from six to eight hours to get ready for their unknown destination. And in that short period two hundred thousand men and women, rooted to the soil for generations and generations, had to flee at the point of the bayonet. They came away with the skin of their teeth; for no time was given them to pack, and they were going into blank, cold space. Railroad trains by the dozen were made up for them, each consisting of sixty or seventy freighters and cattle-trucks, and into these they were jammed, the lame and the blind and the cripples and the dying and the insane, the sound and the infected, all together, mendicants and merchants, babies and graybeards, young women momentarily expecting to become mothers, and women torn out of child-bed. And also there were among them soldiers recuperating from wounds and waiting to go back to the front, and other soldiers too badly maimed ever to go anywhere. For days and days, in some cases for nine days and nights, these trains kept slowly moving on their long course, with that tightly packed mixture of living freight securely locked in the cars. One's brain reels at the task of grasping the misery and the bestiality of it; but on and on the trains moved, and all had to be endured. Some had the good luck to succumb on the way, and they were envied. From others their intellect took flight, and left them raving or staring maniacs. The rest were carted on and on till they reached the dumping-ground, hundreds and hundreds of miles away from their homes, places where their fathers had never set foot, towns and cities whose names they had never heard. And there they had to dispose of themselves in cellars and ruins of all sorts, with nowhere at all to look to for sustenance. Nobody knew where they were or what was going to happen. Mothers lost their children, and husbands their wives, and they did not know where to look for them.

That was how the devil enjoyed himself in Russia, where he, and he alone, is permitted to go and come without passport.

It was the devil's comedy. He had his laugh in his sleeve when he saw the Jews fasting and praying for a victorious Russia. He made the Russians give the Jews this reward for it. And when that was done, the devil had his laugh aloud, till it echoed from one end of the world to the other, and the world's very foundations shook and shivered.

Still, the devil was not allowed to have it all his own way. His fine play was marred for him; for over and above the ring of his laughter sounded a note of the purest and loftiest tragedy that ever was recorded in human history.

Deputations of less unhappy Jews had hastened to make representation to the ministry at Petrograd to call off that murderous order of evacuation. The decision came late, after the trains were already on the move. Still, it was not too late. The grand duke's order was overruled, and the exiles could return to their homes. There was only one condition made, that they should give hostages from among their rabbis and other of their most important men for their future good behavior. If ever again any traitorous acts were found chargeable to the Jews, these hostages would be summarily hanged. It took them some days to make up their minds about it, for the offer to let them go back to their homes was a sore temptation to them; but it could not be. Finally they made this magnificent answer:

"We reject the Government's offer. The condition is an impossible one. It would not be consistent with the dignity of Judaism."

One does not need to be of the blood or of the faith to be thrilled with pride at that sublime stand made by men and wo-

men held by the neck to the bottom of hell. It fills one with gratitude and with hope to know that there are such men and women living in the same world with one. If Russia but realized it!

What was the disaster of the Mazurian Lakes, what was the loss of those hard-won Galician conquests, what was the fall of Warsaw, what were they all in comparison with that grinding humiliation that came to Russia from the lips of those grand Jews!

It would not be consistent with the dignity of Judaism, that creed most despised by Russia, that Jews should have to give pledges for their good conduct to the country to which they are tied by birth through many generations. But it was consistent with the dignity of mighty and invincible Russia to distrust these people and be afraid of them. It was consistent with the integrity of a great power to uproot from their native soil the children of its own protection, and destroy in an hour the labors and the hopes of their lives for crimes they did not commit, and were not going to commit, if Russia herself were asked, and gave herself time for a second thought before making answer.

But the end of the story is n't yet, for the end of the war is n't yet. More Jews will bravely and unquestioningly fling their lives away for Russia, and Russia will go on in her own unthinking, unfeeling way, where her Jews are concerned, and continue driving more of them from their homes. For where suspicion finds a footing there is always more and more room made for it.

And even when the war is over and all else will be at an end, there will still be no end to the woes of Russia's Jews. They will continue growing, and growing worse. For what are at present placed as mere suspicions will then be turned into a cause against the Jews. It will be remembered against them that they could not be trusted in their own homes during the war, and they will be branded as traitors for the rest of time.

It is seeing all this, and seeing no end to it, that has finally given rise to that new war-cry among the Jews of the American Ghettos, starting from New York, and rolling on till it has reached the rest of them in Philadelphia and Boston and Chicago and elsewhere.

At first, when the European War broke out, the Ghetto Jews of New York held their breath. They wondered what was going to happen to their brethren, especially in Russia. They had their hopes. They placed no faith whatever in the grand duke's proclamation, in the name of the czar, that Jews were to come in for their full citizen rights, and they smiled bitterly at the czar's own appeal to his "beloved Jews." But they hoped that there was going to be a rebirth of Russia herself, that the war would bring out a newer and freer Russia. Russia's very alliance with two such enlightened nations as France and England was taken as an earnest for that; and in turn the latter two countries were looked upon as pledges or sureties for a freer and better future for the Russian peoples.

The Russian nation may still continue to cherish that hope. For the Jews of New York it was a short-lived one. Only too soon reports began to come in of Russia's treatment of her civil Jewish population. The New York Ghetto gave up all hope and lost all patience. They wished to keep quiet, they wished to do full honor to President Wilson's proclamation of neutrality; but blood will cry out. And, after all, America's declaration of neutrality did not include Russia's internal war on her Jews. And so the great East Side broke out openly against Russia. Wherever two men gathered they cursed Russia, and prayed that this war might be the end of her, that she might be crushed out of all recognition. The Yiddish press, with its half-dozen dailies circulating by hundreds of thousands, and numberless weeklies and other journals, took a malicious delight in magnifying Russian defeats, and prophesying more of them and worse ones. The tables were turned, too, on France and England, especially England, by reason of her past championships of the Jewish cause. Being the allies

of the arch-enemy, France and England cannot be the friends of the Jews. Stories were set in circulation of a new-born anti-Semitism in England, and of an intensified one in France, where the Dreyfus case has not yet been forgotten. From anti-Russian to pro-German was the natural evolution. To-day the New York Ghetto is frantically, fanatically pro-German. It is the measurement not of love for Germany, but of hatred for Russia.

But prayers and curses and wishes and talks at meetings and editorial comments are blunt weapons. The Jews of America had real battling to do, if ever their six or seven million brethren in Russia were to be redeemed.

From time to time during these last twelve months, ways and means of all sorts came up for consideration. Toward last autumn a campaign was launched in the Yiddish press for the creation of a Jewish conference, one paper after the other taking it up. Which is to say that the Ghetto saw a good thing in it, and none of the papers could afford to keep out. This conference was to consist of a body of representative Jews from all countries, and be kept in readiness for that blessed day when the warring powers have sheathed their swords and met together to discuss peace. The Jews must not then be permitted to be overlooked. The Jewish conference would step in at the psychological moment to press the cause of all Jews in all countries and demand full citizen rights for them.

Peace was not yet on the horizon then, but of course it would not do to wait for the last moment. The Jewish conference must be gotten together betimes. Armies of interviewers were sent out by the Yiddish press to gather the opinions of the great ones in the land, Jews and Gentiles, as to the necessity of a Jewish conference. Those that could not be reached in person were circularized, and others were cabled to abroad. The answers came variously. Some were enthusiastic; others, while approving of the idea in the main, contended that the moment was not yet ripe to talk of it, and premature agitation might perhaps harm the cause. The latter were left unheeded, and the talk and the ink-spilling went on. Hester Street and Wall Street, as the landmarks between the Ghetto and the wealthy uptown Jews of German extraction are picturesquely termed, were ready to join hands together for the building up of a Jewish conference. They met and deliberated and squabbled and exchanged reproaches and came to agreements.

And while this was going on a rare new spirit was seizing upon the dense working-masses of the Ghetto. Characterized hitherto by their inertia to all things specifically Jewish, and interested only in their unions and, at most, in the politics of their ward, they have now awakened to a new life, a new dignity. "Si scopron le tombe, si levano i morti," as they have now taken up the cry from the song of the Garibaldists.

The unparalleled and wholly unnecessary sufferings of his people in the eastern war-zones just because they are Jews have inspired the workman of the Ghetto with a new nationalistic sense, haunting him with it for these many months and dinning it into him day by day. He feels there is something for him to do in piecing together a nation torn to tatters; and he thinks he is going to do it, and alone.

Hester Street is now going to stand on its own legs. It will not go to Wall Street with hat in hand, craving its spokesmanship and godfatherhood. And besides, Wall Street cannot come with Hester Street this time. For Wall Street does not believe in a Jewish nationality. Wall Street knows only of Americans of the Jewish faith. And Hester Street means to demand of the world a separate existence for Jews, as sure as Hester Street sees in Jews a separate race and nation.

And so instead of a Jewish conference, there is to be a Jewish congress. At the moment the Ghetto is afire with the idea. The means by which it is to be worked out are so far visible to no eye. Our concern is merely to record the many war-cries of the Jews, and the latest and newest is: "A Jewish congress! a Jewish congress!"

Illiteracy

By WINTHROP TALBOT

AN illiterate democracy is as vain an imagining as a creditless business and a formless art, for government by representation rests upon the intelligence of all, and in turn intelligence depends upon general and rapid transfer of thought and information by the printed page. Yet the recent researches of the United States Bureau of Education demonstrate graphically that in nineteen States the numbers of adult white illiterates are steadily increasing. In the majority of the New England and the Middle Atlantic States, now tending to become the Black Belt of America, the numbers of these illiterates have been increasing not merely by thousands, but by scores and hundreds of thousands, coincident with the vast increase of immigration from the south and east of Europe.

Simultaneous with declaration of peace in Europe will occur inevitably an exodus of hordes of destitute and discouraged war-victims from devastated, tax- and plague-ridden countries—Russia, Poland, Austria, Italy—to seek asylum in this land of opportunity. If in normal times the tide of illiterates has become flood tide, with the resumption of immigration we may reasonably expect it to be an inundation, threatening standards of citizenship and impairing representative government. Warning lessons have come to us already in the costly strikes of the mining districts of Colorado, Illinois, and West Virginia, and in Passaic, Roosevelt, and Bayonne, New Jersey, communities that have unusually large percentages of illiterates. Increasing numbers of illiterates lower the sense of civic responsibility and increase disease, industrial inefficiency, and that isolation which hinders social advance.

The self-complacent American, native-born, who fancies that a decreasing percentage of illiteracy is sufficient to insure safety, and who therefore would deny the growing menace of the illiterate, is blind indeed. To offset the lack of solicitude concerning illiteracy in the North, the Southern States without exception have been bestirring themselves so successfully that they have reduced the numbers of their illiterates one third in the last ten years and have effected a cut of fifty per cent. in their percentage of illiteracy during the last two decades. Moreover, in Kentucky, where the number of illiterates decreased by sixty thousand from 1900 to 1910, the community, being inspired by the elimination of illiteracy in Rowan County through "moonlight" schools, has established a state commission on illiteracy, and is bent on wiping away the stigma of illiteracy within its borders. Meantime the sovereign States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts watch with apparent equanimity an increase of the number of their illiterates by scores of thousands in the short period of the last decade. New York State, where illiterates are so numerous that they would replace every living soul in so great a city as Buffalo, is taking no organized measures even to estimate the immensity of the problem of its illiteracy, much less officially to institute adequate extension of schooling to adult illiterates industrially employed. Connecticut is in even more dire straits.

We should bear in mind also that for one wholly illiterate person there are several near-illiterates, and that the larger number even of those who can read seldom do read. Probably among adults in general more than half are non-readers who must form their opinions and judgments, and must base their actions, upon what they happen to learn by word of mouth from fellow-workers, friends, or neighbors.

It is difficult for those who can read easily to form even a bare conception of the mental limitations of the illiterate, the near-illiterate, and the non-reader. It is

still harder to appreciate the material handicaps to earning a livelihood entailed by illiteracy. While illiteracy does not necessarily imply ignorance, it does predicate lack of information and intelligent understanding. It increases prejudice, suspicion, and passion, and diminishes mutual appreciation and power to coöperate; yet coöperation is the essence of modern civilization, and inability to coöperate is the basis of race hatred. So that illiteracy is clearly a just topic for solicitude, and its eradication a proper subject for governmental action.

The States have not only need to diminish materially their adult illiteracy, but they possess also the ability to accomplish this. An effective mechanism is not lacking. The public-school system when supported by public sentiment is equipped to reach out to every adult illiterate industrially employed. It has been proved to be economically practicable and advantageous in every way to extend public-school instruction in reading and writing to illiterates in factories and other workplaces. The proper adaptation of public-school teaching to adult illiterates can be made materially to increase individual ability for self-support and thereby the prosperity of all.

Public-school classes for illiterates in factories of New York and New Jersey have been carried on successfully, in which it has been demonstrated that a non-English-speaking alien of average intelligence can learn to read and write and acquire a ready use of six hundred English words by an hour's instruction daily, five days in the week for twelve consecutive weeks, or sixty hours in all. The instruction is given by a public-school teacher in a quiet part of the factory or place of employment, the pupils being released from their work without loss of wage for the purpose of being taught. This adequate means for the public education of adults at work has proved its value. Its wider use is practicable, and the public may insist rightfully that every illiterate immigrant shall acquire at least ability to read and write in English as a condition of continued residence. Women employers in the home and managers in industry should properly require elementary public-school instruction for all illiterates in their employ, and by encouragement and aid substitute in them hopefulness for apathy, intelligence for ignorance, and confidence for jealousy and distrust.

Although it will require large expenditure of effort, time, and money to counteract existing illiteracy among foreign adults in the United States even though for many years to come there were no new immigration whatever, it is of supreme importance for the nation to prepare for a still greater drain upon its educational resources in providing elementary instruction to illiterate aliens when they flock again to our shores in even larger hejiras.

Illiteracy is a potent cause of social waste and industrial unrest, and is a matter of vital concern to national prosperity, the more so because its evil results are not always directly evident. This will be more generally acknowledged as the American public becomes acutely aware of the inevitable implications of illiteracy upon industrial, social, and civic well-being.

Requirement of a literacy test for immigrants has been vetoed in turn by President Cleveland, by President Taft, and by President Wilson. There exists doubt whether any literacy test for immigrants would be effective; yet the nation has to deal with industrial and social problems arising from the presence of increasing numbers of foreign-born illiterates.

The present policy of laissez-faire is too costly to be enduring. Therefore it is essential to learn with accuracy the amount and nature of this illiteracy and follow its distribution in order to comprehend and combat its evil effects. Since we have been able to devise no means of barring the illiterate from our shores, but, indeed, have made the way easy and inviting, we are under the compulsion of caring for him and for her upon arrival or suffer inevitable consequences in the social

and industrial suffering and political debasement which are the accompaniment and consequence of ignorance.

The problem concerns women in the home quite as much as it does industrial managers, educators, and legislators. How shall we set in operation effective means of reaching educationally through the public school the grown-up child in industry and those helpers in the home who have never acquired even the first rudiments of knowledge because of lack of opportunity, interest, or guidance during childhood? By dealing effectively with this problem of adult illiteracy we contribute materially toward an intelligent comprehension and treatment of problems of basic importance to industry and society, such as the reduction of disease, the prevention of accidents, unemployment, minimum wage, sweat-shop evils, and every form of social and industrial relation which contains the element of foreign citizenship and alien labor.

Illiterates are decreasing in Southern States, but increasing in Northern States; yet Southern States feel compelled by the importance of the subject to establish state commissions to study their illiteracy problems. How much more important for Northern manufacturing States to face new issues squarely, and for each to establish similar commissions which would give authoritative and expert study to their own illiteracy problems, with a view to informing the public and to devising and providing the best local remedies against the growing community menace.

The problem of immigrant illiteracy cannot be solved by educators or by legislators alone. It requires the force of an informed public sentiment. It is a matter which concerns every woman as well as every man who would conserve the well-being of the home as well as industrial prosperity. Its solution helps preserve industrial peace, representative government, and community life in so far as these are endangered by increasing inert or menacing masses of untaught adults who form mere aggregations of ignorance, disease, and dependency, and who are incapable of amalgamation, absorption, or union with their American fellow-citizens.

CURRENT COMMENT

War and Religion

IN China the great masses of the people have practised Buddhism, a religion of peace. In accordance with its teachings they have been patient and long-suffering; and they have been preyed upon and oppressed by Tatar conquerors, by all the powers of Europe, and now by their neighbors, the Japanese. In Japan, also, Buddhism was long the established religion, but it never completely superseded the more warlike Shintoism; and since the country entered upon its campaign of national aggression after the Western fashion, Buddhism has been disestablished by its barbarous rival.

In Europe, as in Japan, there have been two religions, although they have been practised under the one name of Christianity—the religion of the Old Testament and the religion of the New Testament. The former is the religion of war. It postulates a tribal god and a chosen people. It is Kipling's religion when he addresses his patriotic verses to the "Lord God of Hosts" and invokes His discrimination against the "lesser breeds without the law." It is the kaiser's religion in his proclamations of thanksgiving to the Almighty for victory over his enemies. It is the religion of the German soldiers in their hymn "Ein' feste Burg ist Unser Gott." It is the religion of German philosophy when it teaches that "history is the movement, the march of God

on earth through time," and "war is the signally visible occurrence of such a flight of the divine spirit in its onward movement." It is the religion of our "Battle Hymn of the Republic," with its God who tramples out His "grapes of wrath" and wields His "terrible swift sword." It is the religion of all Christian peoples when they go to war. But it is not Christianity.

Unfortunately for Christianity, we have not, as the Japanese have, a separate name for this official religion of tribal conflict; and when war breaks out, and the guns of the German tutelary deity destroy a temple of the French divinity, we are appalled by the failure of Christianity to protect its churches from the followers of the Prince of Peace. We are not aware that, so to speak, Shintoism has disestablished Buddhism in Europe for the time. We do not say, like *Ferrovius* in Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," that we must worship the God of War because the time has not yet come for the God of Peace. We ask "Has the church collapsed?" Or "Is Christianity a failure?" And finding Christianity guilty of the crimes of a tribal worship that is fighting a tribal worship, we blame our Buddhism for the acts that are in truth of our faith of Shinto.

Business Patriotism

A FEW years ago delegates from the French Chambers of Commerce came to this country to review and report upon American business methods. They were taken to an automobile factory, among other places; and after they had made a tour of the plant, the spokesman of the party of visitors said to the manufacturer:

"There is one thing more that I wish you would explain to these gentlemen. Last year you had more orders for your car than you could possibly fill, did you not?"

The manufacturer replied:

"Yes, that is true. But we have since enlarged our plant, and I hope to be able to catch up to our orders very soon."

The spokesman asked:

"You have this year reduced the price of your car by fifty dollars, have you not?"

The manufacturer replied:

"Yes, we have."

"Then," the spokesman said, "will you kindly explain to these business men why you reduce the price of a car the orders for which you are already unable to fill?"

And the manufacturer answered:

"Well, it 's a personal reason, but if they would care to know it, I and my family have already made all the money out of this business that we can reasonably use. I believe that the automobile is the great liberator. There ought to be one on every farm and in every back yard in the United States. I can't do anything for my country but make automobiles for it, and I intend to keep on reducing the price of this car until every one in the country can afford one."

It is hardly necessary now to add that the manufacturer was Henry Ford; his plan of profit-sharing with his employees has since made him sufficiently famous. But the point of the story is not merely personal. In the crusade against political corruption that led up to the formation of the Progressive party, no one suffered more in reputation than the American business man. He was pictured as advancing his own selfish interests at the expense of the community. No one seemed more predatory and less patriotic. Henry Ford's career is the proof that such a state of things is not inevitable. Patriotism in business is as possible as patriotism in anything else, and if America ever gets a generation of manufacturers who realize that one thing they can do for their fellowmen is to manufacture for them, and run their factories for the good of the community and not for the good of their purses alone, this country will see a day of industrial happiness and good-feeling and efficiency that will put our present year of grace among the Dark Ages.

Public Opinion and the Politician

IN this present issue, in his admirable article on the Swiss military system, Colonel Feyler rather convincingly points out that universal military service is an expression of individual sovereignty rather than of governmental force, that it is not more a duty than a privilege of every Swiss citizen.

It has always been the more subtle work of the ruling class under a republican form of government to mold public opinion in the way they think it should go. This function has grown to be of even more importance than the legislative. And "educating" the public up to a right thinking on a subject through editorials and speeches is usually more than half the political battle. If democracy is a failure at any point, it is right here: we expend all our mental energies on earning a living, and accept too often the clever sophistries and ingenious special pleading of the politician and the partizan press, later to give it forth fondly under the impression that we are expressing our own ideas.

Physical freedom came to people when serfdom was abolished; political freedom was achieved with the establishment of democracy: but intellectual freedom, which is the essence of individual liberty, will not have been accomplished until the man in the street has attained to sufficient intelligence to do his own thinking, until the ruling class has ceased to impose its own intellectual processes on the plastic majority. As Mr. Whelpley says, in another place in the same number, "We think that we think." But too many of us still accept very generally what we read in place of thinking for ourselves.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

More Outrageous Verse

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

I PLAY with words.
Tossing in the air an armful of them,
as a child reveling in autumn leaves.
Loving the crisp rustle as they cascade
about my ears.
Again picking them up as wet pebbles,
a-glisten on a cool sea beach.
Making patterns of them,—pictures,—
filling spaces with words as artists do
with paints.
I pet and fondle a sentimental word until
it purrs,
And clash with a rough one till it growls.
I am as human with words as I am with
you,
Never exploiting them.
Never giving them an inch of advantage
over me.
I know words,
And they seek me out.
We are together;
Important, both of us,
And entirely useless,
Unless you need the thing we give.

II

I PITY publishers.
They get cross-eyed
Keeping one eye cocked
On art
And the other on business;
Always subject to nervous
prostration
When called upon to write small royalty
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